July 26, 1976

THE NEW YORKER

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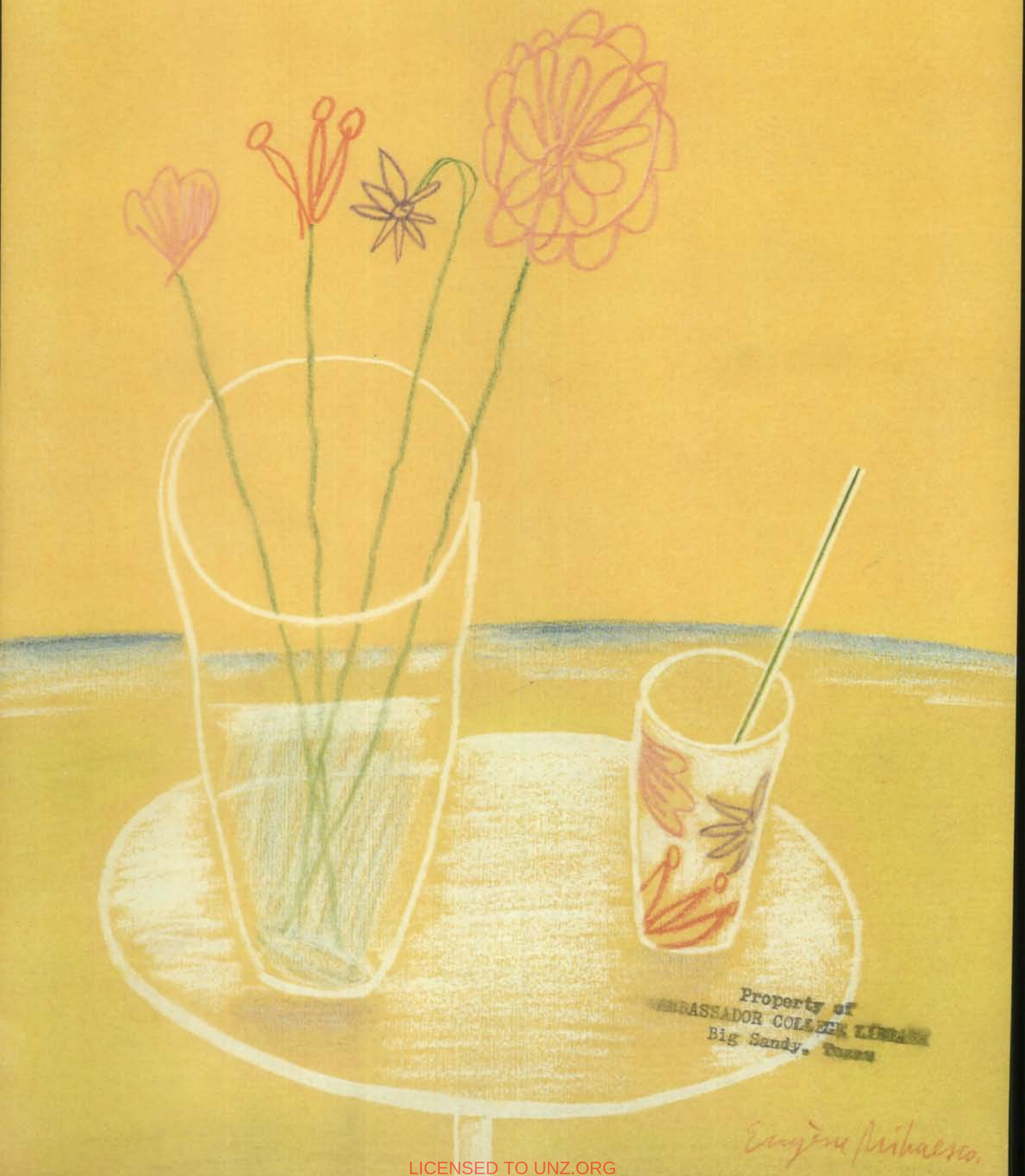
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Belle of Amherst—Not a play but a one-woman divertissement, in which Julie Harris charmingly impersonates Emily Dickinson. Dickinson's verses survive more plausibly than her character. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. May close Sunday, Aug. 8.)

Bubbling Brown Sugar—A joyful, if rather simpleminded, Cook's Tour of Harlem in its golden age between the wars. The cast is lively and gifted, and the old songs are enchanting. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

California Suite—Neil Simon making jokes in his wonted fashion. The setting is the Beverly Hills Hotel, where the staff is admonished not to recognize celebrities, nearly always to the celebrities' distress. The pleasing cast includes Tammy Grimes, George Grizzard, Jack Weston, and Barbara Barrie. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0218. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Eden—The setting of Steve Carter's play is somewhere in the West Sixties, back in the nineteen-twenties. The leading character is a stern West Indian paterfamilias who is a follower of Marcus Garvey and his Back to Africa movement, and most of the action concerns a kind of guerrilla warfare he conducts with a young American Negro and his aunt, in the apartment next door. Needless to say, his daughter falls in love with the American and he with her. The play is funny, sad, convincing, and thoroughly honorable. The cast, headed by Graham Brown, is very good indeed. Edmund Cambridge directed. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide: When the Rainbow Is Enuf—The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The result is an evening of great beauty, humor, and dramatic strength, for which the director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit. Choreography by Paula Moss, who, along with the author, appears on the stage. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Guys and Dolls—An all-black production of Frank Loesser's musical (book by Jo Swerling and Abe Burrows), with Norma Donaldson, Robert Guillaume, Ernestine Jackson, and James Randolph. Directed by Billy Wilson. Opens Wednesday, July 21. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Let My People Come—Well, this thing has been around for a long time, and now it's moving to a real Broadway theatre. *O tempora! O Moresco!* Previews through Monday, July 26. Opens officially on Tuesday, July 27. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

My Fair Lady—A well-nigh perfect revival of the well-nigh perfect musical. See it in this decade if you can. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Pal Joey—A sad little revival of the Rodgers-Hart-O'Hara musical-comedy classic. Of the cast, only Joan Copeland survives with honor. The director is Theodore Mann. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Runner Stumbles—A nun and a priest fall in love, and since the time is long ago and the place is rural Michigan, there is much sadness for all. A commendable play by Milan Stitt, with Stephen Joyce and Nancy Donohue. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 730-0850. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sexual Perversity in Chicago and **Duck Variations**—David Mamet's pair of truly funny comedies, each of them with an undercurrent of sadness. They had a short run Off Off Broadway last November. The first deals, in scenes as brief as blackouts, with the fragile affair between a couple of innocents who are all but shredded by their former homosexual partners. The second is, strictly speaking, a poem in the guise of the desultory, meandering conversation of two old Jewish men pottering around a park bench. Mr. Mamet is a deft, original playwright who cherishes words (even rude words), and who cherishes character even more. Albert Takazauckas directed the capable cast. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

Streamers—This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent, with especially good performances by Peter Evans, Dorian Harewood, and Terry Alexander. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Threepenny Opera—A superior production of the Brecht-Weill musical, in an accurate translation of the harsh-voiced original. Raul Julia is the dreaded Captain Macheath, and Ellen Greene is his faithful, traitorous Jenny. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tuscaloosa's Calling Me . . . But I'm Not Going!—This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Hank Beebe wrote the score, Bill Heyer wrote the lyrics, and Mr. Heyer, Mr. Beebe, and Sam Dann wrote the sketches. Paul Kreppel, Patti Perkins, and Chip Zien are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. (Westside, 407 W.

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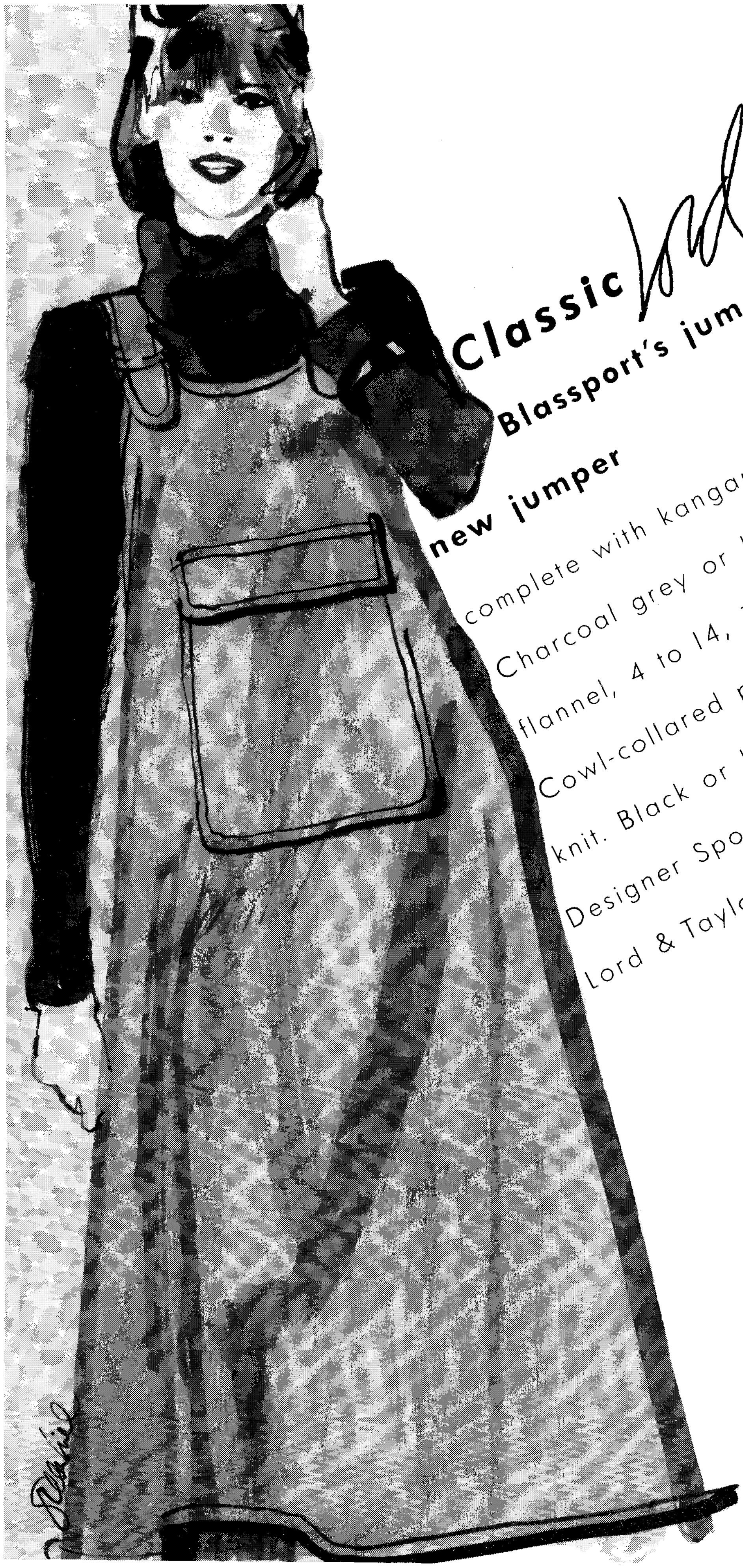

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Vanities—In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Very Good Eddie—A saucy little musical, which was the bee's knees in 1915. The music is by Jerome Kern, and some of the lyrics are by P. G. Wodehouse. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Women Behind Bars—A revival of the Tom Eyen comedy. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 777-0140. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

The World of Sholom Aleichem—A dramatization by Arnold Perl of four of the stories. This is one of the Roundabout's better efforts. The performances, under Larry Arrick's direction, range from fairly good to so-so, with one notable exception—that of Rita Karin, whose spirit and mischievous humor seem to embody the original itself. With Dick Shawn, Ed Hall, and Michele Shay, among others. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Aug. 1.)

Long Runs—**BOY MEETS BOY:** As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff on foolish musicals of the thirties. Bill Solly wrote the agreeable songs, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly did the book. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **CHICAGO:** An unpleasant musical about dreary people, but with stunning performances by Gwen Verdon, Chita Rivera, and Jerry Orbach. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EQUUS:** A psychological whodunit by Peter Shaffer. With Anthony Perkins, Keith McDermott, Marian Seldes, and Michael Higgins. The director is John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,761 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **ME AND BESSIE:** Linda Hopkins is not Bessie Smith, by a good margin, but now and then she relaxes ("T'aint Nobody's Bizness If I Do," "Kitchen Man"), and Bessie shines through. Howlett Smith leads the fine onstage band. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.) . . . **PIPPIN:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Sandy Dennis and Ted Bessell. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SHENANDOAH:** Hokum, though John Cullum sings bravely and well. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE WIZ:** An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ART SHOW
PARKING

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DANCE

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday matinée, July 21: "Rodeo," "The Leaves Are Fading," and "Fall River Legend." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, July 21: "Texas Fourth," "Pas de Deux," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Billy the Kid." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 22: "Billy the Kid," "Three Virgins and a Devil," "At Midnight," and "Push Comes to Shove." . . . ¶ Friday evening, July 23: "Gemini," "Pillar of Fire," and "Le Sacre du Printemps." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, July 24: "Concerto" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 24: "Fancy Free" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Monday evening, July 26: "Le Sacre du Printemps" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, July 27: "Les Noces," "Pas de Deux," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Le Sacre du Printemps." . . . ¶ Wednesday matinée, July 28: "Texas Fourth," "Pas de Deux," "Billy the Kid," and "Concerto." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, July 28: "Les Noces," "Pas de Deux," "At Midnight," and "Le Sacre du Printemps." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 29: "Brahms Quintet," "Gemini," "Pas de Duke," and "Les Noces." . . . ¶ Friday evening, July 30: "Concerto" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, July 31: "Texas Fourth," "Billy the Kid," and "Etudes." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 31: "The Leaves Are Fading," "Pillar of Fire," and "Etudes." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, Aug. 7.)

National Ballet of Canada—With Rudolf Nureyev dancing at all performances. Wednesday evening, July 21; Saturday matinée and evening, July 24; Sunday matinée, July 25; and Tuesday evening, July 27: "The Sleeping Beauty." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 22, and Friday, July 23 (a benefit performance; for tickets, call 593-8700): "Monument for a Dead Boy" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday evenings, July 28-29, and Saturday matinée and evening, July 31: "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ Friday evening, July 30: "Giselle." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, Aug. 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

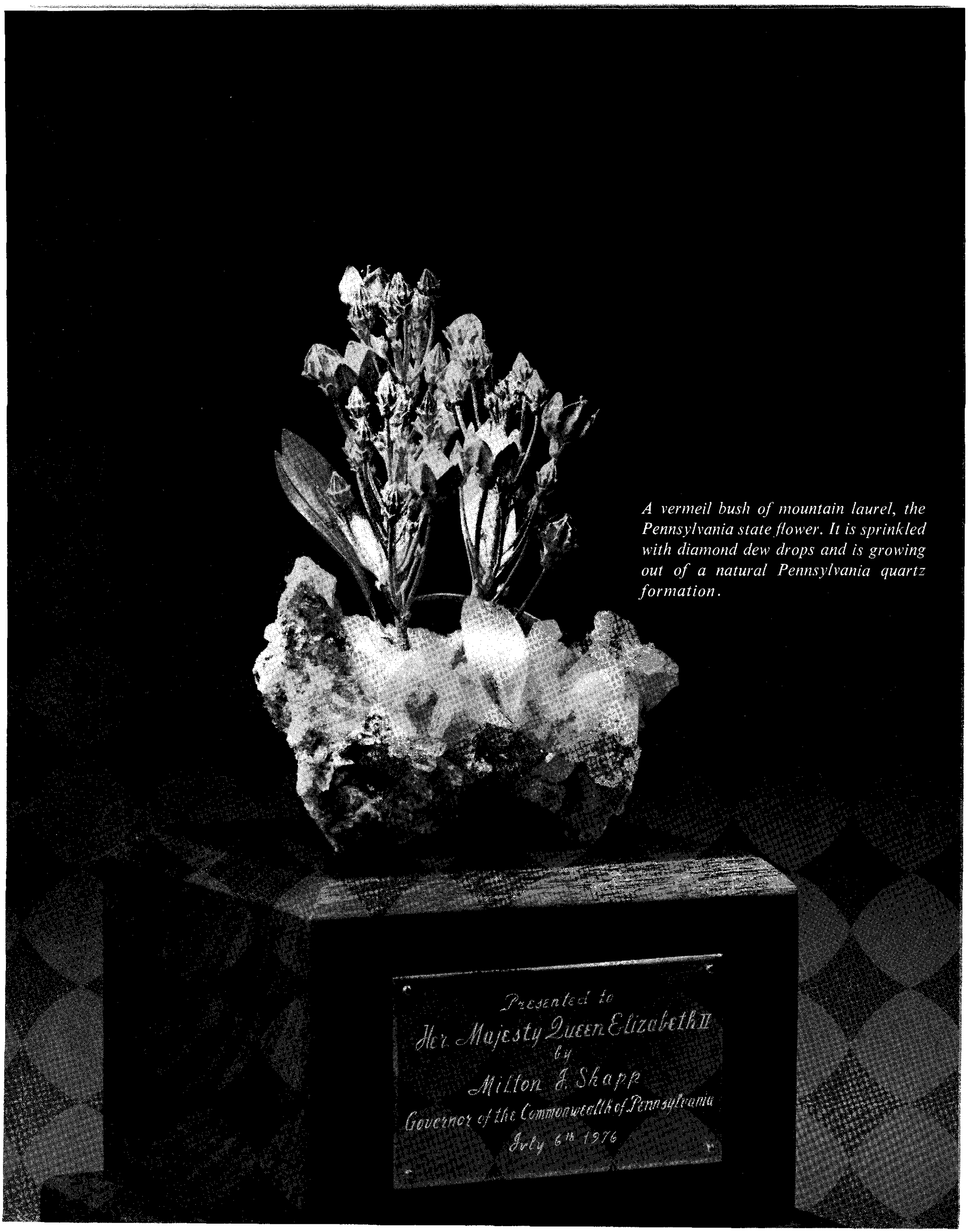
•

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—During the late fifties and early sixties, the pianist **DWIKE MITCHELL**, who has taken over in the Bemelmans Bar from Marian McPartland for the rest of the summer, was half of the celebrated Mitchell-Ruff Duo (the Ruff is Willie, and he plays bass and horn). Mitchell is an overwhelming pianist. He is out of Art Tatum by way of Bill Evans, and he favors thunderhead chords, plenty of loud pedal, falling-stone arpeggios, and a between-the-eyes attack. The other night, he went after "Here's That Rainy Day," a blues, "The Nearness of You," "Lover," "All of Me," "What Are You Doing the Rest of Your Life?," "All the Things You Are," and "Georgia on My Mind." Marian McPartland sometimes had trouble taming the talkers who congregate here. Mitchell drives right through them. Music from nine to one, except Sundays.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A fine surprise! Skitch Henderson and his Maundering Strings, having unexpectedly departed from here before their engagement was up, have been replaced by the pianist **JIMMY ROWLES** and the singer **BARBARA LEA**, who may stay on into August. (Also on hand are Buster Williams on bass and Ben Riley on drums.) The extraordinary inner voices in Rowles' solos—those gracious, fleeting melodic lines that lie just within his chords and sidewise arpeggios—seem to grow more and more prolix. Listening to him reshape "How High the Moon," which he did at considerable length on a recent night, becomes a Jamesian experience: a great deal is said in a great many ways, and all of it is worth paying attention to. Rowles is also a very funny man. He played a purposely misterioso version of "My Funny Valentine," a tune that should be banished to Tierra del Fuego, and then salted it with a vocal that was a marvellous and affectionate parody of Billie Holiday's last, trombonelike style. We have not heard much from Barbara Lea since the fifties, but she is rebuilding her career, and it is a delight to have her back. She is a careful, attentive, and often quite beautiful singer. She respects the invariably excellent composers she sings, and she is, when she puts her mind to it, a winsome jazz singer, a neat improviser. She also has, like Rowles, an extraordinary repertory, and one is apt to hear such exceptional rarities as Alec Wilder's "We Lost Our Way," Willard Robison's "Lonely Acres," and Irving Berlin's "Supper Time." Williams is a bold and assertive improviser who does not, as is the case with so many young bassists, beat himself steadily on the back while he solos. Riley, too, is first-rate. But above all dig Rowles' accompanying. He does more than support Barbara Lea; he makes her shine by being in exactly the right place at the right time. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

•

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—An unpretentious night club converted from a ground-floor loft in the cast-iron district. The neat rows of red-clothed tables, the purely functional carpeting (which takes the edge off the room's formerly harsh acoustics), the simple bar—in fact, everything in the place—were designed and constructed by the proprietor, **RASHIED ALI**, and his wife, Patricia. The main work left for Ali in his club is the music. Ali, who was John Coltrane's drummer during the final, most exploratory period of Coltrane's career, in the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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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sixties, now leads his own unrestrained quintet. He performs with bassist Benny Wilson, pianist Don Pullen, Marvin Blackman on tenor sax, and James Vass on alto Thursdays through Sundays, from about ten. Soul food.

Bar None, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—A new place and a welcome one—sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist DARDANELLE is at work from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Simple, pleasant surroundings, collard greens and ribs on the menu, and well-amplified mainstream and, occasionally, out-there jazz on the bandstand. Tenor saxophonist JUNIOR COOK pilots an exciting, first-rate quintet through Saturday, July 24. Richie Cole, whose alto-sax solos lean heavily on his Echoplex (an instant play-back electronic wonder), drops by on Monday and Tuesday, July 26-27, with his combo. Thursday through Saturday, July 28-31, bassist CECIL MC BEE will be in charge of his wonderful sextet. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Lately, there has been a growing number of sidewalk blues-harp players around town—on Forty-second Street, on Seventy-second Street, and in the parks. These young players rely on simple, Marine Band harmonicas; on the cheapest, smallest, and, inevitably, least flattering amplifiers; and on uneven abilities. If you're in the market for more reliable blues, you're in luck—JAMES COTTON will be here Friday through Sunday, July 23-25, with his band. Cotton learned to play blues harp from Sonny Boy Williamson, the reigning giant of thirty years ago; Cotton, who had heard Williamson on the radio, says he ran away from his Mississippi home at the age of nine to find Williamson, who lived in another part of the state. In the mid-fifties, Cotton joined Muddy Waters and remained with him for twelve years. Now Cotton has a cult of his own—made up of street players, closet players, and listeners alike—and he should. He's probably the best second-generation Chicago-blues musician. British blues enthusiast Terry Reid will open the shows for the Cotton band. On Wednesday, July 21, rock singer and guitarist Henry Gross and his band trade sets with the Don Harrison band. Monday through Wednesday, July 26-28, guitarist GABOR SZABO will alternate with bassist RICHARD DAVIS and his able associates FREDDIE WAITS and MARVIN PETERSON. On Thursday, July 29, DOC WATSON, the legendary folklorist from the mountains of North Carolina, will sing and stunningly flat-pick a repertoire that ranges from "Gonna Lay Down My Old Guitar" to "Little Stream of Whisky" to "The Sheik of Araby." His son Merle will accompany him, as usual, and so will a couple of other young rural musicians. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with dark pine panelling, good musicians, and patrons who like to talk. Pianist Tom Garvin works with a bassist through Saturday, July 24; pianist RONNIE MATTHEWS and bassist STAFFORD JAMES will take over beginning Monday, July 26. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This mid-sixties-seedy, neo-Bowery bar—the name stands for Country, Bluegrass, Blues and Other Music for Uplifting Gourmandizers—presents mostly local, primitive rock bands with names like the Miamis, the Inflictors, and the Dictators, which play very loud, short, punchy, occasionally out-of-tune, decade-old rock and roll. Music most nights from after nine-thirty; Monday is showcase night.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Two years ago, HELEN HUMES, who was a Basie vocalist from 1938 to 1942, came out of semiretirement and was booked into the then new, spiffy, uptown version of the now defunct Half Note. For a few nights of her engagement, she swayed, smiled, bubbled, and gestured classically to about eleven people—eleven enchanted people, to be sure. By now, Miss Humes and her strong comeback are well known, and it's gratifying to see her swaying, smiling, bubbling, and gesturing classically to so many. No one, in fact, has done better at diverting the diners here, where the music, waitressing, eating, and coming and going are all carried out on the same floor level. Miss Humes is aided by pianist Jerry Wiggins and bassist Major Holley Mondays through Saturdays. On Sundays, boogie-wooglist SAMMY PRICE cuts loose. Music from eight to one. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Herbie Hall, Vic Dickenson, Ed Polcer, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. On Tuesday, July 27, Zoot Sims, who plays dancing tenor solos, sits in with the regulars. Red Richards plays piano most nights from eight-thirty; the sextet begins alternating with him after nine-thirty. Sunday, July 25, will be turned over to pianist Ray Bryant and a trio from eight. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An attractive haunt, short on space but not on music: Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three, vibraharpist WARREN CHIASSON is usually here, working with guitarist CHUCK WAYNE and bassist WILBUR LITTLE. On Sunday, July 25, Chiasson and Little will collaborate with pianist Benny Aronov from five to nine. Wednesdays through Sundays from ten to three, BROOKS KERR, a twenty-four-year-old stride pianist and Ellingtoniac, SONNY GREER, the ageless drummer who was with Ellington for some thirty years, and RUSSELL PROCOPE, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945, goad each other and come up with delightful swing numbers. And, Mondays through Saturdays from six to nine, trumpeter Gene Roland, guitarist Jim Watkins, and bassist Morris Edwards get together on the tiny bandstand.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Don't be put off by the brown tweed carpet, the high ceilings and chandeliers, and the neatly uniformed staff. This really is a Village jazz club. Pianist Monty Alexander and his trio wind up a stint here on Saturday, July 24. On Monday, July 26, trumpeter NAT ADDERLEY will bring in his group. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. No music on Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—ROY ELDRIDGE upholds tradition with help from the other resident blowers—Johnny Morris on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Clarence Hutchenrider on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Pratt on trombone. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side jazz-and-soul café. Local groups—aspiring and established ones—gather on the canopied bandstand from about ten until three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Son of the Bitter End. Bob Marley-inspired singer Martha Velez sings Kingston disco music through Sunday, July 25. Wednesday through Saturday, July 28-31, Johnny Paycheck will front a country-and-Western ensemble. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Drummer BOBBY ROSENGARDEN is currently steering a nine-piece band that backs MAXINE SULLIVAN vocals from time to time. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dinner and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Perhaps the nicest cabaret on the scene. Mirabai sings folk and pop music with a backup brigade through Saturday, July 24. Tuesday through Saturday, July 27-31, Raun MacKinnon, a Village folksinging fixture—and not a bad one—for the past few years, will come in with her band. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—George Wein, the producer of the Newport Jazz Festival, is testing out a new policy. To wit: the music in the club changes from night to night, and passing musicians are welcome to sit in. The club does not advertise its particular lineups, but one can find out who will be playing on a given night by calling the above number. Music from nine to two. Closed Sundays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Various jazz groups play every night. Among them is a vigorous twelve-piece band under the leadership of pianist and arranger DAVE MATTHEWS which meets on Mondays. Tuesdays are devoted to pianist David Lahm's trio and its vocalist, Janet Lawson. On Wednesday, July 21, guitarist JOE PUMA joins up with hurdling bassist EDDIE GOMEZ. On Friday, July 23, flutist Richard Clay and his quartet are scheduled. Other groups round out the week. Music from nine-thirty most nights. Closed Sundays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Two very fine musicians—guitarist JIMMY PONDER and bassist REGGIE WORKMAN—team up through Sunday, July 25. Monday through Wednesday, July 26-28, JOE PUMA will move downtown from his usual haunt, Stryker's, to work with a bassist. On Thursday, July 29, pianist Mike Abene, bassist Mike Moore, and guitarist Mike Gary will begin a four-night stint. The hours are from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (982-9292)—A place that draws both tourists, knowledgeable jazz partisans, and keyboard terror Lonnie Liston Smith and the Cosmic Echoes. Music from ten. Closed Mondays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Humanist-explorer, tenor saxophonist, percussionist, and vocalist of sorts PHAROAH SANDERS and his quintet are on hand through Sunday, July 25. On Tuesday, July 27, thunderbolt drummer ELVIN JONES descends the stairs with his quintet. On Mondays, pianist, composer, and sage GIL EVANS leads his youthful, up-to-date, and rousing big band. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A hanging tetrahedron made of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz by piano-bass duos help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Music from eight to two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Visiting musical professors have their say on the subject of thirties and forties jazz every night of the week in this beer-and-burger café, Columbia's off-campus music-appreciation classroom. On Monday and Tuesday, July 26-27, four-string, tenor guitarist TINY GRIMES will lead a trio. Wednesdays, tenor saxophonist Harold Ashby performs with pianist Richard Wyands, bassist John Ore, and a drummer. Thursdays and Fridays, a bop quintet stalks the forties. Saturdays and Sundays are most often claimed by two tenor saxophonists—Harold Ashby (or BUDDY TATE, if he's back from Europe) and Paul Quinichette, who still plays with a Lester Young complex—drummer Ronnie Cole, and pianist Jim Roberts. The music starts at nine. All this and student food at student prices.

Willy's, 7 W. 8th St. (260-0400)—An often sparsely populated music room except on Tuesdays, when, after ten-thirty, seventeen musicians led by Dick Cone begin loping through some of Cone's charts. Pianist Rio Clemente's trio holds forth through Saturday, July 24. On Wednesday, July 28, AL HAIG, one of the first and best bop pianists, will arrive with a quartet that features guitarist EDDIE DIEHL. On Tuesdays, Ron Roullier conducts a seventeen-piece orchestra. On Sundays, JAKI BYARD works out with bassist Nabil Totah. Music from nine-thirty. Dinner.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Shirley MacLaine—With her chorus-line "gypsies," in a two-week return engagement.

(Palace Theatre, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Wednesday at 2. Closes Saturday, July 24.)

Jethro Tull and **Robin Trower**—Shea Stadium. Friday, July 23, at 7. For tickets, call 541-7290.

Mongo Santamaria and **Rahsaan Roland Kirk**—With La Maquina del Tiempo. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1718. Saturday, July 24, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Giorgio de Chirico—A retrospective of paintings and sculptures by this earliest of the Surrealists, who is now in his eighty-eighth year and still turning out mystical landscapes inhabited by broken columns, galloping horses, and festive towers. Through Friday, July 30. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Cecily Firestein—More than thirty rubbings on hemp paper, taken from the decorative surfaces of churches, hotels, manhole covers, and other shards of this city's civilization. Through Aug. 27. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Sante Graziani—This artist is having a great year, since he specializes in star-spangled, red-white-and-blue compositions built around portraits of George Washington, with Martha occasionally also present (not to mention Abraham Lincoln). Through Friday, July 30. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Emil Nolde (1867-1956)—A scattering of watercolors and oils by the German Expressionist. Through Saturday, July 31. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **alonzo**, 26 E. 63rd St.: Paintings and works on paper by Golda Lewis, William McCartin, Alice Valenstein, and others. Through Friday, July 30. . . . **la boetie**, 9 E. 82nd St.: Works on paper and paintings, most of them by early-twentieth-century artists (Kirchner, Max Ernst, and Moore among them). Through Friday, July 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **castelli**, 4 E. 77th St.: Among the contributors to a show of drawings are Robert Barry, Hanne Darboven, and Edward Ruscha. Through Friday, July 30. . . . **findlay**, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings by contemporary American and European artists mostly (Ida Kohlmeyer and Maurice Brianchon, for instance), together with several small-scale bronzes by Henry Moore. Through Friday, July 30. . . . **forum**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Works on paper by Lester Johnson, John Marin, Philip Pearlstein, and others. Through Friday, July 30. . . . **gimpel**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Small collages by Herbert Schneider, incorporating sheets from antique German songbooks; two ovate bronze pieces with lesser ovals cut out and painted white by the late Barbara Hepworth; and a large silk-screened drawing of a reclining figure by Henry Moore are among the high spots in this show of gallery regulars. Through Friday, July 30. . . . **graham**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Odd little porcelain reliefs, with sketchy figures outlined in color, by Alexa Grace; free-form collages made of strips of torn paper assembled and painted to depict rocky canyons by Anne Elliott; and small, striking landscapes (like condensed Vlamincks), done in several mediums, by Phyllis Yampolsky are among the works on exhibition in this summer show. Through Friday, July 30. . . . **knoedler contemporary art**, 19 E. 70th St.: Paintings by gallery members Jules Olitski, Larry Poons, Robert Goodnough, and others. Through Friday, July 30. . . . **larcada**, 23 E. 67th St.: In the summer exhibition here are a large four-panel study of a dinner table crowded with white china on white napery (one of the white bowls contains a clutch of white eggs) by Kaffe Fassett; one of Peter Miller's quilt-like oils made up of her own hex symbols; and a surrealist sort of work by Gordon Russell depicting a rickety wagon perched on the tip end of an equally rickety masonry structure. Rockwell Kent and Leonid are also among the artists represented. Through Sept. 3. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 4.)

Sculpture—Martin Chirino, Ilya Bolotowsky, José de Rivera, and six other artists showing metal and wood pieces. Through Friday, July 30. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

The Cuzco Circle—Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Peruvian paintings, done by colonials and mestizos in the rococo way that their religious teachers (Spanish, Italian, and Flemish) taught them. Through Sunday, July 25. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

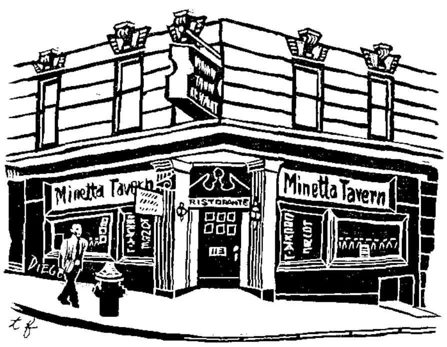
GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Martha Diamond / Rodney Ripps—Small abstractions, mostly egg-shaped, done in oil, and nicely situated on expanses of heavy oatmeal-colored Dutch linen paper several times as big as the composition. / Small-scale, three-dimensional squiggles meant to hang on the wall and made of crumpled foil, modelling plastic, and cloth, all heavily coated with oil paint as thick as insulation. Through Friday, July 30. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Georges—Large social-protest works, several of them in the allegorical manner of Poussin; one, based on the shootings at Kent State, shows a sylvan campus where policemen firing pistols have treed a classical figure (Art? Freedom?) whose escorting cupids are firing back with their bows and arrows. Through Friday, July 30. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lowell Nesbitt—Paintings of outsize and rather threatening-looking dahlias, tulips, lilies, anemones, and other garden flowers, plus a recently done portrait of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, another in this artist's series of our local river crossings. Through Saturday, July 31. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11:30 to 4:30.)

Group Shows—At the **associated american artists**, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: A couple of hundred etchings, engravings, and woodcuts dating from the sixteenth century to the eighteenth by Cranach, Tiepolo, Callot, and others. Through Friday, July 30. . . . **dintenfass**, 50 W. 57th St.: Works by the gallery regulars being shown in the summer exhibition here include a slat-legged ten-foot wooden Dutch boy (he has a paintbrush in his hand), by William King; some street scenes full of Robert Gwathmey's angular, sinewy black people; and one or two of Philip Evergood's Love-Thy-Neighbor homilies in gouache or oil. Through Aug. 27. . . . **esman**, 29 W. 57th St.: An exhibit of paintings, drawings, and other works (by, among others, William Fares, Michael Vessa, and Nina Yankowitz), all of which are small in size. Through Aug. 13. . . . **frumkin**, 50 W. 57th St.: Peter Saul, Michael Isen, and Joan Brown are three of the contributors to an exhibit of paintings, sculptures, and other works all taking the Bicentennial as their theme. Through Friday, July 30. (Opens at noon.) . . . **hammer**, 51 E. 57th St.: "Impressions of New York City" begins (chronologically, at least) with a view of the Plaza, circa 1905, by A. C. Goodwin; moves on through striking vistas of the metropolis by Marin, Guy Pène du Bois, Reginald Marsh, Sheeler, a handful of the Ashcan school, and so on; and winds up with a sidewalk-crowd study by Yan Hsia that is a 1976 Photo-Realist echo of Duchamp's "Nude Descending a Staircase," which caused all that uproar at the Armory Show here back in 1913. Through Aug. 18. . . . **kennedy**, 40 W. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by twentieth-century American realists and social realists, among them Edward Hopper, Winslow Homer, and Abraham Rattner. Through Sept. 11. . . . **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: Among the works by gallery regulars now on exhibit are a tempera painting of a nun in a huge white headpiece standing in an arbor where yellow butterflies are flitting around, by Robert Vickrey; a pink cyclamen done in oil, by Julien Binford; and a tempera painting of a remembered place in the mountains, by Ethel Magafan—not to mention canvases by Isabel Bishop, William Thon, and Paul Cadmus. Through Friday, July 30. . . . **pace**, 32 E. 57th St.: A selection of works by gallery artists includes sculptures by Louise Nevelson and Guy Dill and paintings by Lee Krasner and Jack Youngerman. Through Sept. 24. . . . **rené**, 6 W. 57th St.: Latin-American painters and sculptors. Through Aug. 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:30.) . . . **zabriskie**, 29 W. 57th St.: Models, drawings, and other materials related to the outdoor sculptures of Lloyd Hamrol, Anne Healy, and Athena Tacha. Through Friday, July 30.



GALLERIES—SoHo

Nancy Genn—Rectangles of heavy, handmade paper, several layers thick and each layer a different color, enabling the artist to obtain a collage effect by tearing thin strips from one or more of the outer sheets. Some of the papers are laced with colored threads, which enhance the effect. Through Friday, July 30. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **castelli**, 420 West Broadway: Paintings and sculptures by Donald Judd, Richard Serra, Frank Stella, and others. Through Sept. 8. . . . **hoffman**, 429 West Broadway: A selection of paintings and sculptures by gallery members John Okulick, Susan Hall, Jack Tworkov, and others. Through Friday, July 30. . . . **knowlton**, 153 Prince St.: Saul Steinberg and Tom Wesselmann are two of the artists in a show of drawings, paintings, and other works. Through Friday, July 23. (Opens at noon.) . . . **o. k. harris**, 383 West Broadway: A group show of works by a dozen artists here includes boxes made of raw wood, twenty inches square and eighteen inches deep, lined with mirrors and each containing a much smaller (embryonic?) box, by Irene Krugman; large color-field paintings in gray with a rippled impasto by David Budd; and appealing color photographs of his own bar mitzvah, taken with the use of a self-timer when he was thirteen, by the painter Big Jim Jacobs. Through Friday, July 23. (Opens at noon.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Minoru Niizuma—Fourteen pieces of abstract marble sculpture that offer subtle sermons on the relationships between the rude, unfinished stone and the polished surfaces that can be obtained from it, plus a tall bronze column of a style and aspect that remind one that the artist was born in Tokyo. Through Saturday, July 24. (Center for International Arts, 28 E. 4th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Michael Todd—Three welded-steel sculptures through which it is possible to walk. Through Sept. 4. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

James Abbe (1883-1973)—Fashion photographs made in the twenties. Through Friday, July 23. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

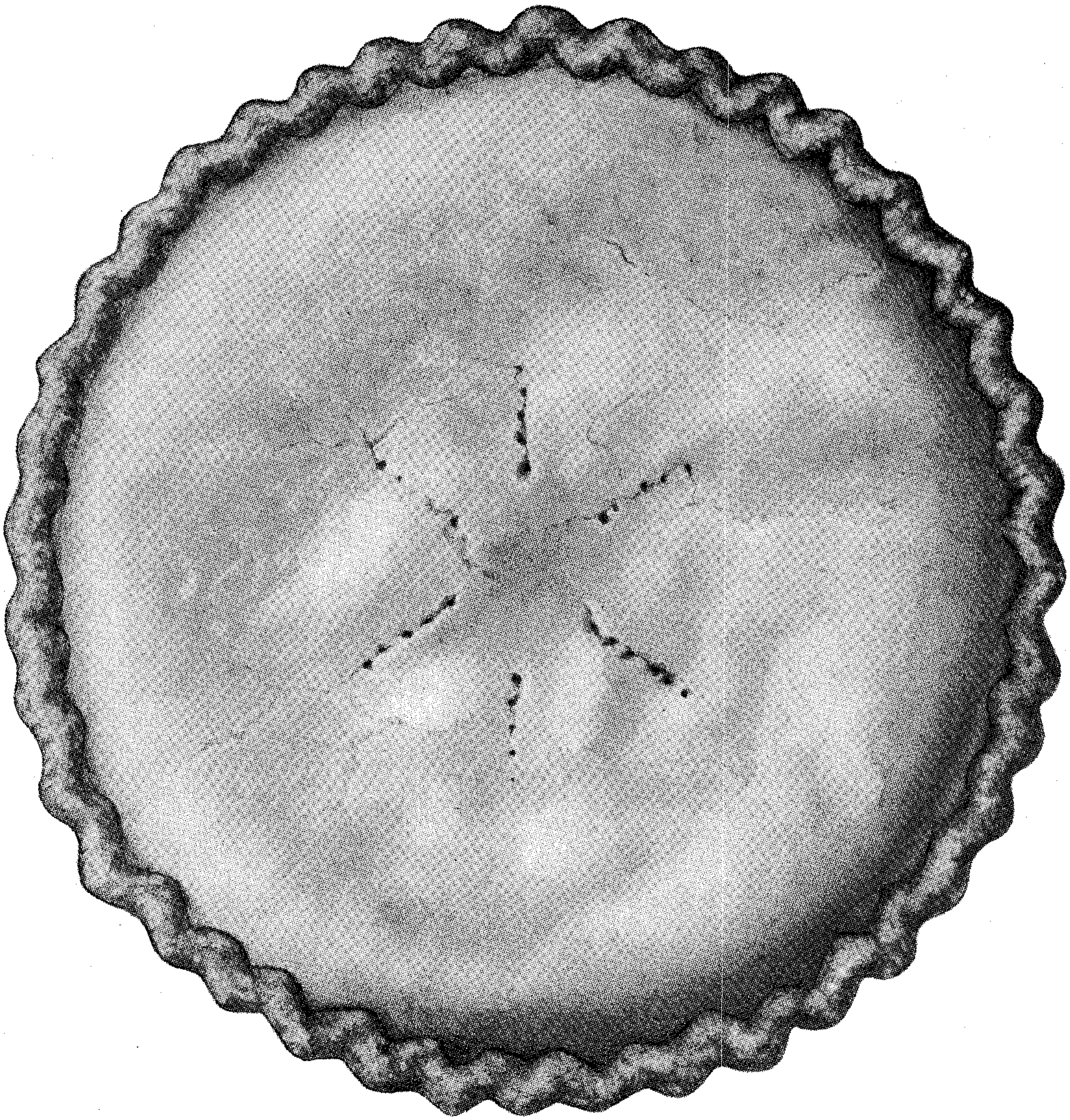
Edouard Boubat—More than a hundred prints by a contemporary French photographer who concentrates on portraits of women and children. Through Saturday, July 31. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

William Eggleston—Color photographs (figures, still-lifes, landscapes) taken in Tennessee and northern Mississippi. Through Aug. 1. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Gertrude Käsebier (1852-1934) **and Clarence H. White** (1871-1925)—Photogravures, along with vintage photographs, by two of the founding members of the Photo-Secession. Through Sept. 18. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Nicholas Nixon—Pictures taken with a view camera, including a score of high-vantage-point photographs of Boston. Through Oct. 5. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

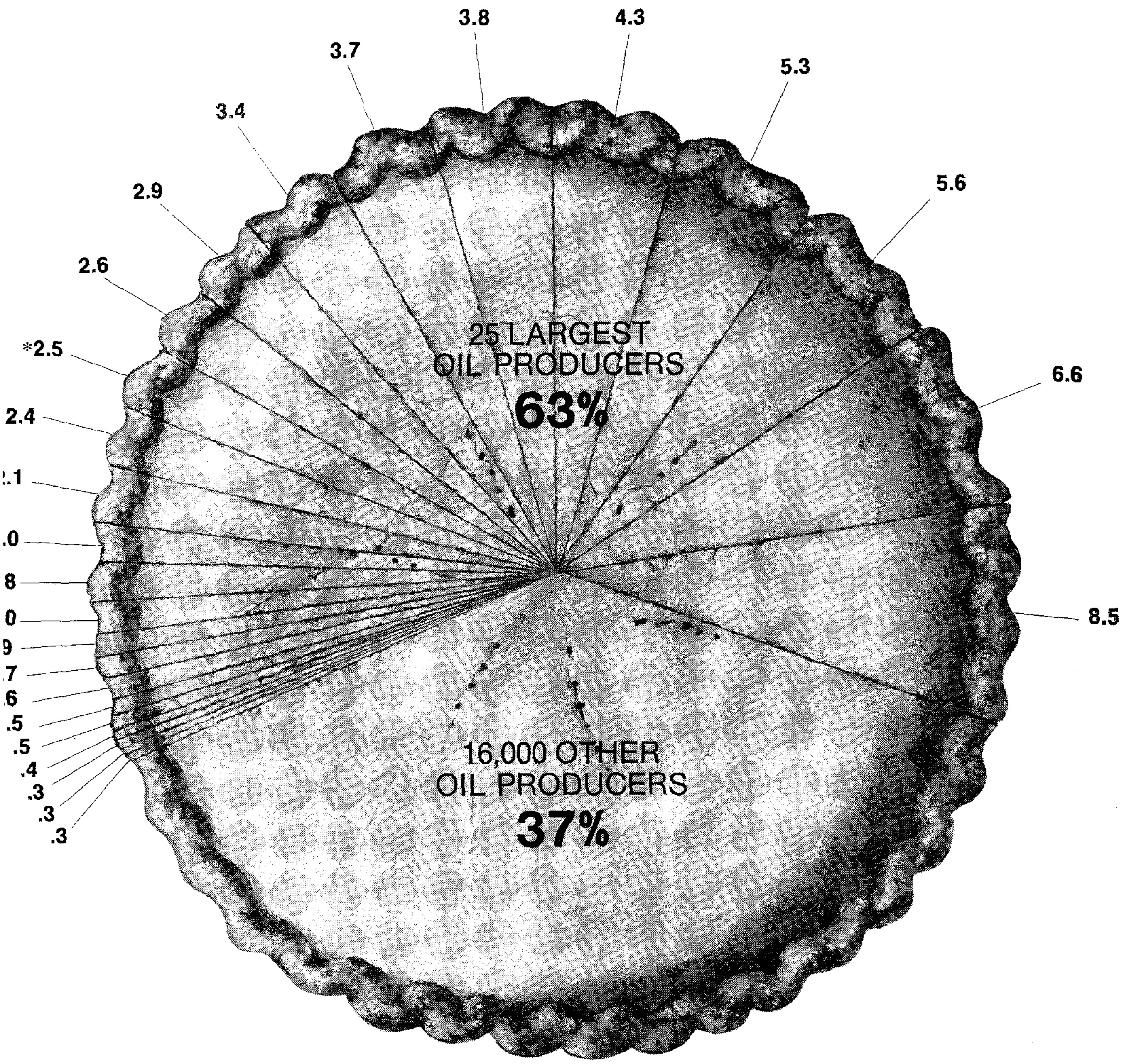
Group Shows—At **asia house**, 112 E. 64th St.: More than a hundred photographs that were taken in India, primarily by British photographers, between 1840 and 1910. The exhibit



This is a monopoly.

Let's say you own this whole pie. And let's just say it's the only pie in the world. You can sell pie at whatever price you want, and people will have to pay it. You have a monopoly. That could be unfair.

But let's say you're a U. S. oil company. No matter which one you are, you only have a small piece of the pie. Not one American oil company accounts for more than 8½ percent of the oil produced in this country, and most produce a much smaller share. Now you don't have



This is not a monopoly.

a monopoly—you have competition. In fact, you have very stiff competition. That's fair.

By slicing up a monopoly, the government creates competition.

But by slicing up an already competitive situation, the government only creates . . . a mess.

This is a thought from a company with just a small piece of the pie.

*Our piece of the pie

union 76

Union Oil Company of California
Los Angeles, California 90017

includes a series of studio portraits of maharajas and of British military officers, a group of Samuel Bourne landscapes of the Himalayas, as well as photographs recording leisure activities of British subjects. Through Aug. 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **HARLOW,** 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: A show of portraits, including examples by Nadar, Carjat, and Adam-Salomon. Through Friday, July 30. (Opens at noon Tuesdays through Fridays.) . . . **NEIKRUG,** 224 E. 68th St.: Civil War photographs, some of them taken by Mathew Brady. Through Saturday, July 31. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM,** 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.: An exhibit made up of submissions to Volume III of "The Black Photographers' Annual." It includes works by Mickey Mathis and James Van DerZee. Through Sunday, July 25. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Eight Goya paintings, selected to represent the high points in the artist's career, on loan from the Prado and including both of the celebrated Majas, clad and un. Through Aug. 8. . . . ¶ A show of ninety drawings (landscapes, genre scenes, and portraits) by Europeans, among them Rembrandt, Delacroix, and Gainsborough, from the Robert Lehman collection, many of which have not previously been on view. Through Oct. 3. . . . ¶ Four portraits by early American painters Gilbert Stuart and Thomas Sully, on loan from a private Spanish collection. Through Aug. 8. . . . ¶ "American Ephemera" is a display of posters, valentines, advertisements, and other items (all dated before 1935) from the museum's print collections. Through Aug. 15. . . . ¶ A small show of Chinese landscape paintings dating from the eleventh century through the eighteenth. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Forty-one Chinese paintings from the Arthur M. Sackler collection, these dating from the fourteenth century through the twentieth. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Portraits of, and clothing worn by, ten American women—Isadora Duncan, Josephine Baker, and Irene Langhorne Gibson among them—who were noted for their innovation and elegance in dress. Through Aug. 29. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than eighty paintings as well as a group of drawings are included in a retrospective exhibition of the Surrealist André Masson. Through Aug. 17. . . . ¶ Five taxicabs, new in design, built by two American and three European car manufacturers to specifications developed by the museum. Also a 1968 London cab. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ A small group of recently acquired drawings by David Smith, Mark Rothko, and Lee Krasner. Through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ Photographs by William Eggleston. Through Aug. 1. . . . ¶ Photographs by Nicholas Nixon. Through Oct. 5. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Informal keyboard recitals of works by contemporary American composers Fridays and Saturdays at 8.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Twenty-five of the abstract sculptures and reliefs of Jean Arp, assembled to mark the tenth anniversary of his death. Through Aug. 22. . . . ¶ A full-scale exhibition of the museum's collection of early-twentieth-century European paintings. Chronologically arranged, the show includes works by Cézanne, Mondrian, Klee, and Miró. Through Oct. 3. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A vast historical survey of American sculpture of the past two hundred years, beginning with primitive weathervanes, figureheads, and other naïve works. A really big show, occupying all three floors, which will last through the summer. (Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A show of watercolors and pastels (late eighteenth century to the present) by American artists, including Homer, Sargent, Burchfield, Avery, and O'Keeffe. Through Sept. 19. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The recently opened Hall of Minerals and Gems, occupying one-third of an acre in space, has on display such stones as the Golden Hope (a 44.35 carat yellow diamond set in a pin), the Star of India sapphire, the deLong Star ruby, and the Patricia emerald. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of more than a hundred and fifty historical documents includes the only surviving copy of the first printed Thanksgiving Proclamation, signed by George Washington in 1789. Through Saturday, July 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.)

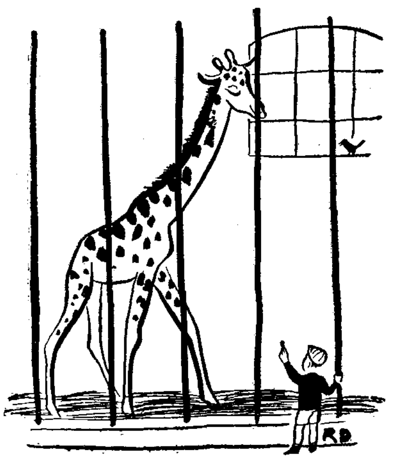
NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Political cartoons, newspapers, pamphlets, campaign buttons, posters, and sheet music in support of the Presidential campaigns of candidates from New York State in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

MUSIC

MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL—A nine-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs—Wednesday, July 21, and Friday and Saturday, July 23-24: Pinchas Zukerman conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra and acting as violin soloist, with Joseph Kalichstein, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 22: The Messrs. Zukerman and Kalichstein; Eugenia Zukerman, flute; and Samuel Sanders, also piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 25: Rudolf Firkusny, piano. . . . ¶ Monday and Tuesday, July 26-27: Tashi (Peter Serkin, piano; Ida Kavafian, violin; Fred Sherry, cello; and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet), with Allan Vogel, oboe; Robert Routch, horn; and Bill Douglas, bassoon. . . . ¶ Wednesday through Saturday, July 28-31: Karl Richter conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra and acting as organ soloist. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Evenings at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 28.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Friday, July 23, at 7: Phyllis Curtin, soprano, in a program of American songs. . . . ¶ Friday, July 23, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Stravinsky program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 24, at 8:30: Leonard Bernstein directing an all-Liszt program, with Kenneth Riegel, tenor, and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 25, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a varied program, with Ondeko Za, Japanese drummers. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 27, at 7:30: The 5th Dimension and John Sebastian. . . . ¶ Friday, July 30, at 7: John Oliver directing the Tanglewood Festival Chorus in a program of American music. . . . ¶ Friday, July 30, at 9: Klaus Tennstedt directing the Boston Symphony in a performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with Maralin Niska, soprano; Gwendolyn Killebrew, mezzo-soprano; Seth McCoy, tenor; Paul Plishka, bass-baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 31, at 8:30: Klaus Tennstedt conducting a Haydn-Mahler program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 1, at 2:30: Colin Davis conducting an all-Sibelius program, with Miriam Fried, violin. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 29. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)



CARAMOOR FESTIVAL—Friday, July 23, at 8:30: Julius Rudel directing the Caramoor Festival Chorus and Orchestra in a repeat performance of Lehár's "The Merry Widow," in concert form and in English, with Catherine Christensen and Marianna Christos, sopranos; Charles Roe and Gene Bullard, tenors; and James Billings and Jack Harrold, baritones. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 24, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting the orchestra in a varied program, with Young-Uck Kim, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 25, at 5:30: A recital by Alicia de Larrocha, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 31, at 8:30: A recital by Gina Bachauer, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 1, at 5:30: The Vermeer Quartet. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 22. On Friday and Saturday, July 23-24, buses will leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—Tentative schedule of final performances by the New York City Ballet—Wednesday, July 21, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "Four Temperaments," "Sonatine," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 22, at 2: "Four Temperaments," "Scherzo Fantastique," "Pas de Deux," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 22, at 8:15: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Friday, July 23, at 8:15: "Four Temperaments," "Tzigane," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 24, at 2: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 24, at 8:15: "In G Major," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 27, at 8:15: "Chaconne," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 28, at 8:15: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 29, at 2: "Swan Lake," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Pas de Deux," and "In G Major." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 29, at 8:15: "Chaconne" and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Friday, July 30, at 8:15: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 31, at 2: "Fanfare" and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 31, at 8:15: "Dances at a Gathering" and "Union Jack." (Saratoga Springs. Through Sunday, Sept. 5. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 24: The Nikolais Dance Theatre. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 27-31: Emily Frankel, Charles Moore Dances and Drums of Africa, Burton Taylor and Helen Douglas, and the Jacob's Pillow Dancers. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30 and Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL—Friday and Saturday, July 23-24, at 8: Bella Lewitzky Dance Company. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 29, at 8: Bill Evans Dance Company. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 1, at 4:30: Guthrie-Rotante Company. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Oakland, Wednesday, July 21, at 8, and Thursday, July 22, at 2. . . . ¶ Boston, Friday, July 23, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, July 24-25, at 2. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Pittsburgh, Wednesday, July 28, at 8:05, and

Thursday, July 29, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Philadelphia, Friday, July 30, at 8:05, and Saturday, July 31, at 2:15.

Racing—At **aqueduct**: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Saturday, July 31. The Tremont, Wednesday, July 21; the Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 24; and the Lexington Handicap, Saturday, July 31. . . . **monmouth park**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Nov 13. The Longfellow Handicap, Saturday, July 24, and the Sorority, Saturday, July 31. . . . **atlantic city**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights, except Thursdays, at 7:15; through Saturday, Oct. 2.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Dallas. (Yankee Stadium. Wednesday, July 28, at 7:30. For tickets, call 484-6010.)

Pro Tennis—World Team Tennis—Sets vs. Los Angeles, Wednesday, July 21, at 8. . . . ¶ Sets vs. Cleveland, Friday, July 23, at 8. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. For information about tickets, call 581-6622.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway**: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 16. . . . **saratoga raceway**, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 13.

Yachting—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Through Saturday, July 24.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 472-1003, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **henry v.** Philip Bosco is strong, funny, and Shakespearean as that usual bore Pistol; Meryl Streep is a charming, lyric Princess Katherine; and Michael Moriarty makes a casually persuasive Chorus, but the show never takes off, and one is left with the impression of a lot of good actors—Paul Rudd, Lenny Baker, Sasha von Scherler, and Walter McGinn among them—at loose ends, never quite certain what is required of them. Through Sunday, July 25. . . . **measure for measure**, with Meryl Streep and Lenny Baker, will be the second of two plays by the company. Directed by John Pasquin. Opens Thursday, July 29, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 29. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Concerts. (Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 15.)

Central Park Mall—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in a performance of "Tosca." The third in a series of five productions. (Thursday, July 22, at 8.)

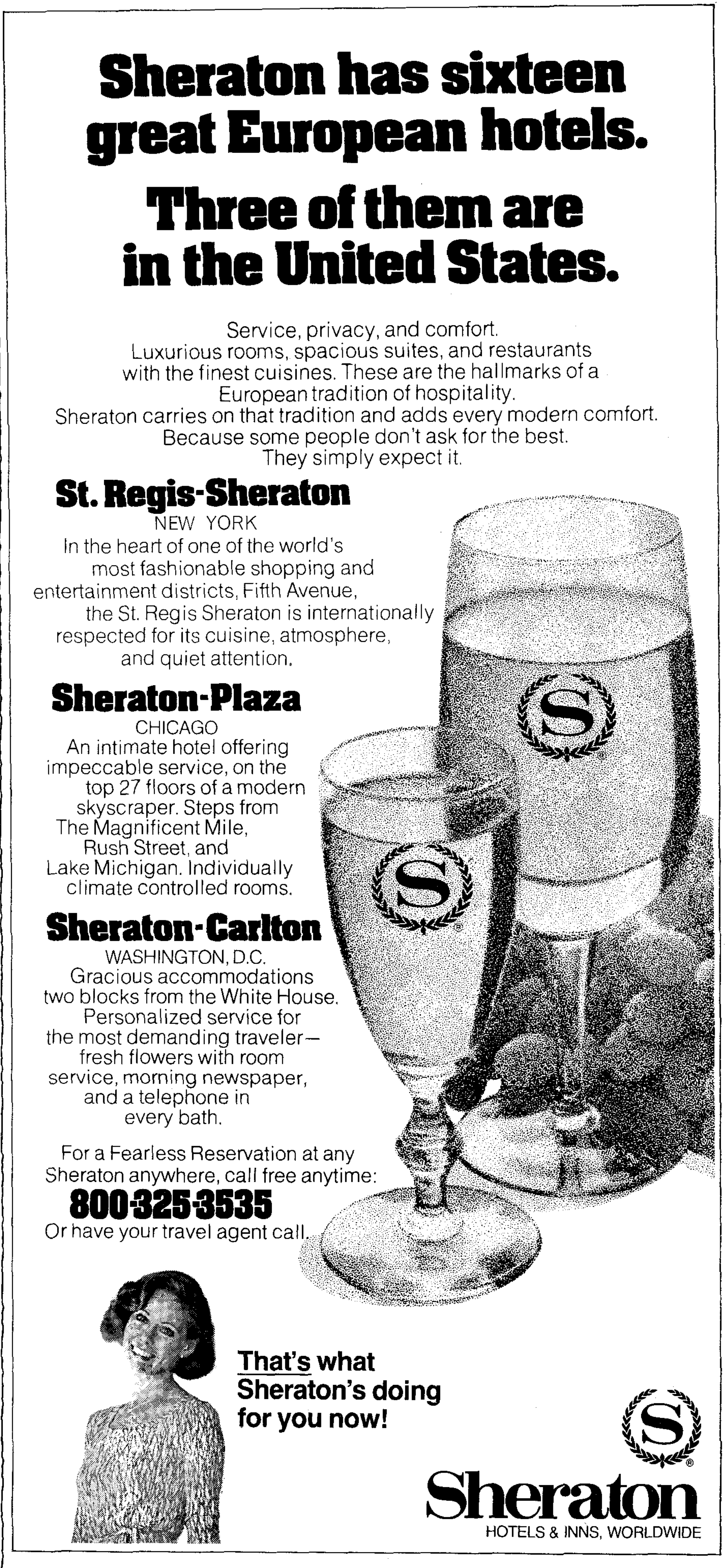
Washington Square Park—Newell Jenkins conducting the Festival Orchestra, with Joan Caplan, mezzo-soprano. The second in a series of five programs of American music. (Tuesday, July 27, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.)

Wollman Rink—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Wednesday, July 21: Donovan. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 23-24: Judy Collins. . . . ¶ Monday, July 26: Derringer and Nils Lofgren. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 28: Sergio Mendes and Brasil '77. . . . ¶ Friday, July 30: Kingfish and Gerard. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 31: Boz Scaggs and Maxine Nightingale. (Evenings at 6:30; through Saturday, Sept. 11. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of **showboat**, with Robert Peterson, Barbara Meister, Max Showalter, and Beth Fowler, is this summer's production. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets call 516 221-1000.)

Movies in the Park—A program of conventional and experimental films is being shown in various city parks at 9 P.M., Sundays through Thursdays, through Aug. 5. For program news, and to identify the parks, call 472-1003.

Deep Breathing—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.



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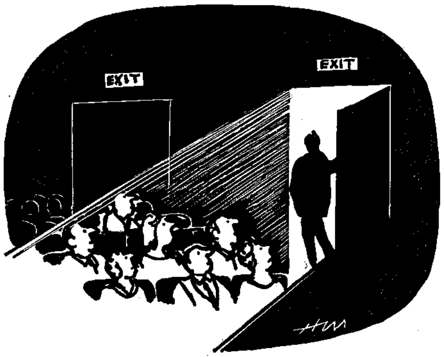
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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25	26	27	28	29		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Murder by Death."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through July 27: "The Night Porter" and "The Boys in the Band."
From July 28: "Lipstick" and "Death Wish."

12th St. Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (254-4188)
Through July 27: "Godzilla vs. Megalon" and "King Kong Escapes."
From July 28: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through July 27: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."
From July 28: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 27: "A Man and a Woman" and "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."
From July 28: "The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (684-2290)
Through July 22: "101 Dalmatians" and "Ride a Wild Pony."
From July 23: "Peter Pan" and "The Gnome-Mobile."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars & Motor Kings."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Omen."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Tunnelvision."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Big Bus." (No evening performances on Thursday, July 22.)

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Midway."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through July 27: "Le Magnifique."
From July 28: "Rape of Innocence."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Man Who Fell to Earth."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Murder by Death."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Omen."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through July 22: "The Man Who Skied Down Everest."
From July 23: "The Return of the Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Silent Movie."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Silent Movie."

First Avenue Cinema, 1st Ave. at 61st. (688-0143)
Through July 27: "Seven Beauties" and "The Boys in the Band."
From July 28: "The Exorcist" and "The Devils."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"All the President's Men."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Wild Goose Chase."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Face to Face." (No evening performances on Wednesday, July 21.)

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"My Friends."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through July 22: "The Tenant."
From July 23: "Lifeguard."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 27: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."
From July 28: "The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"All the President's Men."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Logan's Run."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Omen."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Midway."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars & Motor Kings."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through July 22: "101 Dalmatians" and "Ride a Wild Pony."
From July 23: "Peter Pan" and "The Gnome-Mobile."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"All the President's Men."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"The Omen."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through July 27: "Tunnelvision."
From July 28: "Logan's Run."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Seven Beauties" and "Swept Away."
Theatre 2: July 21: "Spellbound" and "Notorious." July 22-24: "A Bill of Divorcement" and "The Garden of Allah." July 25-26: "I'll Be Seeing You" and "Since You Went Away." From July 27: "Rebecca" and "The Paradine Case."
Theatre 3: Through July 27: "The Tenant." From July 28: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through July 27: "The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea." From July 28: "The Clockmaker."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"All the President's Men."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Through July 28: "Harry and Walter Go to New York."
From July 29: "Swashbuckler."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through July 27: "That's Entertainment, Part 2."
From July 28: "The Return of a Man Called Horse."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through July 22: "101 Dalmatians" and "Ride a Wild Pony."
From July 23: "Peter Pan" and "The Gnome-Mobile."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through July 27: "Earthquake" and "Airport 1975."
From July 28: "Lipstick" and "Death Wish."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Murder by Death."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through July 24: "Children of Paradise."
From July 25: "Cousin, Cousine."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Man Who Fell to Earth."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through July 27: "The Story of Adèle H." and "The Romantic Englishwoman."
From July 28: "The Exorcist."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through July 27: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" and "Bananas."
From July 28: "The Clockmaker."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through July 22: "101 Dalmatians" and "Ride a Wild Pony." From July 23: "Peter Pan" and "The Gnome-Mobile."
Theatre 2: "The Food of the Gods."
Theatre 3: "The Omen."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 27: "All the President's Men."
From July 28: "Logan's Run."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"Buffalo Bill and the Indians."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through July 27: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" and "Where's Poppa?"
From July 28: "Lipstick" and "Death Wish."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
July 21: "Rashomon" (1951) and "The Idiot" (1951), both films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.
July 22: "Two or Three Things I Know About Her" (1967), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Marina Vlady; and "Tout Va Bien" (1972), in French, directed by Jean-Pierre Gorin and Jean-Luc Godard, with Yves Montand and Jane Fonda.
July 23: "Beauty and the Beast" (†) and "Orpheus." (†)
July 24: "The Damned" (1969), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger; and "Mahler" (1976), directed by Ken Russell, with Robert Powell.
July 25: "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Jarl Kulle; and "Summertime" (1955), directed by David Lean, with Katharine Hepburn and Rossano Brazzi.
July 26: "Medea" (1971), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Maria Callas; and "The Hawks and the Sparrows" (1967), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Ninetto Davoli and Totò.
July 27: "Cries and Whispers" (1972), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Harriet Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, and Kari Sylwan; and "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (1972), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Fernando Rey, Stéphane Audran, and Delphine Seyrig.
July 28: "Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II" (1944-46), in Russian, directed by Sergei Eisenstein, with Nikolai Cherkassov.
July 29: "La Guerre Est Finie" (†) and "The Confession." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
July 21: "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon" (1949), directed by John Ford, with John Wayne, Victor McLaglen, John Agar, and Joanne Dru; and "Wagonmaster" (1950), directed by John Ford, with Ben Johnson, Joanne Dru, Harry Carey, Jr., and Ward Bond.
July 22: "The Best Man" (1964), directed by Franklin Schaffner, with Henry Fonda, Cliff Robertson, and Lee Tracy; and "Advise and Consent" (1962), directed by Otto Preminger, with Henry Fonda, Don Murray, Burgess Meredith, Franchot Tone, and Charles Laughton.
July 23: "Modern Times" (1936), directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin; and "A Nous la Liberté." (†)
July 24: "Smile" (1975), directed by Michael Ritchie, with Bruce Dern, Barbara Feldon, and Michael Kidd; and "The Candidate." (†)
July 25: "The Gang's All Here" (1943), directed by Busby Berkeley, with Alice Faye and Carmen Miranda; and "There's No Business Like Show Business" (1954), directed by Walter Lang, with Ethel Mer-

man, Donald O'Connor, Dan Dailey, Marilyn Monroe, Johnnie Ray, and Mitzi Gaynor.

July 26: "Written on the Wind" (†) and "The Tarnished Angels." (†)

July 27: "Lancelot of the Lake" (†) and "Au Hasard, Balthazar." (†)

July 28: "Rio Grande" (†) and "The Sun Shines Bright." (†)

July 29: "Une Femme Douce" (†) and "A Married Woman." (†)

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)

July 21: "The Samurai Trilogy, Part III" (1956) and "Samurai Saga" (1959), both films in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki, with Toshiro Mifune.

July 22: "King of Hearts" (1967), in French and English, directed by Philippe de Broca, with Alan Bates; and "Start the Revolution Without Me" (1970), directed by Bud Yorkin, with Gene Wilder, Donald Sutherland, and Hugh Griffith.

July 23: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" (1971), directed by Robert Altman, with Warren Beatty and Julie Christie; and "The Ballad of Cable Hogue." (†)

July 24: "Blume in Love" (†); "Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx" (1970), directed by Waris Hussein, with Gene Wilder; and "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (1972), directed by, and with, Woody Allen.

July 25: "Gone with the Wind" (1939), directed by Victor Fleming, with Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable.

July 26: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (†) and "Zorba the Greek." (†)

July 27: "The Story of Adèle H." (†); and "Murmur of the Heart" (1971), in French, directed by Louis Malle, with Lea Massari.

July 28: "The Seven Samurai" (1954), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa.

July 29: "The Ruling Class" (1972), directed by Peter Medak, with Peter O'Toole and Arthur Lowe; and "King of Hearts."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)

Through July 22: "Miss Julie" (1950), in Swedish, directed by Alf Sjöberg, with Anita Björk and Ulf Palme; and "Torment" (1947), in Swedish, directed by Alf Sjöberg, with Stig Järrel, Alf Kjellin, and Mai Zetterling.

July 23-24: "A Lesson in Love" (1953), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Eva Dahlbeck and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "Dreams." (†)

July 25-27: "The 39 Steps" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat; and "The Lady Vanishes" (1938), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker.

From July 28: "Caesar and Cleopatra" (1946), directed by Gabriel Pascal, with Vivien Leigh, Claude Rains, Flora Robson, and Stewart Granger; and "Odd Man Out." (†)

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through July 24: "Mildred Pierce" (1945), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Joan Crawford, Jack Carson, Zachary Scott, and Ann Blyth; and "Jezebel" (1938), directed by William Wyler, with Bette Davis, Henry Fonda, George Brent, and Fay Bainter.

July 25-27: "Gentleman Jim" (†) and "Strawberry Blonde." (†)

From July 28: "The Petrified Forest" (†) and "Dark Victory." (†)

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through July 24: "Sherlock Holmes and the Secret Weapon" (1943), and "The Woman in Green" (1945), two films in the Basil Rathbone-Nigel Bruce Holmes-Watson series, both directed by Roy William Neill.

July 25-27: "Irene" (†) and "Glorifying the American Girl." (†)

From July 28: "The Man Who Could Work Miracles" (†); and "Things to Come" (1936), directed by William Cameron Menzies, with Raymond Massey and Ralph Richardson.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—July 22 at 2:30: "Diplomaniacs" (1933), directed by William Seiter, with Wheeler and Woolsey, Louis Calhern, and Hugh Herbert; and "Meet the Baron" (1933), directed by Walter Lang, with Jack Pearl, Jimmy Durante, ZaSu Pitts, and Ted Healey and his Stooges. . . . ¶ July 22 at 6: "Whistling in the Dark" (1933), directed by Elliott Nugent, with Ernest Truex, Una Merkel, and Edward Arnold. . . . ¶ July 22 at 8:30: "Speak Easily" (1932), directed by Edward Sedgwick, with Buster Keaton, Jimmy Durante, and Thelma Todd. . . . ¶ July 23 at 2:30: "The Gay Bride" (1934), directed by Jack Conway, with Carole Lombard. . . . ¶ July 23 at 6: "Horsefeathers" (1932), directed by Norman McLeod, with the Marx Brothers; and "Duck Soup" (1933), directed by Leo McCarey, with the Marx Brothers. . . . ¶ July 24 at noon: "A Night at the Opera" (1935), directed by Sam Wood, with the Marx Brothers. . . . ¶ July 24 at 2:30: "Three-Cornered Moon" (1933), directed by Elliott Nugent, with Claudette Colbert, Richard Arlen, and Mary Boland. . . . ¶ July 24 at 5: "Diplomaniacs." . . . ¶ July 25 at noon: "Ruggles of Red Gap" (1935), directed by Leo McCarey, with Charles Laughton, Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland, and ZaSu Pitts. . . . ¶ July 25 at 2:30: "Blessed Event" (1932), directed by Roy Del Ruth, with Lee Tracy and Mary Brian. . . . ¶ July 25 at 5: "The Great Train Robbery" (1903), directed by Edwin S. Porter; "The Bank Robbery" (1908), directed by William Matthew Tilghman, no inter-titles; "Hiawatha" (1909), directed by William Ranous; "The Indian Brothers" (1911), directed by D. W. Griffith; and "The Battle of Elderbush Gulch" (1914), directed by D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ July 26 at noon: "The Last Gentleman" (1934), directed by Sidney Lanfield, with George Arliss and Edna May Oliver. . . . ¶ July 26 at 2:30: "Million Dollar Legs" (1932), directed by Edward F. Cline, with W. C. Fields and Jack Oakie; and "You're Telling Me" (1934), directed by Erle C. Kenton, with W. C. Fields, Joan Marsh, and Larry (Buster) Crabbe. . . . ¶ July 26 at 6: "The Gay Bride." . . . ¶ July 27 at noon: "She Done Him Wrong" (1933), directed by Lowell Sherman, with Mae West and Cary Grant. . . . ¶ July 27 at 2:30: "Klondike Annie" (1936), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Mae West and Victor McLaglen. . . . ¶ July 27 at 6: "Goin' to Town" (1935), directed by Alexander Hall, with Mae West. . . . ¶ July 29 at 2:30: "Topaze" (1933), directed by Harry D'Arrast, with John Barrymore and Myrna Loy. . . . ¶ July 29 at 6: "Sailor's Luck" (1933), directed by Raoul Walsh, with James Dunn and Sally Eilers. . . . ¶ July 29 at 8:30: "Elmer and Elsie" (1934), directed by Gil Pratt, with George Bancroft, Frances Fuller, and Roscoe Karns; and "The Meanest Gal in Town" (1934), directed by Russell Mack, with ZaSu Pitts. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8:30 will not be accepted before 8.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

AIRPORT 1975 (1974)—Processed schlock. This could only have been designed as a TV movie and then blown up to cheapie-epic proportions. One can have a fairly good time laughing at it, but it doesn't sit too well as a joke, because the people on the screen are being humiliated. Jack Smight directed, fumblingly; Karen Black and Charlton Heston do the most emoting. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/28/74.) (Playboy; through July 27.)

ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN—Alan J. Pakula's film of the famous book by Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward about the uncovering of the Watergate coverup. Woodward is played by Robert Redford, one of our best actors; Bernstein is played by Dustin Hoffman with edgy intelligence. The film is good on newspapers' nervous verve, though it has its share of clichés about the working press. (4/12/76) (Columbia I, U. A. East, Waverly, and Guild. . . . ¶ Symphony; through July 27.)

A NOUS LA LIBERTÉ (1931)—René Clair's imaginative social comedy on the mechanization of modern life begins with a man who escapes from prison and then builds a business that turns into a prison. (Clair's central character was based on Charles Pathé and his phonograph-and-cinema empire.) Paced to Georges Auric's memorable score. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 23.)

AU HASARD, BALTHAZAR (1966)—Robert Bresson's oblique account of the life and suffering of a donkey, and the life and suffering of the people who mistreat him. Considered a masterpiece by some, but others may find it painstakingly tedious and offensively holy. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 27.)

THE BALLAD OF CABLE HOGUE (1970)—Sam Peckinpah is in a relaxed and playful mood in this rambling comedy Western with Jason Robards (in fine form) as a desert rat who discovers a mudhole and turns water merchant, Stella Stevens as an ambitious whore, and David Warner as a lecherous self-ordained preacher. (Elgin; July 23.)

BANANAS (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny. (Embassy 72nd St.; through July 27.)

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST (1946)—Jean Cocteau's first full-length film is perhaps the most imaginative and charming of all fairy-tale movies. Jean Marais (in Christian Bérard's makeup) is a magnificent Beast; he lives in an enchanted landscape that suggests the sensuous elegance and extravagance of Gustave Doré. Josette Day is the delicate Beauty. Music by Georges Auric. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 23.)

THE BIG BUS—A comedy, with Stockard Channing and Joe Bologna, directed by James Frawley. (Sutton. No evening performances on Thursday, July 22.)

A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT (1932)—The dialogue has the creaky sound of classy, overcivilized theatre; the film is just barely adapted from Clemence Dane's play about a father and daughter doomed by hereditary insanity—the kind of play in which the daughter is named Sydney Fairchild, her father Hilary Fairchild, and the daughter's boyfriend Kit. But as Sydney, Katharine Hepburn, in her film début, was like nothing that had ever been seen on the screen. It wasn't that she was good, exactly (in fact, her acting was mostly awful), but she was so angular and mannered, with her mouth a scar of suffering, that she was riveting. And John Barrymore, who plays the father, was a fairly riveting performer himself—though his role here is drearily subservient. Young George Cukor directed, in the insulated style all too appropriate to the vehicle. With David Manners (Kit, of course), Billie Burke, Bramwell Fletcher, and Elizabeth Patterson. (Quad Cinema; July 22-24.)

THE BINGO LONG TRAVELING ALL-STARS & MOTOR KINGS—With Billy Dee Williams, James Earl Jones, and Richard Pryor; directed by John Badham. (Murray Hill, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

BLUME IN LOVE (1973)—Susan Anspach, looking frail and beautiful, as the divorced wife of a lawyer (George Segal), in a clodhopping story of unkillable love. The film is set mostly in Los Angeles, with tourist-dream sorties to Venice, where a cure-everything baby is had, apparently in the Doges' Palace. (Elgin; July 24.)

THE BOYS IN THE BAND (1970)—A gathering of homosexuals like the gathering of bitchy ladies in "The Women," but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a hustler, one who is butch, and one who is nellie, and so on. They crack jokes while their hearts are breaking. William Friedkin directed Mart Crowley's adaptation of his own play. (St. Marks Cinema, and First Avenue Cinema; through July 27.)

BUFFALO BILL AND THE INDIANS—A Robert Altman film, drawn from Arthur Kopit's play about frontier legend and how it is fed, perhaps, by wish. The setting is a Wild West Show. Buffalo Bill is played by Paul Newman, with age lines of makeup, and a wig of long, fair hair; Sitting Bull (Frank Kaquitts) is a totemistic figure, almost mute throughout; Annie Oakley is played by Geraldine Chaplin. Every-

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thing that Altman photographs is about stage heroics. This is not a picture about sociological differences between white men and Indians; it is about their different sorts of dream. (6/28/76) (Thalia.)

The Candidate (1972)—We need political films, but not this thing, which is about a young straight-from-the-shoulder good-looker (Robert Redford) who decides to run for Democratic senator in California. Redford's likeness to the Kennedy brothers is exploited in one of the most vulgar pieces of casting in years. Directed by Michael Ritchie. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 24.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (Paris; through July 24.)

The Clockmaker—With Philippe Noiret and Jean Rochefort, directed by Bertrand Tavernier. In French. (Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting July 28.)

The Confession (1970)—Costa-Gavras's beautifully detailed demonstration of how the Communists at the Stalinist show trials were made to confess to imaginary crimes. A great, neglected movie subject, intelligently presented. Yves Montand gives a fine non-egotistic performance. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 29.)

Cousin, Cousine—With Marie-Christine Barrault, Victor Lanoux, and Marie-France Pisier; directed by Jean-Charles Tacchella. In French. (Paris; starting July 25.)

Dark Victory (1939)—Bette Davis in a kitsch classic, playing a rich doomed-to-die girl who throws herself away on meaningless pleasures and then finds redemption in unselfish love—with her doctor, George Brent. A gooey collection of clichés, but Davis slams her way through them in her nerviest style. The steals from all over include a Lawrentian stable groom, played by Humphrey Bogart. Ronald Reagan is among the heroine's swains. With Geraldine Fitzgerald. Edmund Goulding directed. (Regency; starting July 28.)

Death Wish (1974)—A death-wishing, irresponsible picture about muggings in New York, with a hammy performance by Charles Bronson. The thesis (if there is one) is that good old American-frontier individualism is represented by a vigilante who manages to kill any number of muggers because of the laxity of the American gun laws. Directed by Michael Winner. (8/26/74) (St. Marks Cinema, Playboy, and Olympia; starting July 28.)

The Devils (1971)—In Ken Russell's film about a contagion of sexual hysteria in a French convent in 1632, the screen continually seems to be in a sort of spasm. Vanessa Redgrave plays a deformed nun in love with a wisely secular priest (Oliver Reed). Burning at the stake, leg-breaking, and much concentration on a witch-exorcising instrument that looks like a very ornate bicycle pump and that gets used on Vanessa Redgrave. Ken Russell doesn't report hysteria, he markets it. (First Avenue Cinema; starting July 28.)

Dreams (1954)—Bergman on the battles of the sexes, with Eva Dahlbeck as a fashion editor and Harriet Andersson as a young model. The editor visits a former lover (Ulf Palme); the model gives an old goat (Gunnar Björnstrand) a run for his money. In Swedish. (New Yorker; July 23-24.)

Earthquake (1974)—L.A. gets it. The picture is swill, but it isn't a cheat; it's an entertaining marathon of Grade-A destruction effects, with B-picture stock characters spinning through it. Among them are Ava Gardner, the grimly resolute Charlton Heston, and Geneviève Bujold, whose witty style gives the picture its only touch of class. Mark Robson directed. (12/2/74) (Playboy; through July 27.)

The Exorcist (1973)—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means: levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in priests' faces. A viewer can become glumly anesthetized by the brackish color and the senseless ugliness of the conception; neither the producer-writer, William Peter Blatty, nor the director, William Friedkin, shows any feeling for the little girl's helplessness and suffering, or for her mother's. It would be sheer insanity to take children. (First Avenue Cinema, and Cinema Studio; starting July 28.)

Face to Face—Ingmar Bergman's relentless chronicle of the edging toward breakdown of a woman psychiatrist (Liv Ullmann). The film is a marvellously vivid and thoughtful—and, surprisingly, witty—record of an unhappy mind's oscillation between ease and agitation. In Swedish. (4/5/76) (Beekman. No evening performances on Wednesday, July 21.)

Une Femme Douce (1969)—Robert Bresson's modern-Paris transcription of Dostoevski's "A Gentle Creature"—his first time in color, though it turns into black-and-white in your head afterward. The teen-age heroine, a mysteriously ominous mixture of the docile and the stubborn, marries a stuffy pawnbroker. The film begins with the last act—with her suicide. What follows is a narrative of their life together. This is one of his big films. Like "Un Condamné à Mort S'Est Echappé," "Pickpocket," "Le Journal d'un Curé de Campagne," and all his others, it is really about confinement and flight—an account of a character pledged to escape. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 29.)

The Food of the Gods—With Marjoe Gortner and Pamela Franklin, directed by Bert I. Gordon. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 83rd Triplex.)

The Garden of Allah (1936)—Heavenly romantic kitsch, panting with eternal love, a moment's happiness, and spiritual anguish. Marlene Dietrich is the lonely, rich Domini, dressed in swirling chiffon as she seeks truth in the African desert. She meets Charles Boyer (whose eyes have never been darker or more liquid) and marries him. Then, right at the purple start of their desert honeymoon, his conscience and a Trappist liqueur combine to ruin everything, for he is a Trappist monk who has bolted the monastery and violated his vow of silence. Back he must go to repent. Taken from Robert Hichens' old squash pie of a novel, it's the juiciest tale of woe ever, and David O. Selznick produced it in poshly lurid color, with a Max Steiner score poured on top. Richard Boleslawsky directed; with Tilly Losch, who has a wild minute as an entertainer in an Algerian hot spot, and Basil Rathbone, John Carradine, Joseph Schildkraut, C. Aubrey Smith, and Lucile Watson. Just about perfection of its insanely goopy type. (Quad Cinema; July 22-24.)

Gentleman Jim (1942)—As the boxing champ James J. Corbett, Errol Flynn looks as though he might conceivably be able to lick somebody, but the picture loses credibility by turning his opponent, Sullivan, into an incompetent. The film straightens out Corbett's life (his marriages have been divided by three) and, with no drama but that of the well-staged fights, relies too heavily on period furniture, costumes, and hairstyles. Directed by Raoul Walsh, this overlong bio is good-natured enough, but it lacks flavor. Alexis Smith provides wifely décor; with William Frawley, Jack Carson, John Loder, Alan Hale, Ward Bond, Rhys Williams, Madeleine LeBeau, and Lon McAllister. Horace McCoy was one of the scriptwriters. (Regency; July 25-26.)

Glorifying the American Girl (1929)—A dreary account of the rise of a young girl (Mary Eaton) from the sheet-music department of a big store, through the dilemmas of small-town vaudeville, to her ultimate glorification in the Ziegfeld Follies, where, finally, we get glimpses of Helen Morgan, Rudy Vallée, and Eddie Cantor, as well as of Ziegfeld himself (who also supervised the production) and such celebrities as Mayor Jimmy Walker, Ring Lardner, Texas Guinan, Johnny Weissmuller, Otto Kahn, and Adolph Zukor. Along her interminable way, our heroine renounces love (Edward Crandall) for the headdresses and bangles of her career; the moral is that you pay a price for applause. Meanwhile, the moviegoer who wanted to see how musical numbers were staged in Ziegfeld's day learns that he has to sweat it out for a few minutes of pleasure. Millard Webb directed. The songs include "At Sundown," "Blue Skies," "What Wouldn't I Do for That Man," and "I'm Just a Vagabond Lover;" Ted Shawn choreographed the ballets. The Follies sequences were originally in Technicolor. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 25-27.)

The Gnome-Mobile (1967)—From the Disney studios, with Walter Brennan, directed by

Robert Stevenson. (Kips Bay, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Festival, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting July 23.)

Godzilla vs. Megalon—A Japanese movie, dubbed in English. The monster on the loose again. (12th St. Cinema; through July 27.)

The Gospel According to St. Matthew (1966)—Pasolini's interpretation features the rocky settings of southern Italy, an eclectic score, and a rigid Jesus who demands obedience. Some find the slow rhythm of the film fascinating, others think it punishing. (There's a funny description of the film in the opening pages of Iris Owens' novel "After Claude.") In Italian. (Elgin; July 26.)

La Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Jorge Semprun wrote and Alain Resnais directed this ambivalent but compelling study of a failed radical. Yves Montand is a Communist courier who goes on stoically carrying out policies he knows are futile. With Ingrid Thulin and Geneviève Bujold. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 29.)

Harry and Walter Go to New York—A turn-of-the-century comedy, with James Caan, Michael Caine, Elliott Gould, and Diane Keaton. Directed by Mark Rydell. (Music Hall; through July 28.)

101 Dalmatians (1961)—Late Disney, but for once not vulgar. This is most delicately drawn, with beautiful graphics of Nash's London and an entrancing espionage chain of dogs barking at one another from signal points across the island, like the beacon flares before the Armada. Highly recommended for everybody. (Kips Bay, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Festival, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through July 22.)

I'll Be Seeing You (1945)—This Selznick project originated in a radio play (by Charles Martin), and it may have *sounded* like a good movie idea. But oh, my! Ginger Rogers is the young woman doing a six-year prison stretch for having killed a man in the course of defending her honor. Midway in her sentence, she's allowed to return home for three weeks to visit her family—an aunt (Spring Byington), an uncle (Tom Tully), and their daughter (Shirley Temple). They are a tactless bunch, so compulsively drawn to the subject of her penal servitude that one imagines that she'd have preferred to remain in the jug. But she meets a shell-shocked sergeant (Joseph Cotten) on furlough from an Army hospital; he is being harassed by the local people's insistence on talking to him about the war. Having the same problem brings them together, and at the close they return to their separate institutions, planning to reunite forever. Doesn't it reek of radio drama? On the screen, as directed by William Dieterle from a script by Marion Parsonnet, it's damned close to intolerable. (Quad Cinema; July 25-26.)

Irene (1940)—This pre-camp version of the musical comedy (by James H. Montgomery, with music and lyrics by Harry Tierney and Joseph McCarthy) tries to be innocuously charming, and the effort is all too evident. The English director Herbert Wilcox and his star, Anna Neagle (who later became his wife), made a series of costume pictures ("Peg of Old Drury," "Victoria the Great," "Nurse Edith Cavell," etc.), and a series of musicals ("Irene," "Sunny," "No, No, Nanette") based on sweet, safe, dated shows. This one surrounded its star with Ray Milland, Roland Young, May Robson, Arthur Treacher, Billie Burke, and Alan Marshal, and it was the biggest hit RKO had that year, but it dismally lacks vivacity, and when Anna Neagle sings "Sweet Little Alice Blue Gown," she is not the pretty young comedian of one's musical-comedy dreams. The screenplay is by Alice Duer Miller; shot in black and white, with color sequences. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 25-27.)

King Kong Escapes (1968)—A Japanese movie, dubbed in English. With Rhodes Reason. (12th St. Cinema; through July 27.)

Lancelot of the Lake (1975)—Robert Bresson's dazzlingly severe and beautiful version of the legend of Lancelot, King Arthur, Guinevere, and Arthur's slimy enemy, Mordred. These are the knights after the early enthusiasm over the quest for the Grail has been dampened. The chevaliers quarrel, the Round Table is ringed with chairs that belong to the now dead, and the film ends in a pile of armor in which one remaining figure faintly stirs: we are seeing the fading of chivalry in a heap of scrap metal that amounts to the detritus of a shrivelled code. Yet Bresson's austere art

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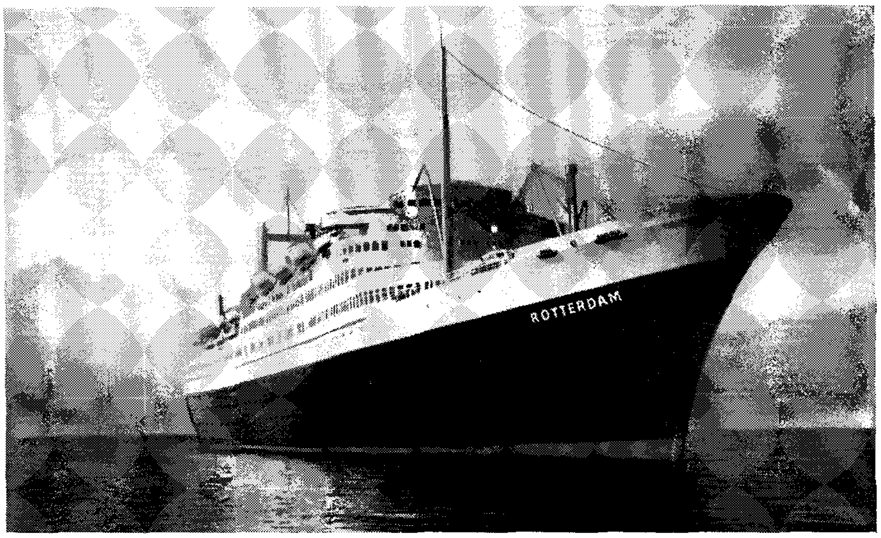

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entirely counteracts any feeling of bleakness. In French. (6/9/75) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 27.)

Lifeguard—With Sam Elliott, Anne Archer, and Stephen Young; directed by Daniel Petrie. (Loews Tower East; starting July 23.)

Lipstick—Smeared. With Margaux Hemingway and Chris Sarandon, directed by Lamont Johnson. (St. Marks Cinema, Playboy, and Olympia; starting July 28.)

Logan's Run—A sci-fi fable, directed by Michael Anderson, which says that three centuries from now we shall be living under opaque, hermetically sealed domes in the midst of the devastation of what in these mid-twentieth-century days we know as Earth. We shall dress in vaguely Greek tunics; men will wear as much jewelry as women; people will speak in the voice of the Midwestern disc jockey—even Michael York, the English actor who plays the hero, Logan—and the only inhabitants left will be under thirty. The few fugitives are called "runners." They make for a place called "sanctuary," outside the domes, which seems to be a Washington dripping with ivy. Peter Ustinov plays the only visible outside citizen, an old man living in the Capitol, surrounded by the refuse of the past. Never was a sci-fi film so infected with the ruling national belief that young is beautiful. The lines in the old man's face are made to seem an offense against aesthetics. (7/5/76) (Loews Orpheum. . . . ¶ Greenwich, and Symphony; starting July 28.)

Le Magnifique—It's not. With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jacqueline Bisset, directed by Philippe de Broca. In French. (Fine Arts; through July 27.)

A Man and a Woman (1966)—Claude Lelouch's popular romance about people with swinging occupations: Jean-Louis Trintignant is a racing-car driver, Anouk Aimée a script girl, Pierre Barouh a stunt man. The cinematographer-director specializes in lyrical blur and mist. In French. (Gramercy; through July 27.)

The Man Who Could Work Miracles (1937)—H. G. Wells' comic fantasy is one of the most charming and good-natured of all the films that employ "supernatural" tricks and illusions. With Roland Young, Ralph Richardson as the militarist whose swords are turned into plowshares, Ernest Thesiger, and, as a god, young George Sanders. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting July 28.)

The Man Who Fell to Earth—Nicolas Roeg directs a rather chilly, beautifully composed sci-fi picture about a cat-eyed man (David Bowie) who comes to earth from another planet in search of water for his drought-ridden world. Rip Torn is good as a burned-out professor of chemistry. (6/7/76) (Plaza, and Paramount.)

The Man Who Skied Down Everest—An Oscar-winning Japanese documentary about the celebrated skier Miura, who toiled most of the way up Everest with a caravan of Sherpas and scientists, and then skied down part of it, at a hundred miles an hour. Six Sherpas died. There is a difference between an endeavor and a feat. (6/7/76) (D. W. Griffith; through July 22.)

A Married Woman (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's peculiarly abstract treatment of a young married woman (Macha Meril), her dissatisfactions, her patterns as a consumer, and her infidelities. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 29.)

Midway—Henry Fonda, Charlton Heston, and Robert Mitchum in a noisy, flag-waving film, directed by Jack Smight, about a key Pacific maneuver of the Second World War. (Trans-Lux East, and 86th St. East.)

Murder by Death—A thriller thronged with the world's most famous detectives, written by Neil Simon, directed by Robert Moore. A funny night of a hundred stars, with Truman Capote as the host, a carefully spoken blind butler played by Alec Guinness, and Maggie Smith, never more limp-wristed or full of sophisticated common sense. Estelle Winwood plays the nurse of a Miss Marbles, but the nurse is the one in the wheelchair. (6/28/76) (Art, Baronet, and Little Carnegie.)

My Friends—With Ugo Tognazzi and Philippe Noiret, directed by Mario Monicelli. In Italian. (Reviewed in this issue.) (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Night Porter (1974)—A porno gothic, set in Vienna in 1957 and veneered with redeeming social values. As Max, a former Storm Trooper, Dirk Bogarde presides over an s.-m. Grand Hotel; Charlotte Rampling, who got her sexual education from him when she was a fourteen-year-old in a concentration camp, arrives and wants more of Max's brand of love. The film's claim that it's saying something is offensive, but the picture is too crudely trumped up to be a serious insult. Directed by a woman, Liliana Cavani—which proves no more than that women can make junk just as well as men. (10/7/74) (St. Marks Cinema; through July 27.)

Notorious (1946)—Alfred Hitchcock's amatory thriller stars Ingrid Bergman as the daughter of a Nazi, a shady lady who trades secrets and all sorts of things with American agent Cary Grant. The suspense is terrific: Will suspicious, passive Grant succeed in making Bergman seduce him, or will he take over? The honor of the American male is saved by a hairbreadth, but Bergman is literally ravishing in what is probably her sexiest performance. With Claude Rains, Louis Calhern, and Madame Konstantin; script by Ben Hecht. Great trash, great fun. (Quad Cinema; July 21.)

Odd Man Out (1947)—James Mason as the wounded Irish rebel stumbling through the streets of Belfast looking for refuge. An extraordinary film with memorable moments, despite some inflated ideas in the script. Carol Reed directed, and did a fine job. (New Yorker; starting July 28.)

The Omen—Directed by Richard Donner, starring a very sonorous and vapid Gregory Peck, who tells his wife (well played by Lee Remick) that she is talking to the future Ambassador to the Court of St. James. The plot involves the replacing of Lee Remick's stillborn baby with an orphan who turns out to be the child of Satan. There are quite a number of silly scares about priests in the pay of the Devil, and animal skeletons under what are purported to be human gravestones in an Italian cemetery—not to speak of a number of variously horrid deaths. The cult of Satanism may be the "Jaws" of next year. (7/5/76) (34th St. East, Coronet, Loews Ciné, 8th St. Playhouse, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Smashingly effective version of Ken Kesey's novel about a rebel outcast (Jack Nicholson) who is locked in a hospital for the insane. Louise Fletcher is Nurse Ratched, and Will Sampson is Chief Broom. Miloš Forman's intelligent, tentative direction lacks the excitement of movie art, but the story and the acting make the film emotionally powerful. (12/1/75) (Cinema Village, 72nd Street East, Embassy 72nd St., and Olympia; through July 27.)

Orpheus (1949)—Jean Marais as the poet who needs to renew himself, in Jean Cocteau's masterpiece—the most magical of all modern films. With Maria Casarès, François Périer, Marie Déa, Edouard Dermithe, and Juliette Greco. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 23.)

The Paradine Case (1948)—There are few thrills in this big misconceived courtroom thriller, directed by Hitchcock and ornately produced by David O. Selznick. Alida Valli, at the center, is surrounded by Gregory Peck, Charles Laughton, Ann Todd, Ethel Barrymore, Louis Jourdan, Charles Coburn, and Leo G. Carroll, who are mostly miserably miscast. The characters and their problems don't make much imprint on a viewer; if you can't remember whether you've seen the picture or not, chances are that you did and forgot it. (Quad Cinema; starting July 27.)

Peter Pan (1953)—A full-length Walt Disney cartoon, with Bobbie Driscoll supplying Peter's voice, and a Tinker Bell who seems to be fashioned along the lines of Marilyn Monroe. (Kips Bay, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Festival, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting July 23.)

The Petrified Forest (1936)—Archie Mayo turned Robert Sherwood's famous play into this pretty good movie about the ironic ascendancy of a strongly physical man in a society of sophisticates. An escaped gangster, played by Humphrey Bogart, holds Leslie Howard and Bette Davis hostage at a roadside restaurant in Arizona. Bogart is at his best, the irresistible type of the sardonic bandit. (Regency; starting July 28.)

Rape of Innocence—With Jean Carmet, directed by Yves Boisset. In French. (Fine Arts; starting July 28.)

Rebecca (1940)—Magnificent romantic-gothic corn, full of Alfred Hitchcock's humor and inventiveness. It features one of Laurence Olivier's rare poor performances, but even when he's bad he's more fascinating than most actors. With Joan Fontaine, giving one of her rare good performances, and Judith Anderson (as Mrs. Danvers), George Sanders, and Florence Bates—all three in superb form. From Daphne du Maurier's novel. (Quad Cinema; starting July 27.)

The Return of a Man Called Horse—With Richard Harris, directed by Irvin Kershner. (Ziegfeld; starting July 28.)

The Return of the Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe—With Pierre Richard, directed by Yves Robert. In French. (D. W. Griffith; starting July 23.)

Ride a Wild Pony—From the Disney studios, with Michael Craig, directed by Don Chaffey. (Kips Bay, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Festival, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through July 22.)

Rio Grande (1950)—In this John Ford Western, John Wayne is a lieutenant colonel in the cavalry and Maureen O'Hara is his estranged wife, whom he hasn't seen for sixteen years; she arrives at the post he commands because their son (Claude Jarman, Jr.) is among the new recruits there. The action involves an Apache uprising, but the conflict is the emotional one between the colonel's sense of duty and his love of his wife; Wayne and O'Hara are very effective together, so that the viewer deeply wants the final reconciliation. The script is by James Kevin McGuinness, based on James Warner Bellah's "Mission with No Record." With Ben Johnson, Harry Carey, Jr., Victor McLaglen, Chill Wills, J. Carrol Naish, Grant Withers, and the Sons of the Pioneers as the regimental singers. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 28.)

The Romantic Englishwoman—Michael Caine is the pulp-writer husband, and Glenda Jackson is the discontented wife, and this is another flaccid essay on infidelity, with prissy-mouthed Helmut Berger as the gigolo intruder. Directed by Joseph Losey. (12/8/75) (Cinema Studio; through July 27.)

The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea—From the late Yukio Mishima's book. Sarah Miles plays a beautiful young widow cursed with an angelic-faced son who is a member of a club of sadistic schoolboys. The boys not only cut up a cat alive but calmly murder the sailor—Kris Kristofferson—whom the boy's mother means to marry, because they feel that his decision to become a landlubber husband has broken his sacred compact with the sea. This very Japanese and violent idea of a religious pact has been transferred to, of all places, Dartmouth, in Devon, with its tea shops and benign, mannerly colonels. (4/26/76) (Trans-Lux 85th St. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through July 27. . . . ¶ Gramercy, and 72nd Street East; starting July 28.)

Seven Beauties—Lina Wertmüller's Everyman jamboree, full of garbled ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, pious moralizing, and appeals to coarse prejudices. With Giancarlo Giannini. In Italian. (2/16/76) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ First Avenue Cinema; through July 27.)

Silent Movie—Mel Brooks's intermittently very funny film, in which Mel Brooks (as Mel Funn), Dom DeLuise (as Dom Bell), and Marty Feldman (as Marty Eggs) try to beat a readily identifiable conglomerate called Engulf & Devour by making a silent movie—this is 1976. Much joy for children, but the humor is a bit burly, and one misses Madeline Kahn. (7/12/76) (Cinema I, and Cinema II.)

Since You Went Away (1944)—David O. Selznick must have had a reverent desire to do for the American home front what Hollywood had already done for the British home front in "Mrs. Miniver"—that is to package a "typical" genteel home (in this case, in the Middle West) in a wishful, postcard version. He wrote the script himself, intending his story to be moving and simple, along epic

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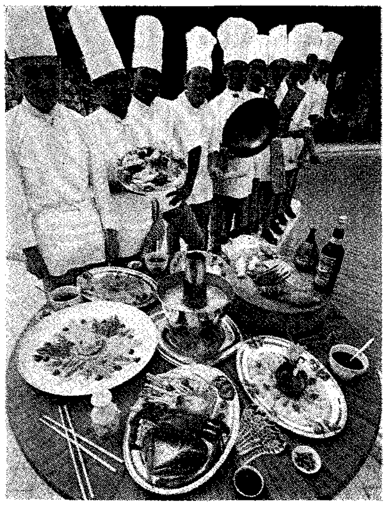
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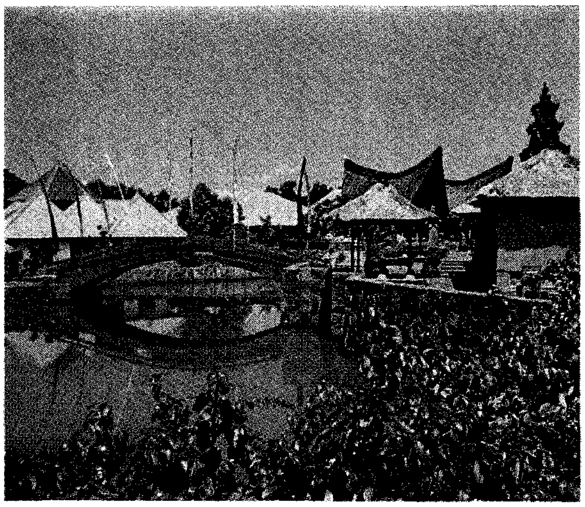
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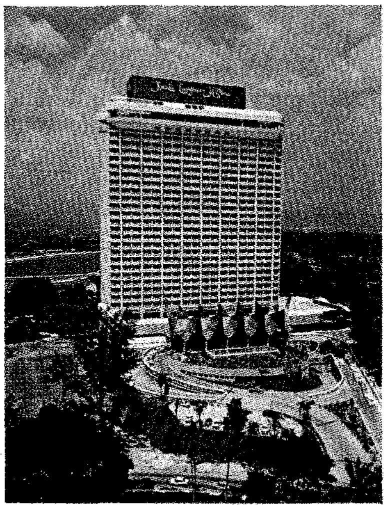
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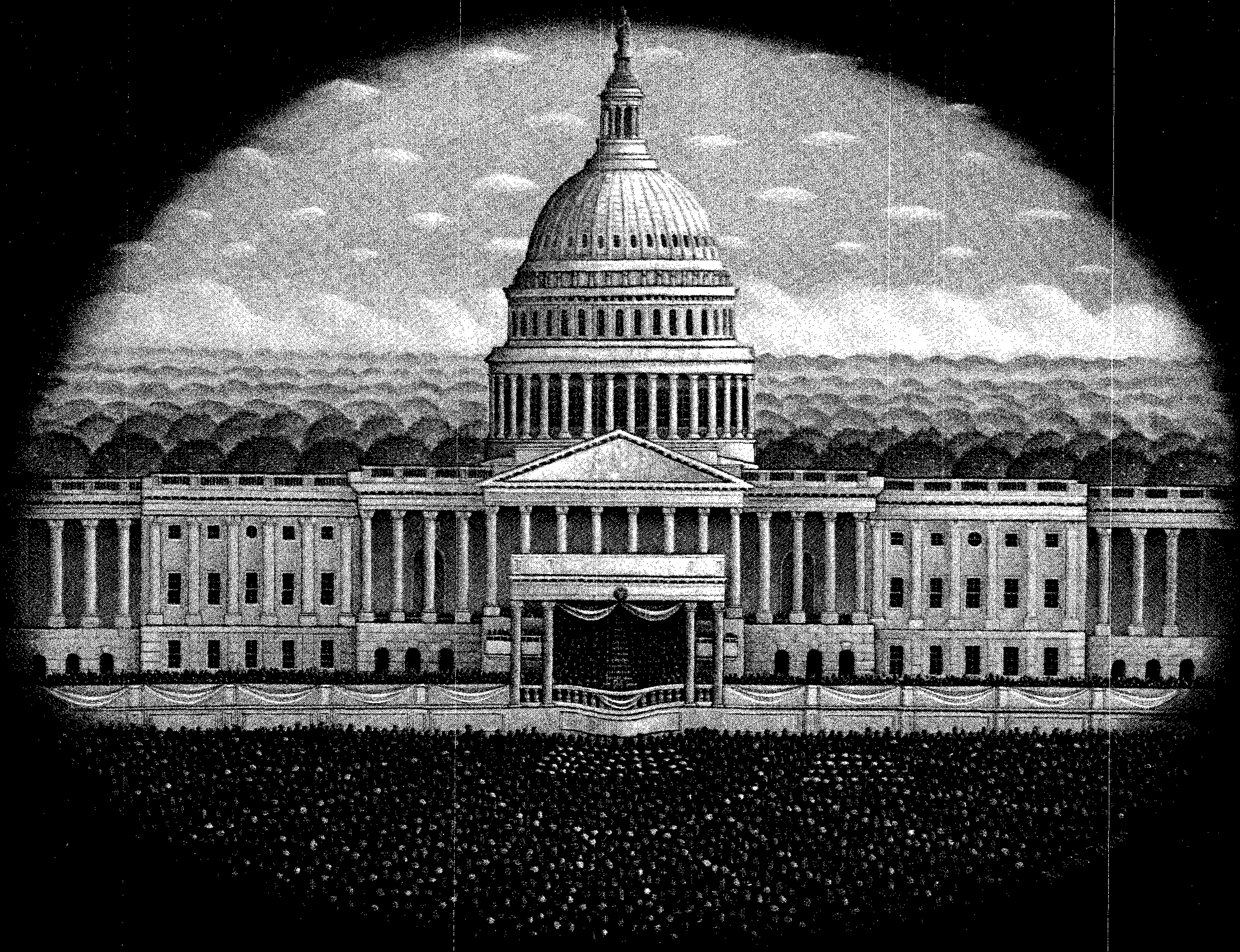

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lines; the result is pedestrian in a peculiarly grandiose manner. Claudette Colbert is the mother of the family, Neil Hamilton is her husband, Jennifer Jones and Shirley Temple are her daughters, Joseph Cotten is her old suitor who still hovers about, Hattie McDaniel is her cook, and others involved in this self-righteous salute to idealized American middle-class values include Nazimova, Robert Walker, Agnes Moorehead, Guy Madison, Monty Woolley, and Lionel Barrymore. The two-hour-and-fifty-one-minute film, directed by John Cromwell, is perhaps more memorable for the James Agee review it occasioned (not the one in *Time*, but the one in the *Nation*—see "Agee on Film") than it is for itself; if one reads Agee first, the film might actually become entertaining. (Quad Cinema; July 25-26.)

Spellbound (1945)—The idea is intriguing: a murder mystery set among a group of psychoanalysts, with a solution to be arrived at by clues found in a dream. It was carried out in 1945 by one of the most highly publicized collaborations of all time: Alfred Hitchcock and Salvador Dali, with Ben Hecht writing the script. Ingrid Bergman is the analyst, Gregory Peck her amnesiac patient—the murder suspect. With all the obvious ingredients for success, "Spellbound" is a disaster. It was fitting that the actress who was once described as a "fine, strong, cow-country maiden" should be cast as a good, solid analyst, dispensing cures with the wholesome simplicity of a mother adding wheat germ to the family diet, but Bergman's apple-cheeked sincerity has rarely been so out of place as in this confection whipped up by jaded chefs. With Michael Chekhov, John Emery, Leo G. Carroll. Academy Award for Best Original Score (!), by Miklos Rozsa. (Quad Cinema; July 21.)

The Story of Adèle H.—François Truffaut's finest film since "Jules and Jim," and his most passionate work. The film is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny—which Truffaut has never been before. The story, about romantic love fulfilled by self-destruction, is based on the journals of Adèle, the daughter of Victor Hugo; she's played by the prodigious young actress Isabelle Adjani. The visual consistency attained by the cinematographer, Nestor Almendros, enables Truffaut to achieve a new concentration on character. In French. (10/27/75) (Cinema Studio; through July 27. . . . ¶ Elgin; July 27.)

Strawberry Blonde (1941)—Olivia de Havilland and James Cagney in a screen version of "One Sunday Afternoon," a play about life at the turn of the century. Cagney is an unnervingly energetic dentist who is crazy about Rita Hayworth but who goes and marries de Havilland. Directed by Raoul Walsh. (Regency; July 25-27.)

The Sun Shines Bright (1953)—John Ford returns to the Irvin S. Cobb stories that he filmed in the 1934 "Judge Priest," starring Will Rogers. At one point, Ford said that this remake was his favorite picture, but the film doesn't feel right to a viewer—not the way the earlier version did. As the fair-minded, humorous Kentucky judge who defends a black man accused of rape, circa 1905, Charles Winninger can't get the character across the way Will Rogers did, and the actors never seem to blend with the period setting. Everything's a little stiff and creaky. With a large cast, including Stepin Fetchit, Arleen Whelan, Clarence Muse, Russell Simpson, Slim Pickens, Mae Marsh, James Kirkwood, Dorothy Jordan, Jane Darwell, Grant Withers, and Patrick Wayne. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 28.)

Swashbuckler—With Robert Shaw, James Earl Jones, Peter Boyle, Geneviève Bujold, Beau Bridges, and Geoffrey Holder; directed by James Goldstone. (Music Hall; starting July 29.)

Swept Away—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. In Italian. (9/22/75) (Quad Cinema.)

The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe (1973)—French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny, about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Colette's. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Véber, directed by M. Robert. Recommended for true quixotry. In French. (Gramercy; through July 27.)

The Tarnished Angels (1957)—Rock Hudson said that this movie was not like his others—that he disapproved of it, and that such nasty stories shouldn't be presented to the American public. The nasty material is William Faulkner's "Pylon," adapted by George Zuckerman. Set in New Orleans in 1931, the movie attempts to re-create Faulkner's hectic, feverish atmosphere and heroes—the ex-war pilots who will do anything to sustain the thrill of flying. The daredevils are played by Robert Stack, Dorothy Malone, as his promiscuous parachutist wife, and Jack Carson, as a mechanic; Hudson, limp as ever, is the heavy-drinking reporter who wants to do a story on the trio. This movie would be better—in its odd, neo-thirties sort of way—if the last quarter hour had been left out. It's the kind of bad movie that you know is bad—and yet you're held by the mixture of polished style and quasi-melodramatics achieved by the director, Douglas Sirk. Shot in CinemaScope. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 26.)

The Tenant—Directed by Roman Polanski, written by Gérard Brach and Polanski, with Polanski himself as the hero. His name is Trelkovsky, a small-boned, easily wounded Pole who lives in Paris. One feels that he has only a lease on his own identity: it seems no longer his property. We see it being made available to the artistry of drag; even his gender seems a matter of rental. This film is no piece of whimsey and shock, as Polanski's latest films have been; it is a serious, exact film about the ache of exile, photographed by Sven Nykvist, most famous as Bergman's cameraman, who gives the film the look of something by Dostoevski. "The Tenant" is a poetic nightmare about punishment imposed on an unguilty man who merely entertains great fear of guilt. (7/5/76) (Loews Tower East; through July 22. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through July 27.)

That's Entertainment, Part 2—Gene Kelly and Fred Astaire narrate a sequence of clips from the M-G-M vaults, which are presumably up to providing us with "That's Entertainment, Part 2002." There are some splendid things here, full of genuine fun and conviviality, though the narration is of the A = A sort. Highly recommended for children, and adults are likely to be entranced by the comedic beauty of some of the clips. (5/24/76) (Ziegfeld; through July 27.)

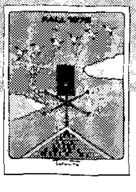
Tunnelvision—With Chevy Chase and Phil Proctor, directed by Brad Swirnoff and Neil Israel. (Eastside Cinema. . . . ¶ Greenwich; through July 27.)

Where's Poppa? (1970)—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose from his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't completely work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and the charming Trish Van Devere. (Olympia; through July 27.)

Wild Goose Chase—With Pierre Richard and Jane Birkin, directed by Claude Zidi. In French. (Columbia II.)

Written on the Wind (1957)—A Texas oil millionaire (Robert Stack) sweeps a secretary (Lauren Bacall) off her feet, marries her, and then gets to wondering whether the baby that she's going to have is really his or if it's the child of his best friend, a geologist (Rock Hudson). The Texan's nympho sister (Dorothy Malone) encourages his suspicions while trying to trap the geologist, who is, indeed, in love with the wife. The director, Douglas Sirk, shows his unpleasant talent for whipping up sour, stylized soap operas in posh settings. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 26.)

Zorba the Greek (1964)—A violent old man tries to teach a tame young one about life. The old man is played by Anthony Quinn, the young one by Alan Bates, and the setting is the harshly beautiful island of Crete. Michael Cacoyannis directed. With Irene Papas. (Elgin; July 26.)



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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

EIGHTEEN thousand well-behaved people wearing cardboard tags of twenty-two different colors around their necks spent four days at Madison Square Garden last week while on each of those days a quarter of a million commuters scurried in and out of Penn Station directly beneath their nationally televised aplomb. The Democratic Party thus met in convention in New York City for the first time in fifty-two years and nominated Jimmy Carter, of Georgia, and Walter Mondale, of Minnesota, for the nation's two top jobs, and there were only two notable untoward incidents. A male delegate who neglected to put the chain on his door at the Hotel McAlpin, in Herald Square, had his pants and wallet, containing about five hundred in cash, snitched, and a female delegate at the Essex House, on Central Park South, complained about being overcharged for her breakfast. The Essex House insisted on giving her free breakfasts for the duration of her stay. The services of a lawyer retained on a twenty-four-hour standby basis by the Host Committee—the Citizens' Committee for the Democratic National Convention, Inc., which attached an affable New Yorker to each delegation as host or hostess—were never required. On Thursday evening, when Mayor Abe Beame appeared on the rostrum the entire Convention, led by the Texas delegation, erupted into a chant of "We want New York." The weather was cool for July, with sparkling San Francisco air and a big moon at night. Business flourished in some parts of the city and repined in others, and Wednesday night, while Representative Peter W. Rodino, Jr., of New Jersey, chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, placed Carter's name in nomination, you could take a cab down Ninth Avenue, a block away from the Garden, and think it was just another quiet, sleepy mid-July night. Mamma Leone's, on West Forty-eighth Street, had never had a better week than it had after all eleven members of the immediate Carter family in town—including eight-year-old Amy, grandmother Miss Lillian, and Aunt Sissy—had their only family dinner of the week there, in an upstairs room that can hold a hundred and fifty, on Monday. Antipasto, fettuccine all'Alfredo, veal piccata, special deep-fried pastry (*bugie*), and Mamma's special ice cream—peach, served with a brandy sauce. (The candidate had been to "21" the day before but was reported to have confided that it was not his style.) The Secret Service—there were several hundred Secret Service agents in New York last week—kept close watch on the three sets of stairs leading to the Carter room, and Mamma's P.R. man, Nick Lapole, was in and out and up and down, briefing the pool reporters, who'd been asked to eat downstairs, on how the family all clasped hands and bowed their heads before eating, how they enjoyed the *bugie*, how they were separated by a row of tables from five young staff people who ate in the same room, how they sat with their backs to the staff people, how the candidate drank three-quarters of one small glass of verdicchio, how Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter danced for five or six minutes after eating. The next nights, two or three senators and a couple of governors and scads of untitled delegates came in to eat and to see where Jimmy had eaten. Two restaurants near the Garden did fine, according to the computations of the Gnome Baking Company, which supplies restaurants in the area: Paddy's Clam House and Toots Shor. Other nearby restaurateurs expressed disgruntlement. Al Cooper, of Al Cooper's restaurant, on West Thirty-sixth, said that Russell Baker and Art Buchwald and some *Newsweek* big shots had been in, but as for the week itself, "Lousy. The worst. A disaster." The managers of other restaurants around the Garden were thoroughly available for interviews, and there were lines of reporters waiting to talk to them. A reporter would come up and say, "So how has all this Convention crowd affected your business?," and the manager would say, "Well, it hasn't really been the shot in the arm we had hoped for," and the reporter would write this down or cassette it, and then the next reporter would come up and say, "Has the Convention been good for business, or bad?," and the manager would say, "Frankly, I had expected better." Liquor sales seemed to flow at their usual rate, either despite or because of the Democrats' decision to ban beer sales in the Garden throughout the Convention. Not many souvenirs were bought. Non-merchants found the Conventioneers personable. Two night clubs reported sensational business. The Rainbow Grill, which had added the political satirist Mark Russell to its lineup for the Convention period, was bursting with delegates, and at the Bottom Line trade was brisk for a company of improvisational players, under the direction of Janet Coleman and David Dozer, who staged a cabaret convention in a hail of rodential puns (the Squeaker of the House, the great State of New Hamster, etc.).

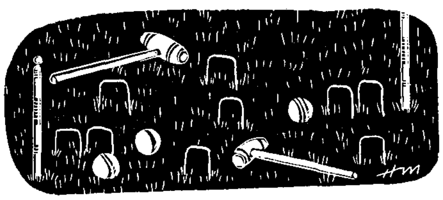
SATURDAY morning, July 10th, we looked into various final Convention preparations. At the Waldorf, employees decked out in red-and-white jackets and white straw hats and expressly assigned to assist delegates were waiting for delegates to assist. At the Hilton, the staff's minds were still on arrangements for the New York State Beauty Pageant for Miss Black America, which was to take place that night. At the Statler Hilton, people were still hanging yellow curtains to convert the mezzanine floor and the Grand Ballroom into rows of emergency city rooms, for out-of-town reporters, that looked like giant polling booths. In the Boston *Globe* enclave, Art Buchwald was grilling newsmen about where they'd had dinner the night before. "Frankie and Johnnie's," said several. "Good house," said Buchwald gravely. In the Baltimore *Sun* cubicle, Ernest B. Furguson, chief of that newspaper's Washington bureau, was sore about having to pony up eight hundred and eighty bucks for the curtain that separated him from the Washington *Star*, when the *Star* had already shelled out the same amount for the same curtain. "New York can handle a convention like this standing on its head," said Bill Kovach, of the *Times* Washington bureau. "They still have rooms at this hotel." Sally Shannon, manning, or personing, the booth of the Foreign Press Convention Center, run by the United States Information Agency, handed us a booklet. "Won't you take it?" she said nicely. "It has lots of mistakes." Downstairs, the nine-to-thirteen-year-old, yellow-T-shirted correspondents of the *Children's Express*—a brand-new Convention daily, which scooped the rest of the media with the Mondale story by talking with delegates' kids, their parents having talked freely, as if there were no stringers in the room—staked themselves out at the foot of the mezzanine escalator, the most strategic spot in the hotel.

Saturday afternoon at three, an hour before a scheduled Carter rally at the Americana Hotel, which was Carter headquarters, it was impossible even to get into the hotel's lobby. So we talked with a girl who was waiting around for her connection for Convention tickets—"a brother of Jimmy Carter's daughter-in-law." Over at the Waldorf, later, we made it to the Herbert Hoover Suite, which had become a Carter hospitality suite. "It could *have* been worse," said a Carter fellow. "The Louis XVI Suite is right around the corner." At a California reception at the Hilton, we found a twenty-year-old Oregon girl who was a Brown delegate. "My parents are paying my expenses to come here—*my* Republican parents, incidentally," she said.

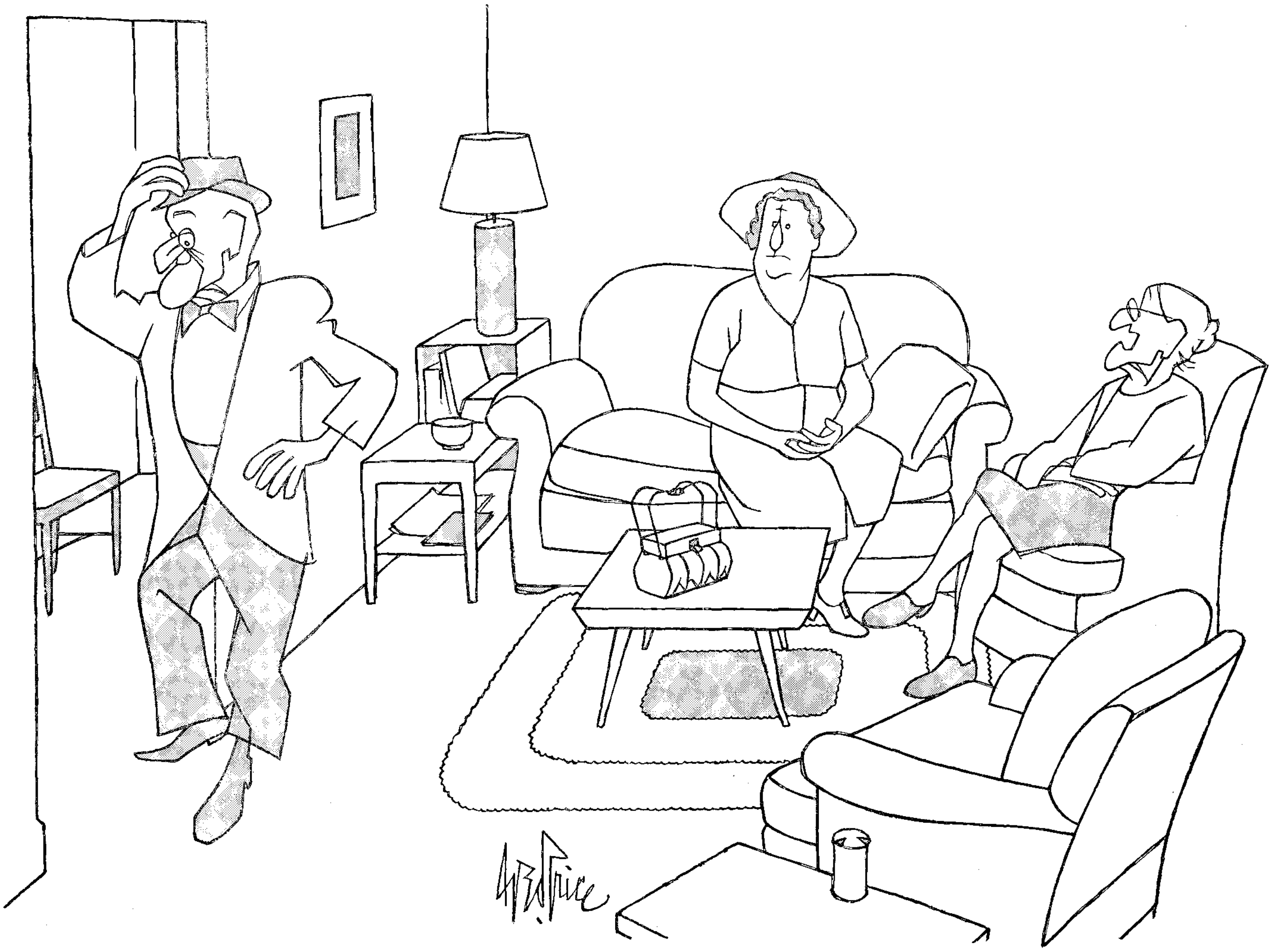
OVER early Sunday afternoon to the Steer Palace, a Gay Nineties steak house in the Garden complex, where the Tanqueray-gin people were hosts at a get-together featuring "a score and more of the famous men and women who by virtue of their unexcelled excellence in some area of activity have contributed to the greatness and glamour of New York City." Off in a corner, a black-and-white, middle-aged three-piece combo (electric keyboard, bass guitar, and trumpet) put everything it had into sweet old tunes—"Georgia on My Mind," "When You're Smiling"—while hardly anybody seemed to notice. Sid Schwartz, not quite roly-poly, bounced his body rhythmically at the electric keyboard and smiled warmly. Clyde Lombardi, reserved and sleepy-looking, on bass, maintained an expression of quiet amusement. Johnny Letman, the trumpet player and the black of the group, was all hard work and seriousness: eyes intense, cheeks inflated around the mouthpiece, he hunched his shoulders and flexed his knees for emphasis, every now and then averting his eyes and switching the trumpet in our direction—looking, we thought, for signs of confirmation. We liked his playing. He blows a fluid and lyrical trumpet—a nice mixture, we decided, of Louis Armstrong, Bobby Hackett, and Ruby Braff. Enter a tastefully dressed man who breezed past people while outriders cleared a path. "Get out of my way," he told Murray Reise, co-owner of the Steer Palace. Reise turned to us excitedly. "That's Toots Shor. *There's* an American! *There's* a New York legend! *There's* what New York is all about! His favorite saying is 'Get out of my way, you crumb bum.' He doesn't smile. But does he drink! He claims he has had more drinks in more American cities than any other American alive." Then came an encounter with William vanden Heuvel, Jimmy Carter's New York campaign manager, looking relaxed and vindicated, as befitted a man who had jumped on the Carter bandwagon before it had wheels. Said Mr. v. H., "My sense of Carter is that he will retain the simplicity of his life patterns."

A QUICK rating of the Sunday-Monday caucuses we sampled:

Most Disciplined Caucus: Illinois, at the Waldorf. Began and ended on time. A promise from Mayor Daley: "The democracy of the entire state will solidify and join together as they never joined before."... Most Agitated Caucus: Women Democrats, at the Statler Hilton. Dropped in several times, and each time found proceedings in recess, awaiting appearance of Bella Abzug. . . . Most Gracious Caucus: Louisiana, in Plaza's Crystal Room. Souvenir bottles of Tabasco sauce for all. . . . Most Divided Caucus: Indiana, at the Waldorf, where Carter supporters besieged the state Party leadership with indignation after learning that one of their number, unable to reach New York, had turned over her credentials to a Wallace alternate. . . . Most Publicized Caucus: California, at the Hilton, where Governor Jerry Brown, Carter's last remaining opponent for the nomination, put in his first Convention appearance. Sardine time. "There are people sitting in our chairs who are alternates or even husbands," said a woman delegate crowded to the side of the room. . . . Most Neglected Caucus: The Youth Caucus of the Democratic National Convention, at the Statler Hilton. "There's only one television camera here," a delegate protested. "They're all over at the Women's Caucus and the Black Caucus." A reporter asked Jeff Weiss, Chairperson of the Americans for Democratic Action Youth Caucus, how "your position differs from the adults'." Weiss, nonplussed, yielded to a young woman sitting in the spectator section. "We *are* adults," she announced, to applause.



MONDAY morning, Louisiana Representative Corinne (Lindy) Boggs, permanent chairwoman of the Convention, threw a do at Crawdaddy ("New York's New Orleans Restaurant"), in the Roosevelt. First to arrive was Mrs. Paul Sigmund, whose son Paul, Jr., is the husband of Lindy Boggs' daughter Barbara. Later, Mrs. Sigmund, pretty and white-haired, and wearing a pale-pink pleated dress, announced to no challenge that she was the only person in the room who had attended the last Democratic Convention in New York, in 1924. "I lived in the Village and somehow got a ticket for an afternoon session, and then hid in the ladies' room so I could get into the evening session, too. The next night, I went to a party in Washington Square given by Mrs. Hylan, the wife of the Mayor, hoping against hope for an important Democrat who could get me in again. Instead, I met Paul, who's a Republican from Philadelphia, and I never gave the Democratic Convention another thought." Another guest was Representative Andrew Young, of Atlanta, whom Governor Carter had ranked as one of the most important figures in his drive. Mrs. Sigmund asked Young if he was a reporter. He said he was a congressman. "Don't mind me, my dear," she said. "I'm from Philadelphia, you know."



"It's amazing. After ninety-three years of carrying on, his chickens *__still__* *haven't come home to roost."*

• •

The traditional Creole breakfast included grilled filet mignon, eggs sardou, and grits. "I'll tell you a secret," said a Carter staff man from New Orleans, who wore a big "I'm Working for Peanuts" button. "Grits are not a food that is indigenous to southern Louisiana." He added, "I certainly hope they won't be considered de rigueur at political dinners from now on," and ate carefully around them.

That afternoon, Chuck Conklin, haircutter, at 141 East Fifty-seventh Street, announced to customers that he was considering making a serious bid for the Presidency himself. "I have a platform," he said. "We need another war. Definitely, another war. I will give everyone in Nicaragua a million dollars, move them to Honduras, and then bomb the hell out of Nicaragua. Everyone will benefit. If a bad actor can run for President, why can't a good haircutter?"

At Mayor Beame's reception for New York State delegates at the Statler Hilton, just before the Convention was gavelled to order that night, we asked City Council President Paul O'Dwyer how he stood the strains of public life year after year. "You get numb," he said. Two Jackson delegates from Orange County, New York—a man in an eighteenth-century blue satin swallowtail coat and blue knee breeches, and a woman in a Martha Washington gown (he's a former seventh-grade math teacher who's about to become a seventh-grade social-studies teacher, and she's a registered nurse in an intensive-care unit)—told us that they were leaning toward Brown. "The Carter people have grabbed everything good this year," the man said. "We've got to look ahead." Just outside the Garden, a man in a white robe, white wings, and a golden halo with a golden harp on the side was engaged in an earnest debate with two Moonies.

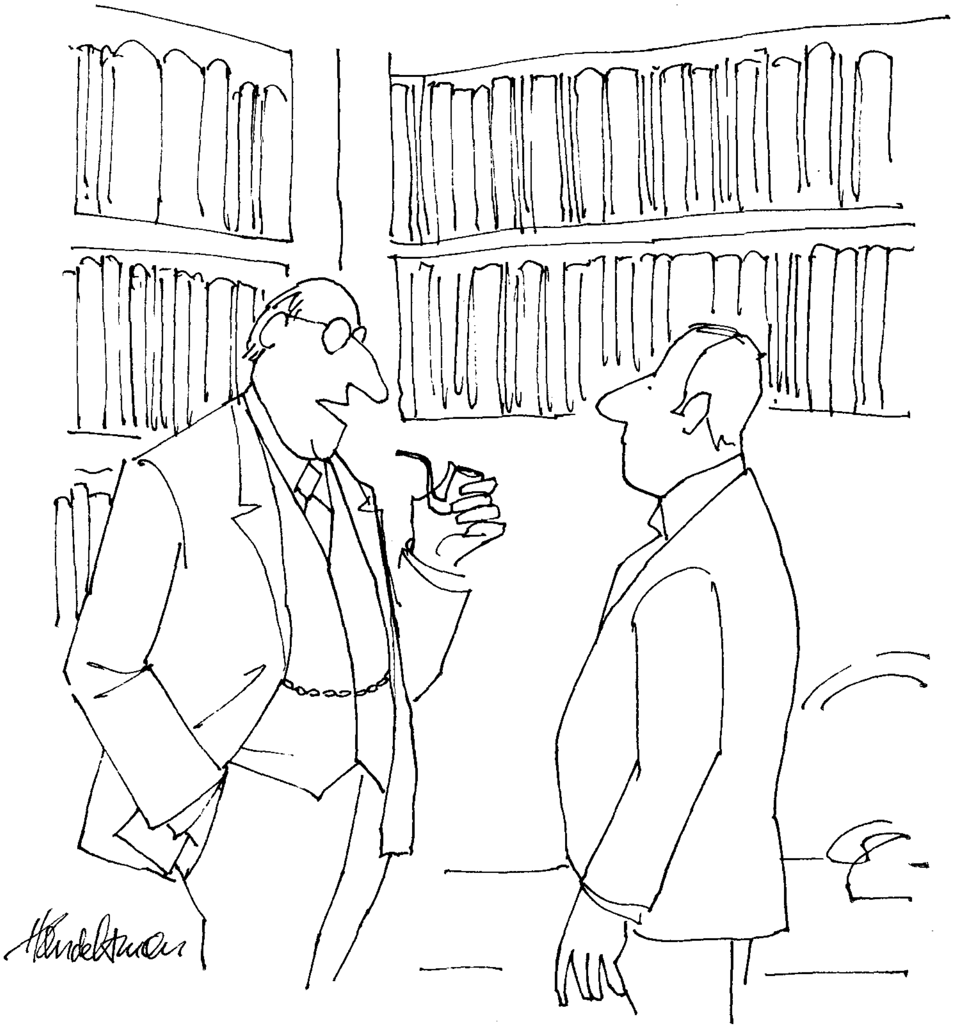
Around 8 P.M., thousands of cardboard-tagged souls stood in line to enter the Garden, looking very much like the hordes of kids on their way to summer camp who used to crowd the same spot when it was known as Pennsylvania Station. The tags were examined through what appeared to be stamp collectors' magnifying glasses. Reporters' tape recorders and other paraphernalia were whisked through miniature versions of the X-ray scanning machines used at airports. And then everyone was inside. The city had spent one million four to turn its biggest indoor sports facility into the world's biggest TV studio. Each network had a duplex anchor booth, and each booth occupied at least three hundred Garden seats and obscured the view from at least two hundred others. Thus, Walter Cronkite occupied three hundred seats. Harry Reasoner, of ABC, sat in his booth under pale-blue lights just like the lights that bathed Michelangelo's "Pietà" at the 1964 New York World's Fair. Most of one long side of the Garden's banked oval of seats was given over to the rostrum, reporters' plywood desks, and seats for Peter Duchin's band. There were two TV monitors at the back of the rostrum for twelve hundred seats in which visibility was blocked by the rostrum, but those seats generally went unoccupied. The delegates, alternates, and honored guests were all massed in the rest of the place, and they looked like the largest TV-studio audience in history. (Guests, as opposed to honored guests, sat in the blue seats up near the roof, where the diehard Knick and Ranger faithful go through their agonies.) The Garden's lofty V.I.P. boxes—ordinarily choice locations for the reclusive, who can sit in comfort watching the evening's activities way down below on closed-circuit TV—were assigned to networks slightly humbler than ABC, CBS, and NBC, such as the National Black Network, National Public Radio, and the Foreign Broadcast Service. There were green Carter buttons all over the place, of course. Why green? According to Carter's Aunt Sissy, green stands for freshness, newness, and ecology. Best button of the week seen inside the Garden: a square Carter badge with a battery-operated flashing red light—worn by a North Carolina delegate. Best button of the week seen in the rest of the city: a button on the lapel of a schoolteacher from Fairfield, Connecticut, that said "Don't Forget! Bill Bell. Don't Forget!" "Who's Bill Bell?" we found ourself asking this gentleman. "That's the same question they used to ask about Jimmy Carter," he said. "I'm Bill Bell—dark-horse candidate for Vice-President. This is the first time I've run for the No. 2 spot." "And if you try to pull this stunt at the next Convention, you're coming alone," said his wife, whom we haven't mentioned before.

Monday night's activities featured keynote addresses by Senator John Glenn (poorly received) and Representative Barbara Jordan (thunderously received). The Convention had opened to the stirring strains of Aaron Copland's "Fanfare for the Common Man." The Rolling Stones opened their most recent appearance in the Garden with "Fanfare for the Common Man," too, but when the Stones played it over their specially installed sound system, it knocked you out of your seat. The Dems relied on the same little group of loudspeakers that the Garden uses to announce substitutions at hockey games. Women speakers' voices mostly carried better than men's, but few speeches were audible enough to distract anyone from what seemed to be the formal part of the Convention: milling around and watching others mill around.

Late at night, some time after adjournment, *Rolling Stone* gave a party at Automation House which was overattended. Lauren Bacall stood outside maintaining order among the overflow of celebrities and ordinaries. At the same time, the picture that introduced her to stardom, "To Have and Have Not," was being shown on Channel 11.

TUESDAY, the Convention took up its platform, and we talked with Fred Calabrese, general manager of what we learned was the strategically located Wild West, a topless bar, on Thirty-third, just east of Sixth. Calabrese told us he wasn't getting much delegate traffic but was doing a land-office business with city cops and Secret Service agents. He revealed that he was getting the Secret Service customers because the agents were under instructions not to drink in the area bounded by Sixth Avenue, Eighth Avenue, Twenty-eighth Street, and Forty-second Street, and Calabrese's bar was the closest one outside the Teetotal Zone. The post-Convention party that night was Shirley MacLaine's ice-cream fund-raiser for Bella Abzug, who is running for the Democratic senatorial nomination. This was on the thirty-first floor of the St. Moritz, and it was a packed party at which fully half the guests carried cameras. Shirley MacLaine and Bella Abzug inched their way from one end of the room to the other, laughing and chatting in each other's faces. Shirley MacLaine wore a long black dress and tortoiseshell earrings. Bella Abzug wore a dress with peach-colored flowers and a peach-colored straw hat. At an ice-cream cart, they had a cone apiece and posed for pictures. "Shirl," said Bella, "don't get it on your dress." Then they walked to a small stage, and Shirley MacLaine sang "If My Friends Could See Me Now" with her arm around Bella Abzug, and they did the bump. After that, Bella Abzug sang a song about the lower East Side called "Rifka."

WEDNESDAY: Nomination Day. (Also the day that Jimmy Carter masks appeared in considerable numbers on the Convention floor.) Just after noon on Wednesday, on Eighth Avenue near the Garden, Officers Norwood, Martin, Aiello, Hastings, O'Bryne, Stroles, Hayden, Sternberg, Maturo, Paolino, O'Connor, Rossi, Lekos, Sills, Moss, Screen, Young, and Scorsese leaned up against the police barrier and took things easy. Officer Scorsese sang "You Are the Sunshine of My Life." A man came by, probably in his early twenties, with bright-blue eyes, and feet that pointed out, and a beard and long dark hair with blue-and-white plastic drinking straws stuck in them. He was interviewing people with a small microphone, whose cord went into his pants pocket and then came out again with the plug dangling.



"Shucks, Doc, I wouldn't know about all that highfalutin medical stuff. I'm just a simple country malpractice lawyer."

• •

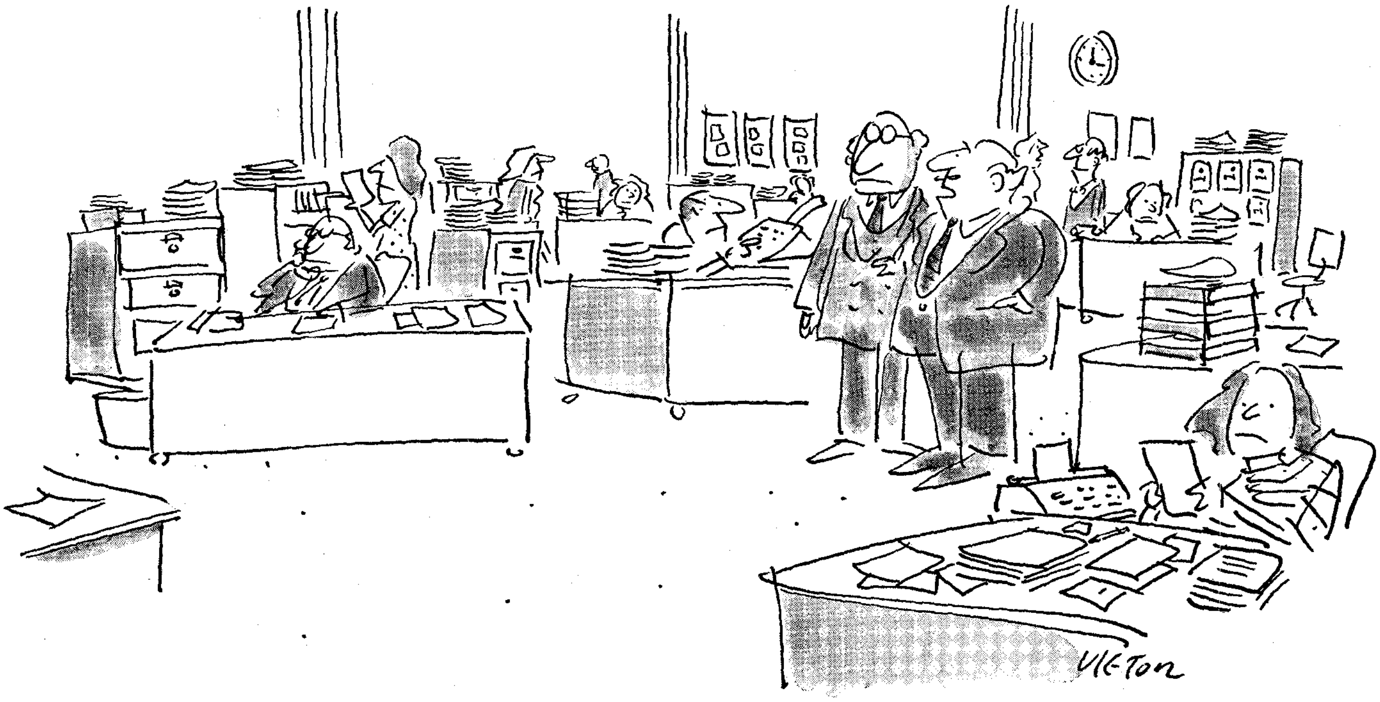
He went up to a young black girl and said, "Hi, I'm Charlton Heston. I'm a vegetarian. So, hi, why are you here?" She backed away. Then he saw a TV crew taking some filler shots of the outside of the Garden (an announcer was saying, "This is where it's all happening. Within the next few hours, the delegates inside will . . ."), and he jumped in front of the camera, making the A-O.K. sign with his thumb and forefinger and smiling and waving. The cameraman began to dodge, trying to keep him out of the picture. In front of the General Post Office ("Neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night . . ."), the Yippies began a rally. It looked like NBC's "Midnight Special" without applause signs.

Room 1601 of the Americana, the Carters' Family Scheduling Office. Tea-party atmosphere. People came up and introduced themselves. Met the Reverend Dr. Robert L. Maddox, pastor of church in Calhoun, Georgia, attended by Jimmy's son Jack and Jack's wife, Judy. Large, pleasant man. On one wall was a chart of each family member's activities for the week. A woman from *Newsday* called up to ask about Amy's schedule for Thursday. The wall said, "Thursday—Amy—10-11—Central Park Zoo with Jason." (Jason is Jack's eleven-month-old son.) We followed Judy Carter up to the twenty-first floor, where the Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King, Sr., was asking, "Where are my grandchildren? Has anybody seen my grandchildren?" Then we interviewed Amy Carter, who was looking uncomfortable in a Kate Greenaway frock with a frilly bodice, brown velvet hair ribbons, socks, polished Mary Janes. Big blue eyes, big white Chiclet teeth. Our question: "Do you like Jason?" We got a what-a-stupid-question look. The answer: "Why, *sure*."

Then came what was for us the nicest moment of the week. Henry Beard, co-founder of the *National Lampoon*, and Christopher Cerf, editor-in-chief of Children's Television Workshop Products, gave a party at Beard's Central Park West apartment in their roles as hosts for the Canal Zone and Guam delegations, and at this party Bill Lyons, a fifty-year-old former Panama Canal pilot who was the captain of a merchant ship at the age of nineteen and will be entering law school in the fall, married Virginia Keller, a Republican from the Midwest. It was the first in-Convention wedding anyone had ever heard of, and the bridegroom, an extremely competent-looking and friendly man, said that the timing of the wedding seemed appropriate to him because New York was a wonderful place for a honeymoon, because the wedding would probably be the most exciting thing that would happen to him all week, and because he was now the only person at the Convention who was certain who his running mate would be. We also picked up these facts at the party: Plains, Georgia, Jimmy Carter's home town, which has a population of 683, has three major industries—a peanut business, which Jimmy's brother Billy runs, and an antique store and an earthworm farm, both of them run by State Senator Hugh Carter, Jimmy's cousin. Mrs. Hugh Carter has been talking to Christopher Cerf this week about collaborating on a series of children's books about earthworms and earthworm farming. In Guam, when you want to say "Hi," you say "*Hafa adai.*" The proper response to this, the Guam joke goes, is "And a whole day to you." The slogan of the Guamanians is "Where America's Day begins." (Guam is on the other side of the International Date Line.)

On the Convention floor that night, it was Ohio that put Carter over the top. The Ohio spokeswoman announced the first part of her tally—132 votes for Carter—in a voice that was shaky with pride. A little later, we watched the Vermont delegation cast its vote—three Brown, five Carter, four Udall—with equal nervousness and pleasure. When the Vermonters had said their say, they all put their heads together, and one of the state's Assistant Attorneys General took their picture.

Late Wednesday night, in Room 1024 of the Sheraton Motor Inn, at Twelfth Avenue and Forty-second Street, staff members of KSML, a free-form FM station in Truckee, California (near Lake Tahoe), gathered to splice that evening's version of "Hogwash," the only daily satirical radio coverage of the Convention—a twenty-minute program that was used by stations in Atlanta, Richmond, Tulsa, Phoenix, Oxford, Ohio, and Santa Barbara, California, as well as by



"To your right is Accounting, to your left is Purchasing, and straight ahead is the rhythm section."

* * *

KSML itself. Dwight Tindle, the owner of KSML, hunched over the tape deck while John Apicella, co-anchorman with New York comedian Murray Horwitz—he does Sholom Aleichem (à la Hal Holbrook's Mark Twain) in a new act—recorded a bit about his impressions of life in the curtained press cubicles at the Statler Hilton: "The curtains are fashioned of yellowish-gold synthetic, hemmed simply at the top and bottom and hung on freestanding aluminum-alloy supports. These newshounds are hardly aware of such interesting details, though. They've been working around the clock pounding on their little Olivettis, heedless of the dangers of chronic low-back pain and chafed fingertips, consumed with the considerable responsibility of bringing you, the public, the much-needed answers to such vital questions as: Which important caucuses have been cancelled today? What time does the coffee shop close? And: Has anybody heard anything?"

THURSDAY morning at ten, in the lobby of our office building, a crowd huddled around a man with a tiny transistor radio, waiting for Governor Carter to name his running mate. Only seven hours later, "Carter-Mondale in '76" posters, in the green-and-white Carter colors, were all over the Garden, and buttons advertising the Dem ticket were available for sale on Seventh Avenue. Inside the Garden, someone had yoked together the standards of Georgia and Minnesota, and they bobbed in unison. Chairwoman Boggs appeared wearing a lei of red carnations. The delegates gave rapt attention to three speeches: the speeches by the two nominees and the earlier speech by Ron Kovic, a crippled Vietnam veteran, who made a strong plea for total Vietnam amnesty after seconding the nomination of Fritz Efaw for Vice-President; Efaw, a Democrats Abroad alternate, had left the States in 1969 to escape conscription. The two men embraced on the podium to long, loud applause. The Thursday-night mood of the packed Garden: pride, hope, exuberant unity. There was a twenty-minute pause before Mondale spoke—to insure a bigger TV audience—and, while the Peter Duchin band played "When the Saints Go Marchin' In," a paper airplane sailed down from the blue guest seats on high, and, below, the delegates tossed two red-white-and-blue balls from one delegation to another. The most unflapped man in the building was Roy McGhee, Superintendent of the Senate Periodical Press Gallery, who was shunting magazine reporters to their places with the kindly authority of a director of a school Christmas pageant. Big hands for Mondale's ringing phrases "We have just lived through the worst political scandal in American history and are now led by a President who pardoned the person who did it" and "We are strong. We are experienced. And we're ready."

Then the rostrum filled up with Carters, and the radios of the security people began beep-beeping. The nominee was at hand, making his way across the Convention floor through the delegates who had chosen him. Determined nonbelievers of the day before huzzahed. Interest on the faces of the press. "My name is Jimmy Carter and I'm running for President. . . . There's a new mood in America. . . . We want to have faith again. We want to be proud again. We just want the truth again."

And after the speech? A rousing benediction by the Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King, Sr., and mass singing of "We Shall Overcome." Then the motion for adjournment. The ayes clearly had it, but there was also a chorus of noes, followed by laughs. Half an hour later, hundreds of delegates were still lingering to savor amity and jubilation. Outside, a city cop said to a departing delegate on Seventh Avenue, "Let me get you a cab, Ma'am." He not only hailed one but helped her into it. Two blocks to the east, New York's most gorgeous beacon of welcome to the Dems, the red-white-and-blue lights on top of the Empire State Building, phosphoresced in the cool air.

THE Democratic Convention, like the Bicentennial celebration that preceded it, was peaceful and subdued. There was a certain amount of noise, as there always is at conventions, but it was a quiet sort of noise. All in all, the Democrats seemed to have a fine time. We wish the Republicans the same.

WHO'S WHO IN THE CAST

Anthony Moon (Zeckendorf) was born in England and attended Eton, Wibley, and Miss Gobbett's Academy, concluding his formal education at St. Vitus's College, Oxford, where he studied *moue* under the brilliant House Beamish. His first professional job was as Obadiah in the revue *A Pound of Cheese*, which ran for fifteen years at the Wee-Theatre-in-the-Bog, breaking all records for the West End and closing only when the cast set fire to the scenery. After joining the National Theatre, Mr. Moon was acclaimed for his performances as Rosalind in *As You Like It*, Monroe Parch in *Parsippany Place*, and Sir Giggling Fatbody in Sheridan's *The Wind-Sucker*. Mr. Moon is the author of *A Penn'orth of Rumply*, a fantasy for "children of all ages" based on the limericks of Albert Speer, which is currently in preparation for the 1977 season. His autobiography, *Scones at Eventide*, was a best-seller and will be filmed by the Rank Organisation, featuring Colin Ponce and Colin Headstrong-Jones as the twin bakers.

Mishru Fek (Curley) in a long and distinguished theatrical career has appeared in over three thousand productions, from Second Avenue cabaret (*Don't Make Me Laugh*, *So Who Are You Kidding?*, *I'm Entitled*, and *You Should Live So Long*) to regional theatre (Chaim in *The Wild Mouse*, Vontz in *Crusts*) to Broadway, where he triumphed last season as the grief-stricken father in *Runteleh*, the Pulitzer Prize-winning musical drawn from the life of Eddie Carmel, the Jewish giant. In recent years, Mr. Fek has divided his time between *King Lear* ("twice a year, rain or shine") and Hollywood; his latest films include *Blood of the Face Eaters*, *Nostril from Outer Space*, and *Monster Beach Party*. His television credits include numerous specials, notably an abbreviated version of *Runteleh*, for which he won the coveted Emmeleh. The Department of State has engaged Mr. Fek to tour Europe with his phenomenal one-man show *Jews in Motion*, an entertainment based on the *responsa* of Chodish, the skating rabbi of Budapest.

Mary Beth Numkins (Nell Runcible) is a self-professed "stage kook" who has appeared in stock and regional theatre. Among her favorite roles are Molly in *Tom O'Monahoon's Chowder*, Sally in *The Misty Bog*, Wendy in *The Bosky Fen*, Peggy in *The Dusky Glen*, and Polly in *Poppa's Pockmark*. She appeared as Princess Tinkle-Beam in *Toast and Mrs. Toast* and won plaudits for her portrayal of the shepherdess in *The Bleat of My Heart*. She maintains that the theatre is a "special, magical place, made of fairy-webs and gossamer." She lives in New York City with her cat, Mister Cat, and a large colored man.

Ramon Peligroso (Parson Anders, Ziggy) was last seen in the role of the psychotic barber in *Don't Nobody Gonna Whup My Face*, presented last season at the Drainpipe Theatre. In addition, Mr. Peligroso has appeared as the addict in *No Horse for Handkerchief-Heads* and the sadistic orderly in *Enema*. He created the role of Goatberry Jones in the national company of *Harlan Peachtree's Massive Apparatus*, for which he won the Frobischer Award. His autobiographical play, *The Repositude of Naphthalene Catfish*, was presented last season by the Militant Playhouse.

Lydia Bunting (Mrs. Peahen) made her theatrical debut thirty years ago in Tennessee Williams' *For the Safety of the Passengers, the Driver Is Not Permitted to Change Any Bills Larger Than Five Dollars*, playing the harelip to Luther Dabchick's waterhead. After a hiatus of twenty-eight years, she returned to Broadway last season in the revival of *Perfervid Desires*, which closed during the first act, although the critics were unanimous about her performance. This marks Miss Bunting's first appearance in the legitimate theatre without a mobcap.

René Catafalque (Beggars, Whores, Townspeople)

> To act is to be;
> To be is merely to seem.
> The truth is a hat.
> —Hans Ekhardt

O'Bob Macvout (Director) trained at L.A.M.D.A. and the Yale Drama School under Fleming Pease, directing revue and cabaret (*Redoubtable Antics of '62*, *Arty-Tarty*). After a spell in television, he directed the wildly successful nature film *Ring of Bright Beavers* ("Vapid family fun! Non-threatening!"—L.A. *Times*), which grossed six hundred million dollars worldwide and won him three Oscars, two Patsys, and the Distinguished Flying Cross. Last season he directed Sir Henry Wolfsbane in the highly acclaimed R.S.C. production of Congreve's *Pox; or, The Traducer Traduced*, which won both the Drama Circle Critics Citation Prize Award and the Award Circle Drama Critics Prize Citation.

Leon Matrix (Sets and Lighting) is one of our most versatile designers, whose work ranges from the long-running *Leafy Green Vegetables* to the costumes for *Mary's Nose*. Trained under Schlemmer and Gropius, he did pioneering work at both the Bauhaus and the Bau-wau-haus, the avant-garde Theatre for Hounds he designed for Piscator in Berlin. More recently, he won the rarely awarded Mortimer for *Roach!*, the musical version of Kafka's *Metamorphosis*, which will be presented on Broadway every season by David Merrick. He is four feet tall.

Arnold Batfish (Author) spent several years as an advertising copywriter and burst upon the theatrical scene with a cathartic evening of one-acters: *Spearmint*, *Doublemint*, and *Excremint*, which won him both a Nudlicer and a Peavy. His dental trilogy, *Drill*, *Fill*, and *Rinse*, *Please*, was hailed as the finest American dental writing in fifty years and was compared to Gogol's *The Overbite* and Sophocles' *Oedipus in Pyorrhea*. Mr. Batfish resides with his wife, Laura, and her wife, Leslie, at Nutmeat College, North Carolina, where he holds the Robert Goulet Chair of Dramaturgy.

Ahmet Ergotamine (Producer) has been represented on Broadway by *Goodbye, My Toes* and the smash hit musical *Morons Over Manhattan*, currently in its third season. In association with Max Rubric he produced *The Man in the Paper Pants* and *The Smell of Shapiro* for the Colloid Center Theatre Group in Los Angeles. Mr. Ergotamine's reputation as a promotional genius dates from 1950, when he employed a chimpanzee in a miter to unicycle through the theatre district to publicize his knockabout religious farce, *Bishopzapoppin!* His innovative all-black production of *The Dance of Death* was followed by an equally successful all-male-Pakistani *Riders to the Sea* and an all-parrot *Importance of Being Earnest*. Next spring, he will produce *Death of a Salesman* in New Orleans with everyone (cast and audience) wearing giant papier-mâché Mardi Gras heads, borrowed from the Grand Krewe of the Knights of Toulouse.

—Marshall Brickman

FOUR POEMS

SONG OF THE PHANTOM GIRL OF BELO HORIZONTE

I am the phantom girl
who waits on Chumbo Street
for the coach of dawn.
I am white and tall and cold,
my flesh is a sigh
in the mountain dawn.
I am the phantom girl.
My name was Maria,
Maria-Who-Died.

I am the girl you loved
who died of sickness,
who died in a car crash,
who killed herself on the beach,
whose hair stayed
long in your memory.
I was never of this world:
when kissed, my mouth
spoke of other planets,
where lovers burn
in a chaste fire
and without irony
turn into stars.

Unlike the others, I died
without having time to be yours.
I cannot get used to this,
and when the police are asleep
in and around me,
my wandering ghost
goes down Curral Hill,
spying on the new houses,
circling the lovers' gardens
(Cláudio Manuel da Costa Street),
stopping for shelter in the Hotel Ceará,
which offers no shelter. A perfume
I do not know invades me:
it is the odor of your sleep,
soft and warm, curled up
in the arms of Spanish women . . .
Oh! Let me sleep with you!

My ghost keeps going,
for I meet none of my lovers,
who were seduced by Frenchwomen,
who drank all the whiskey
in Brazil
(and are now in a drunken sleep),
and meet only cars that pass
with drivers who, surprised
by my whiteness, flee.
The shy policemen,
poor things! One wanted to hold me.
I opened my arms. . . . Incredulous,
he touched me. There was no flesh
and outside the dress
and under the dress
the same white absence,
a white anguish . . .
It is obvious: what was body
was eaten by the cat.

The girls that are still alive
(they'll die, you can be sure)
are afraid that I'll appear
and pull them down by their legs . . .
They're wrong.
I was a girl, I will be a girl
deserted, *per omnia saecula*.
I have no interest in girls.
Boys concern me.
I don't know how to free myself.
If only my ghost wouldn't suffer,
if only they would still like me,
if only the spirit would consent,
but I know it's forbidden,
you are flesh, I am mist.

A mist that dissolves
when the sun breaks in the mountains.

Now I feel better,
I've said everything I wanted to,
I would climb that cloud,
be a frozen sheet
sparkling over mankind.
But the stars will not understand,
nobody will understand,
my reflection in the pool
on Paraúna Avenue.

SONG FOR A YOUNG GIRL'S ALBUM

Good morning: I said to the girl
who smiled from far away.
Good morning: but she didn't
respond from a distance.
Eye contact was pointless
so I waved my arms
good morning to the girl who
day or night
was far out of my range,
far from my poor good morning.
Good morning forever: maybe
the answer will come cold
or come late, yet
I shall wait
for her good morning.
And over the rows of houses,
over the hills and valleys,
I shall lamely repeat
at whatever hour: good morning.
Maybe the time is wrong
and my sadness too great
to warrant
this absurd good morning.
The girl does not know
or sense or suspect
the tenderness within
the heart of my good morning.
Good morning: I repeat
in the afternoon;
at midnight: good morning.
And at dawn
I color my day
blue and pink
so the girl can find it:
good morning.
Good morning: not one echo
in the bushes (but who can say)
makes out my message
or wishes me good morning.
Smiling from far away,
the girl in her joy
does not feel the weight
in the vastness of this
good morning.
Night that had surrendered
sadness, trouble, confusion,
wanders without fire
in the wildest nostalgia.
If only she would say
good morning to my good morning,
the night would change
to the clearest of days!

RESIDUE

From everything a little remained.
From my fear. From your disgust.
From stifled cries. From the rose
a little remained.

A little remained of light
caught inside the hat.
In the eyes of the pimp
a little remained of tenderness,
very little.

A little remained of the dust
that covered your white shoes.
Of your clothes a little remained,
a few velvet rags, very
very few.

From everything a little remained.
From the bombed-out bridge,
from the two blades of grass,
from the empty pack
of cigarettes a little remained.

So from everything a little remains.
A little remains of your chin
in the chin of your daughter.

A little remained of your
blunt silence, a little
in the angry wall,
in the mute rising windows.

A little remained from everything
in porcelain saucers,
in the sliced dragon, in the white flowers,
in the creases of your brow,
in the portrait.

Since from everything a little remains,
why won't a little
of me remain? In the train
travelling north, in the ship,
in newspaper ads,
why not a little of me in London,
a little of me somewhere?

In a consonant?
In a well?

A little remains dangling
in the mouths of rivers,
just a little, and the fish
don't avoid it, which is very unusual.

From everything a little remains.
Not much: this absurd drop
dripping from the faucet,
half salt and half alcohol,
this frog leg jumping,
this watch crystal
broken into a thousand wishes,
this swan's neck,
this childhood secret . . .
From everything a little remained:
from me; from you; from Abelard.
Hair on my sleeve,
from everything a little remained;
wind in my ears,
burping, rumbling
from an upset stomach,
and small artifacts:
bell jar, honeycomb, revolver
cartridge, aspirin tablet.
From everything a little remained.

And from everything a little remains.
Oh, open the bottles of lotion
and smother
the cruel, unbearable odor of memory.

Still, horribly, from everything a little remains,
under the rhythmic waves
under the clouds and the wind
under the bridges and under the tunnels
under the flames and under the sarcasm
under the phlegm and under the vomit
under the cry from the dungeon, the guy they forgot
under the sights and under the scarlet death
under the libraries, asylums, victorious churches
under yourself and under your feet already hard
under the ties of family, the ties of class,
from everything a little always remains.
Sometimes a button. Sometimes a rat.

MOTIONLESS FACES

Father dead, loved one dead.
Aunt dead, brother born dead.
Cousins dead, friend dead.
Grandfather dead, mother dead
(hands white, portrait on the wall always crooked, speck of dust in the eyes).
Acquaintances dead, teacher dead.

Enemy dead.

Fiancée dead, girl friends dead.
Engineer dead, passenger dead.
Unrecognizable body dead: a man's? an animal's?
Dog dead, bird dead.
Rosebush dead, orange trees dead.
Air dead, bay dead.
Hope, patience, eyes, sleep, movement of hands: dead.

Man dead. Lights go on.
He works at night as if he were living.

Good morning! He is stronger (as if he were living).

Dead without announcement, secretly dead.
He knows how to imitate hunger, and how to pretend to love.

And how to insist on walking, and how well he walks.
He could walk through walls, but he uses doors.

His pale hand says goodbye to Russia.
Time enters and leaves him without counting.

The dead pass quickly; they cannot be held on to.
As soon as one leaves, another one is tapping your shoulder.
I woke up and saw the city:
the dead were like machines,
the houses belonged to the dead,
collapsing waves,
an exhausted chest smelling of lilies,
feet bound up.
I slept and went to the city:
everything was burning,
cracking of bamboo,
mouth dry, suddenly crimping.
I dreamed and returned to the city.
But it wasn't the city anymore.
They were all dead, the medical examiner was checking the tags on the corpses.
The medical examiner himself had died years ago, but his hand continued implacably.
The awful stench was everywhere.

From this veranda without a railing I watch both twilights.
I watch my life running away with a wolf's speed, I want to stop it, but would I be bitten?
I look at my feet, how they have grown, flies circulate among them.
I look at everything and make a list, nothing is left, I am poor, poor, poor,
but I cannot enter the circle,
I cannot remain alone,
I shall kiss everyone on the forehead,
I shall distribute moist flowers,
after . . . There is no after or before.
There is cold on all sides,
and a central cold, whiter still.

Colder still . . .
A whiteness that pays well our old anger and bitterness . . .
Feeling myself so clear among you, kissing you and getting no dust in my mouth or face.
Peace of fine trees,
of fragile mountains down below, of timid riverbanks, of gestures that can no longer annoy,
sweet peace without eyes, in the dark, in the air.
Sweet peace within me,
within my family that came from a fog unbroken by sun
and returns to their islands by underground roads,
in my street, in my time—finally—reconciled,
in the city of my birth, in my rented room,
in my life, in everyone's life, in the mild and deep death of myself and everyone.

—Carlos Drummond De Andrade

(*Translated, from the Portuguese, by Mark Strand.*)

A LONG STORY SHORT

IT was in the late nineteen-sixties that something terrible, or at least highly regrettable, happened to Christian Thrale. This came about while his wife, Grace, was at Winchester with the children; which will suggest the nature of the occurrence. Grace had hardly been gone long enough to be properly, let alone acutely, missed; and certainly not long enough for Christian to have telephoned, for he was frugal in these and other matters.

It was early evening on a Tuesday, and Christian was standing at his window in a government office observing the bloom of silky light extending in great reconcilement over London: looking at forests of leaves spread like open hands, and white colonnades and porticoes, and roads that shone like rivers. In the park could be seen a streak of turf, a dab of water, the blue tilting steeples of delphinium. The evening bore the cachet of a huge success magnificently consummated after many botched attempts.

Christian was enjoying not only the manageable rapture of sundown but the novelty of his own high pleasure in it: he had merely glanced out, not expecting anything but weather. Though traffic rumbled, the mnemonic light had a quality of silence; yet seemed no simple fact of nature—for one scarcely felt such a radiance could exist without such a city to encompass. There was human engagement in it, as at some momentous passage of human greeting, or leave-taking, with the world.

Christian, moreover, was aware of *himself looking*: a sandy man of more than average height and above-average intelligence—yet always keeping at hand the bolt hole of the average; the yardstick, rather, by which departures and excesses might be measured.

A door opened at his back. He did not turn, being pleased to be discovered in the very act of survey and reflection: a sandy man with narrow shoulders who had retained perspective. In childhood Christian had, like many children, defined himself as sensitive; and had made no reassessment in the light of later promptings. In office affairs he had frequently cautioned, "If we lose our humanity we are done for." Although at other times he had said, "We have to draw the line somewhere," and "It's not for me to say."

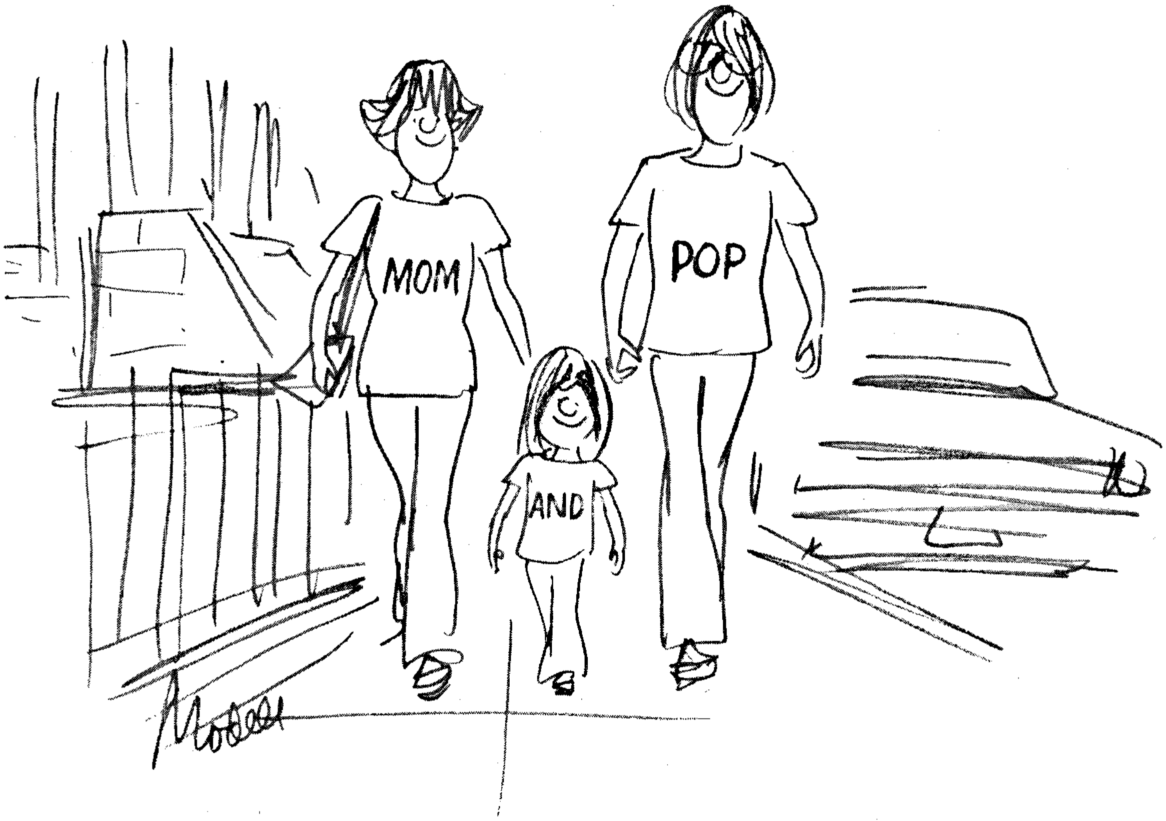
A crisis had blown up, and what luck, Thrale, you are still here. A meeting was being called, since the cables must be sent that evening. What luck, as Talbot-Sims had just gone down in the lift.

Christian could not feel what luck, thinking of Talbot-Sims spurting for home, for dear life, flying free across London in what he visualized as an open car, although Talbot-Sims was known to travel exclusively by Tube. Drooped over the willow pattern of his blotter, Christian assembled papers, begrudging what, by curious reversal, he felt to be an interruption. He assumed with reluctance the willing expression he normally wore with ease.

Christian Thrale was rising in his profession. Those peering into the oven of his career would report, "Christian is rising," as if he were a cake or loaf of bread. They did not say, "He will go far," which would have suggested temperament; but from time to time remarked his gradual ascent: "Christian has risen."

The conference room looked toward the park. Only the room did so, the men present being focussed on a table, on papers, on one another: on themselves. They stared into the glossy grain of that table as if into a tank. Revived by a fresh draught of importance, they rustled, they murmured, they struck matches and matched watches; because there was a delay. The first rank of the stenographers having got clear, having somehow packed themselves along with Talbot-Sims into that escape hatch of the downward lift—and the doyenne, Miss Ratchitt, being home today bilious—they were waiting for a girl to take the minutes.

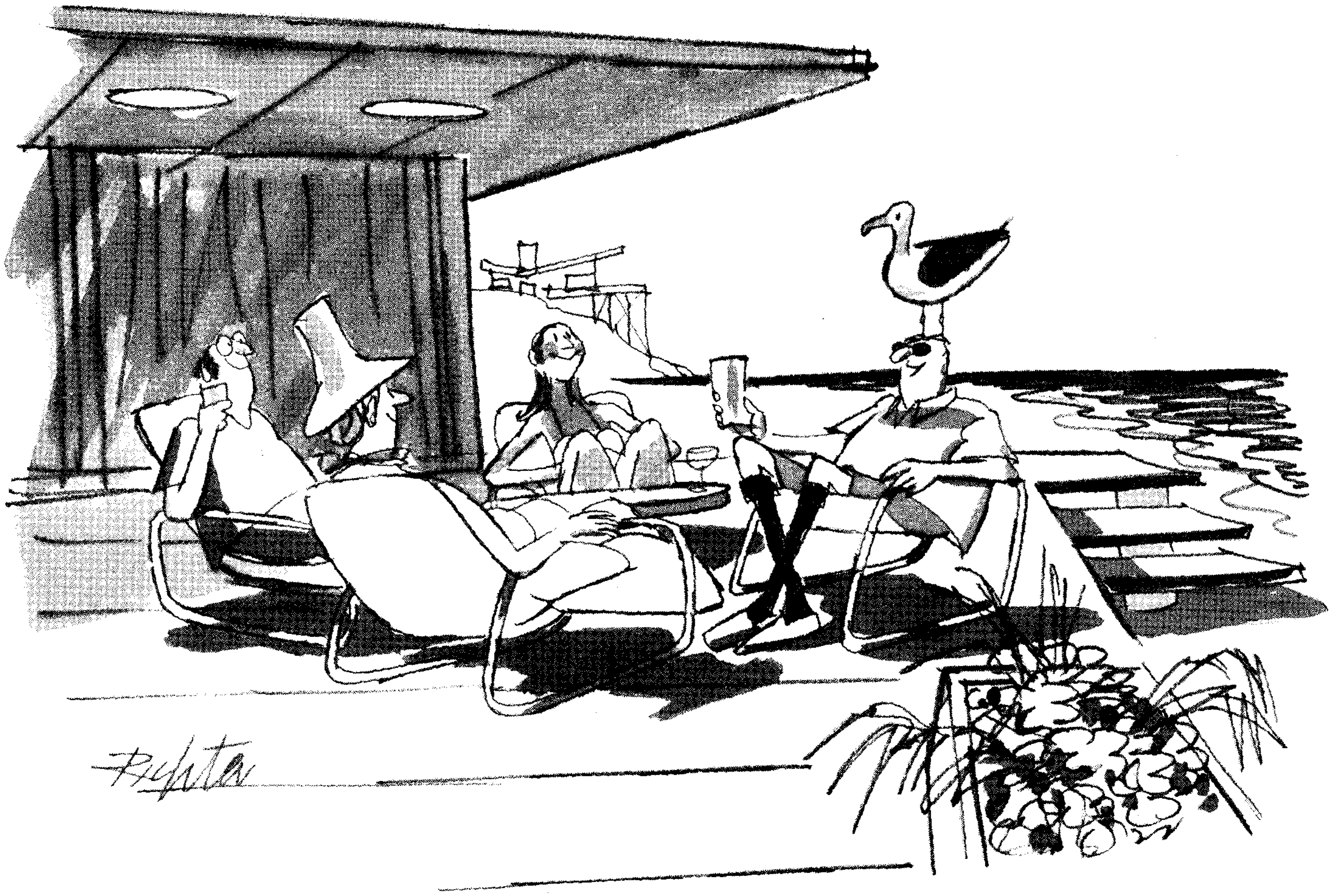
This was an aggravation when every moment was precious.



IT was like the delphiniums, when she came. For this emergency she had been called back from the ladies' room, where she was preparing to go home—perhaps, who knows, to go out. In those preparations she had literally let down her hair, which was yellow like ripe corn; and had been given no time to redress it. Merely combed back, it fell over her slim blue shoulders and streaked down her spine; and even the worst man there, of whom there were several, yearned for it. Christian could not recall having seen her before in the zones of exercise and encounter, lift or corridor; but perhaps with the hair down it was different.

When she came, it was like the delphiniums.

She sat in a heavy chair—that no one, to



"Last year, I wiped some oil off his face."

• •

put it mildly, pulled out for her. Never having pulled it out for Ratchitt, the contrast would in any case have exposed them. Behind the arras of his expression, Christian watched entranced. The movements, deliberate, shy, with which she laid her lined notebook on the table and folded it, and restrained an extra pencil from rolling; the elbow poised on the table, the head inclined long-lashed to the page, evoking the schoolgirl she had lately been.

Around the tank the flickering intensified before falling ceremoniously away. It was a ritual moment, as if the soloist flung back coattails over the piano bench or fixed the protective pad between Stradivarius and jowl. Gentlemen, shall we begin. A note of reproof from the soloist—even of self-reproof perhaps, of, Gentlemen, let us now be serious. I need not stress that these proceedings take place in the utmost confidence, I trust that was made clear also to Miss—I'm afraid I don't know your—

Cordelia Ware.

Miss Ware. Very good. The Cabinet will conclude its deliberations within the hour and we are informed that.

It fell forward, the flag of hair. An arm came up to pass it uselessly back over the shoulder. A page hastily turned. A gazelle in the room. China in the bull shop. Everything frail and fair, cheek, ear, wrist, and the earnest curve blue from waist to shoulder. It was courting disaster to have closed the creature in here.

In view of the events of the past week the significance of such a decision can hardly be overestimated, the far-reaching consequences. Would you make a heading of this, Miss—I'm afraid I don't recall your—Gentlemen, time is not on our side.

She was taking the minutes. The minutes flew; it was she who took them; every moment was precious and time not on our side.

Christian remembered lines:

> How can I, that girl standing there,
> My attention fix
> On Roman or on Russian
> Or on Spanish politics?

The verse ended, "O that I were young again, and held her in my arms!" He remembered that, too. If you learnt the stuff young, you never lost it. Thirty-eight is not old. You're as old as you feel. I feel old. Another page flicked, the wrist arching anxiously. There was the same gesture casting back the hair. Time was on her side. She wore a round watch, inexpensive, with a band of ribbed black ribbon—grosgrain, they called it in the ads. She was sinking him, he was listing like a ship. O Christ, it is the Inchcape Rock. This is ridiculous, and how very unjust. Nine years of happy marriage decidedly not foundering in any such rut or reef as is here implied. A wide variety of interests. Spain this year and the Swan's tour in '65. It is true the office. . . . But not to the extent this girl's effect appears to insinuate.

So Christian tacked, zigzagging on a course of yellow hair and blue flowers. His shipmates might have been bound to the mast, their ears stopped with wax. They seethed, they droned. They plied the ropes. They knew the ropes. As to the humanitarian aspect, deep concern will be voiced; however, this will be done confidentially in order not to exacerbate an already delicate. They were at the stage of leaning back, ties askew. A sensible precaution, Bickerstaff; a good point, Barger. Pertinacity commended as at school;

"And now let us all rise and join Alice Cooper in singing our national anthem."

with Christian on this occasion not among the bright boys.

There was no following her when at last she was sent away to type in some room where lights were now switched on and cleaners would have to be excluded. The contents of the wastepaper basket would be burnt. The captains melted away, the kingpins departed.

Roaming a grey corridor, Christian was accosted by a bleached colleague, Armand Elphinstone by name. Christian had sometimes said, "I don't hit it off with Elphinstone." Always adding, "I'm sure it's my fault."

Elphinstone churned loose change in the pockets of unpressed trousers. He shrugged shoulders tweedy with dandruff, pin-striped by fallen hairs.

"And why, may I ask, are we always disorganized. We had no preparation. That meeting could have been called at least an hour earlier. I must say. I don't know how we can look the standing committee in the face." In Elphinstone's pockets invisible sixpences percussed, with a bunch of keys forming the brass. He looked away. "And sending that girl in half dressed."

So he too. Even the blanched Armand.

There was no use hanging about. Elphinstone had rather spoiled things.

The following day there was something else. Christian's own secretary was leaving for her summer holiday.

"And what have they got in mind for *me?*" As he asked her this, he knew.

"They're giving you a girl from the pool. I'll show her the main things. A Miss Waring. Or Ware. Of course there'll be chaos by the time I get back."

The first day, she had on a dress of worn brown velvet, her hair smoothly coiled. Christian was a man of few words all that morning, thumping down this or that for three copies; this has priority, do that in draft. He could only keep it up till lunchtime; by afternoon he was wanting to sound her and needing her good opinion. She sat taking his dictation, and he could hardly believe he had her there at his tender mercy: he felt tender but not merciful. When she closed her book he said, "I hope you weren't kept too late the other evening."

She lifted her eyes, blank.

He felt he had given himself away. "The evening of the Cabinet announcement."

"I missed the train. We live at Dulwich." Hesitant, as if she trespassed on his interest even by so much as a reply. "One of the girls let me stay at her place."

"You did not have to cancel anything, I hope."

"It was my father's birthday."

What lives we give them, Christian reflected—not without gratification: *Well, that's what you're there for.* He could recognize a pleasure in displacing her father, with whom he must necessarily stand—one was aware of such things—in rival status. Her eyes were so clear, upward, almost circular, washed like grey glass. He saw that she wished to please him: *I hope to give satisfaction sir.* Her voice, like her dress, was doeskin, an excellent thing in woman. The father had called this child Cordelia.

When he heard her typing he made a pretext to stand a while by her desk. There was something nearly sexual in this, like the relation of tenor to accompanist, he standing and commanding, she seated and subsidiary. She faintly sweetly smelt of talcum or shampoo. Her fingers, grubby from carbon, unnerved by his proximity, turned six copies to scrub at an error. He saw also that pages were spread to be sorted. A "Style Manual"—what style could there conceivably be in all this?—was open to instructions of inane and infinite tedium. *I have the honour to be, Sir, Your Excellency's humble and obedient.* On the surface of the desk there was a dusting of molted rubber over the clawings and droppings of a score of previous, vanished secretary-birds.

Excellence and honor. With less satisfaction, he wondered, *Why do they put up with this?*

He all but placed his hand on her brown velvet shoulder, bidding her depart in peace. He could very nearly feel the smooth life curve into his palm—and at that instant would have let her off, wished her safe from all his harm, while she was so anxiously, innocently bent to her rubbishy task.

"That one is of prime importance," he said. "The rest can wait."

From his room he heard her storming the keys, the rip of the roller, arpeggios of sentences, the andante of an indented passage. A distraught exclamation for a false note. It was curious that a machine could reproduce the anxiety of the person operating it. The imagined globe of her velours shoulder stayed, tremulous, in his hand still cupped to its contour. If he had touched her, it would not have resulted in her departure or her peace.

Evening rose like dawn. *Aux uns portant la paix, aux autres le souci.* The city inhaled it like a breath of immense relief. A wave of excitement lifted Christian from desk to window—where the metropolis once more lay helpless and expectant under a dusk phenomenal as an eclipse. A cautious man would have looked through special glasses, or a hole cut in cardboard. With the naked eye Christian gazed; and yet again knew himself to be gazing. He was one who could still see the sky. Who knew his Yeats. His Baudelaire. His Freud.

Not for nothing were these names prefaced by the possessive pronoun.

He was tempted to ask her outright to go to dinner with him. But no, not outright; and not the first evening. Let a decent interval elapse, and hope the weather would hold. There was prodigality in this—they had so little time. In thought he said "they;" and could not think unjustified this newly possessive pronoun.

The following day was hot. The city opened all its windows as Christian rode to work in his car. Down to tower'd Camelot. As if by assignation, she wore the dress of the cornflowers—was it?—and her hair down. He had heard that girls were ironing their hair that year, in order to wear it long and flat; but did not think that would apply to her. It would not be possible to do this oneself—perhaps their mothers did it for them. He tried to picture the little kitchen at Dulwich, neat as a new pin, the mother shapeless in flowered apron, and she with her head laid on the ironing board. It was like an execution.

It was a simple matter to detain her after work. There was no difficulty in manufacturing a crisis—most crises in that place being manufactured ones—by retarding some memorandum into the afternoon. When she came back at two from her hasty sandwich (he assumed the sandwich, noted the haste), he struck. At six they were alone, he attentively reading over, she pounding. He got up, went to the gents to spruce. He ran water, ran a comb, ran a critical eye. Smiled into a square of quicksilver that was cracked from side to side. Walking back along the inert grey arteries, he could hear the machine still racing, like a heart.

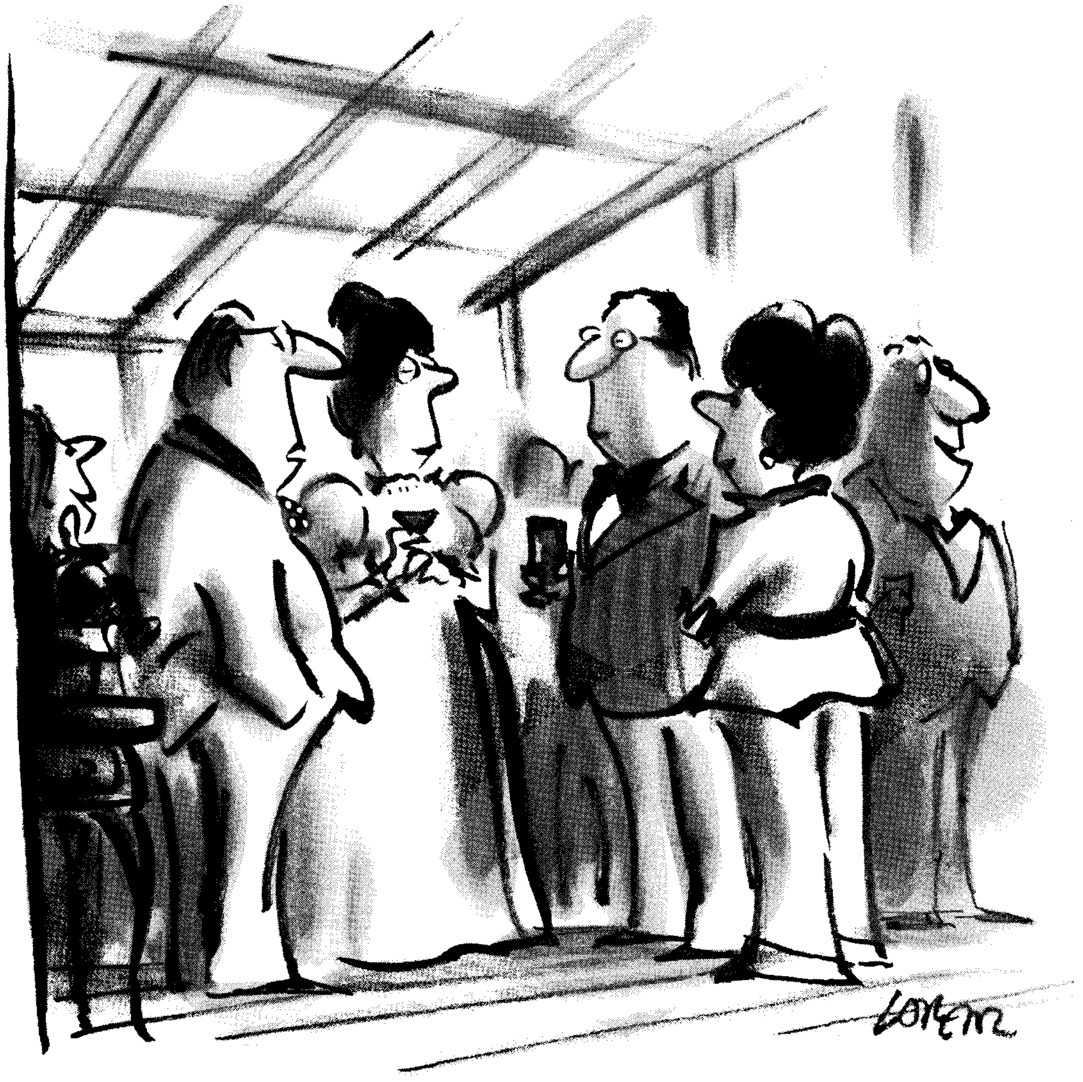
He had plumped for the magisterial assertion: "I am going to drive you home." Had, of course, hoped she wouldn't look quite so bowled over. "Let's face it"—with this interpolation Christian habitually reproved a widespread tendency to shirk—"we're going to be another half hour here, at least. Might as well"—foregone conclusion—"have a bite of dinner somewhere, then I'll drive you."

He thought he detected slight equivocation—he would not call it suspicion—mingling with her astonishment. She must be pleased, however; even thrilled. A girl who passed her days turning carbons would welcome any diversion. Your Excellency's humble and obedient.

Not that he regarded himself as any diversion.

"You are kind," she said, without causing him a qualm.

She was in the car at his side. They were crossing a river, the river, after Chablis and Dover sole. It was by no means dark. Ahead, the smooth common was an innocence of late cricket balls and unleashed terriers and elderly couples safely benched. (The hanky-panky would come later, with nightfall.) The trees, though; he had never felt it before—such trees, like clouds, like screens, like great bouquets. She was doing this: first cornflowers, now trees. Light-winged Dryad, beechen green, Rima the bird-girl that was her



"We had planned to stay through August, but their damn currency firmed up on us."

type, the constant nymph what was her name Tess of the—no, not that: Tessa. All this at Clapham.

He would have liked to stop the car, there and then, just to look at the trees; and would have taken her in his arms almost incidentally. But the decent interval must elapse. She had said so little, everything correct and nothing foolish. She was quite still, and looked at the evening and the trees, her head tipped toward the seat back though not reclining. They drove on, along suburban avenues for which he felt the kindliness one summons for a boyhood friend who has not prospered.

"You turn left at the College."

He turned.

"It's along here on the right. This one."

He had been confident of a row of demoralized asters, three front steps, a porch of frosted glass glumly bulging from brick. And could not have been more irritated if she had deliberately deceived him. Not that the house was grand: a pretty house, white but eighteenth century, banked with fuchsia along a brief crescent of raked gravel. But it was a house, precisely, of the sort he and Grace had looked at and decided they could not afford.

Every window was lit. It was like a party house described in a novel: "ablaze." (Christian himself preferred to switch lights off when not in use.) Or it was like a ship, festive and stately with all her canvas up and pennants fluttering. On the ground floor a silk curtain belled through French windows, like a spinnaker.

He pulled up at the door. The car turned shabby in the glow from the house. He remembered plastic toys on the rear seat.

"You'll come in." She was almost social on her own territory.

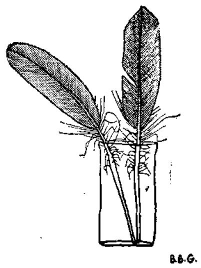
"I'll be getting back. It's late." He was being rude, but the house was a menace. He could feel the father's eye on him, see himself blinking in the lights, shown up as if at a police station. I must warn you that anything you say will be.

Even so, heard himself announce, "Another time." And boldly leant across her lap to manage the door, laying his hand over her own ineffectual grip as if sealing a contract.

"Up and push," he said. Then, "Give it a good bang."

A Scots terrier scrambled down the steps to her, all muzzle and paws and little sprout of tail. He heard her say, "Here, Hoots. Here, Hootsie," in a kind of ecstasy.

He withdrew to town in confusion. Definitely a reversal. He had been prepared for his role, genial but restrained, master of the situation in the modest house of the begonias and new-pin kitchen; helping them over their natural diffidence. Had even been ready for a possible Socialist brother whose surly challenges could be gracefully debunked. But distinctly *not prepared for* the equalizing properties of Lowestoft, Regency, bound editions, a faded but valuable Samarkand; and, perhaps, attributed-to-Hoppner over the original fireplace.



Was there not, in fact, a recognized condition called the Cophetua Complex? Or had he made that up?

He disliked, moreover, the sensation of the narrow squeak.

Reaching home, he put in a call to Grace. This, which should have been a help, was not. A neighbor had dropped in, it was too late to bring the children to the phone, just one second I have to turn something off. Jeremy had been disappointed in the authentic Round Table, which they had paid to see that morning; and had cried.

"Anything going on at the office?"

"This dustup in Africa's got us jumping. Then there's always the Secretary of State. And we're shorthanded as usual. They've given me a temporary."

"Miss Mellish got away, then?"

"There'll be chaos by the time she gets back."

He put the phone down and took off his shoes. He could see the House of Ware, its white sails crowding. The girl bending, in that doorway lit like a stage: her face and hands active with love as she reached to the dog scrabbling in a ferment at her ankles, her knees. He could hear her speaking, in her voice of an articulate doe; he could feel the very burr in the animal's coarse coat. He could scarcely wait for tomorrow.

NEXT morning he stowed the toys away in the boot of the car. The weather was holding, the decent interval elapsing. A Friday sense of near-abandon enlivened the department, as if something other than an English weekend lay ahead. There was a lull even in Africa, where crocodiles idled on sluggish waters between walls of motionless bamboos.

The sight of Cordelia Ware in pink printed flowers dispelled the defeat of Dulwich; exorcising the spectre, even, of Detective-Inspector Father.

Only Elphinstone had a cold. Elphinstone was flying to an important conference in Brussels that evening, and was concerned about effects of cabin pressure on the ears.

Christian stood by Elphinstone's desk. "All set?"

Elphinstone coughed. At first phlegmlessly, like faulty ignition, the engine turning over and over till it caught. He pulled a handkerchief from his pocket in a flurry of lint.

Christian turned away and looked at two framed photographs hung beside the map on the wall: Elphinstone's grandfather in diplomatic dress; and a weeding party of British residents once organized by Elphinstone at the English cemetery on Capri.

The map was so old that India was pink.

At last Elphinstone replied. "I have no problem." He said the word "problem" with sardonic emphasis, to make clear he knew it for an Americanism.

"You know I'm on call tomorrow." Christian was duty officer for the weekend. "If anything blows up."

Elphinstone was all sympathy. "You're not having much of a summer, I must say. Losing your weekend." He raised the clotted handkerchief to his face and looked at Christian over it, like a bandit. "And working late."

Christian took his eyes off the trowels, grins, and brandished dandelions of the English cemetery, and stared Elphinstone down. "Not to worry."

When Christian went out, Elphinstone hawked once more into his handkerchief, and spread it to dry on the ventilator with malodorous result.

In innocence of this, in all innocence, Cordelia Ware glanced up from her scruffy papers as Christian came through—her look a refreshing contrast to Elphinstone's. Christian sat at his desk signing papers and vengefully slinging them into boxes. He felt rage, and triumph. Elphinstone's eyes above the bandanna had been something to see. Old Gandolf envied me, so fair she was. An incompetent, an intolerable fool imposed on us, let's face it, because his grandfather negotiated a disastrous treaty in 1908. God, if the public only knew.

The afternoon wore on, wore out. Steadily relieved of the ballast of early departures, the entire floor became airy, buoyant. Miss Ware—Cordelia—brought him the incoming. The lull persisted, extending over continents, taking the wind out of Africa's sails. The official boom swung ineffectually to and fro in the global Doldrums. There were copies for information, and the text of a ministerial speech which would not now be delivered owing to altered circumstances. There were papers marked PUS, for the Permanent Under Secretary of State, on which action was neither contemplated nor required. There was a postcard of the rocks at Étretat from Miss Mellish: Hope all goes well.

"Mellish is in Monet country."

"She sent me one too." She handed it to him. The same rocks: I forgot to mention, just leave the filing for my return.

They stood, each holding a card, ticket of leave, with time running out.

He could not be mistaken in this stillness. The phone rang.

It was an opposite number in a parallel department. "Look here, Thrale. We're not getting the picture on the Brussels meeting."

"What more do you want? We're sending one of our best people."

"No reflection on your nest, old boy. Merely a matter of communication." The word "communication" was given the arch inflection Elphinstone had conferred on "problem."

Grimacing to the girl, Christian waved the receiver in a show of exasperation. He had never committed improprieties with Miss Mellish. He was in a fever for the day to end; or begin. The voice twanged on, irresistibly drawn to jargon but unwilling to take the blame.

With impatient ball-point Christian scored, on the blotter, the outline of the colored postcard, his *carnet de bal*.

All at once she was saying, "If there's nothing more," and holding her handbag. She had a scarlet cardigan over her arm and was mouthing Goodbye, Mr. Thrale. It had never occurred to him that she would of her own accord leave promptly. Before he could get the phone down she was gone; and in the corridor nowhere to be seen.

He lost his head completely and strode out to stop the lift.

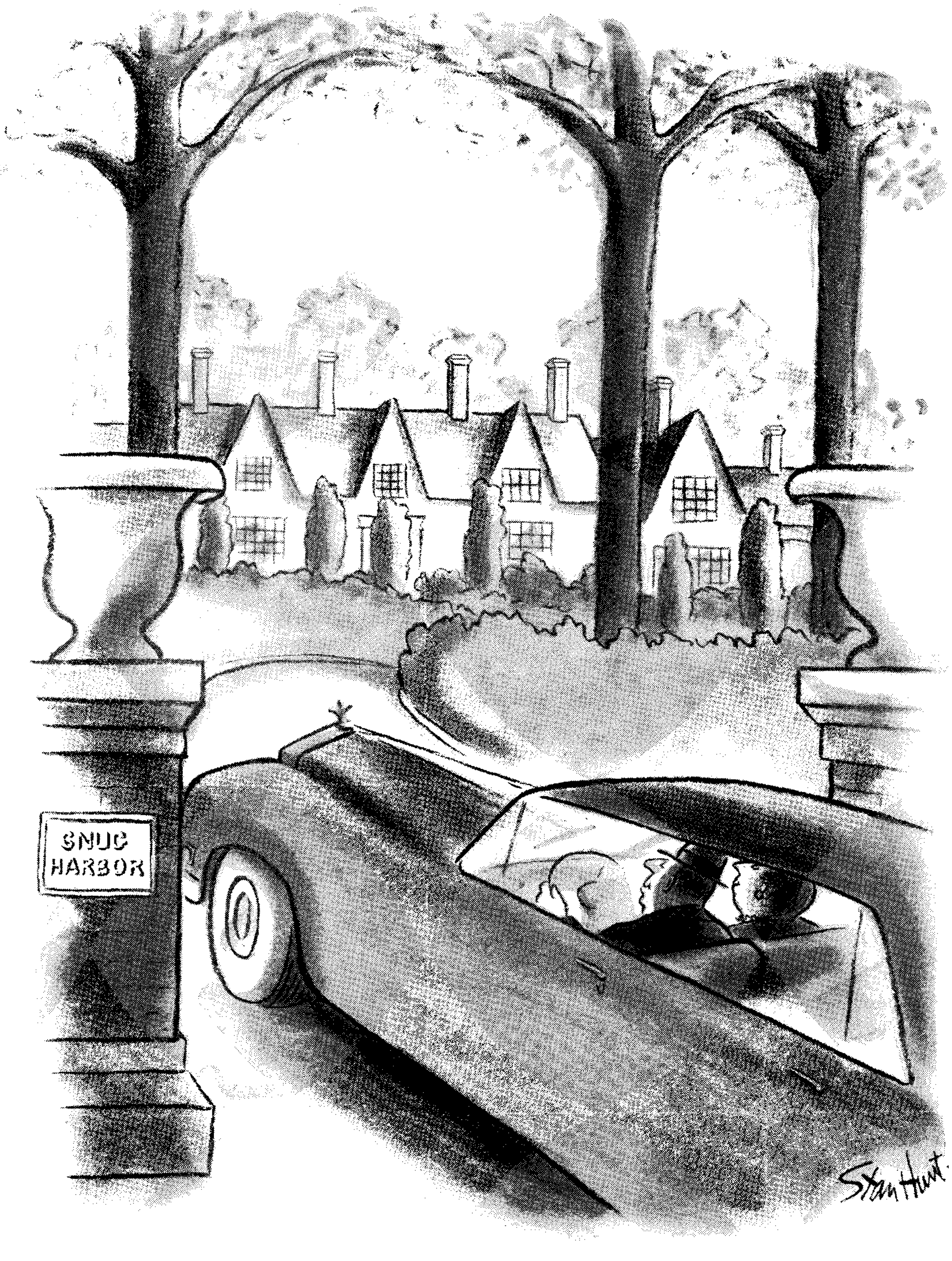
Only Elphinstone was poised between the lift doors, ready to plunge. Elphinstone grinned at Christian over his shoulder, and raised his fingers in a Victory sign. He might have been taking a parachute jump. As he disappeared his hand went to his heart as if fumbling for the rip cord.

Back in his office, Christian stood at the window where it had all begun. Disappointed as a child confronted with the original Round Table. He was unsure of what he had intended, but definitely not this prospect of brooding through a failed evening. On a last clangor of filing cabinets and desk drawers, the office fell silent. All across London, girls were gliding in and out of cars, and younger men were leaning over saying, "Up and push." Couples were lifting trays and saying, "You bring the ice," and the garden furniture from Harrods was outdoors at last.

Only Christian stood disconsolate by his office casement.

Had it not been for the crimson sweater, he would scarcely have credited what came next. She was crossing the street below, walking slow and heading for the park. Or, it could be, for the Underground; but one does not walk that way toward a train, lifting one's head to the sky and hitching one's woolly casually over a shoulder. She had slim legs and little flat shoes; and, like all her movements, her walk was charming.

He left the web, he left the loom. In three paces was at his desk slam-



ming drawers and snatching pen and spectacles. He retained enough presence of mind to grab up an envelope of weekend documents as a prop.

When, in the street, he had her in view, he held back in imaginary relish of the sweetness of it. Stalking her, he knew an assurance of happiness such as he had never felt as an adult and which was incompatible with childhood. Christian had been in love as a lad, and as a young man ready to take a wife. But not as now when, quite out of any context, representing no forces other than those beyond his control, he watched Cordelia Ware in a frenzy of tenderness, confused between worship and condescension.

He overtook her as she was turning into the park. He was the soul of amiable surprise: No Dulwich? She explained, the evening was so beautiful, and the park. They passed through the gateway together. They were drifting past banks of iridescent flowers and among cornelian trees. They crossed a bridge and sat on a bench alone. The office envelope, whose wadded warm sensation had grown repugnantly alive in Christian's hand, was stationed on his other side like an overzealous accomplice.

Here there was a vast repose, the earth all grass and the sky all heaven; although waterfowl were squabbling over the flung crusts and a newspaper was carried past with an atrocious headline. Somewhere overhead, Elphinstone was safely airborne, swallowing hard to protect his ears and taking an extra mint from the proffered dish to be on the safe side.

She sat straight, not in a gym-class way, with her fingers intertwined on her crossed knee; and, with the evening on her hair and her pale skin, was all light. She was looking at him, grave and listening. Like the Muse: patient, but accessible only to those acting in good faith.

"Will you dine with me?" It was his most humble speech to her yet.

Pink flowers rose on her printed breast. "If that is all right," she said.

He did not know how to treat that appeal to his authority, and let it pass. Anything now seemed possible. The whole world, like the weekend, lay before them. He had not forgotten how she had once spent the night in town with a friend; even at the time he had filed that info for possible future use.

"Won't they expect you at home?"

"I'll telephone."

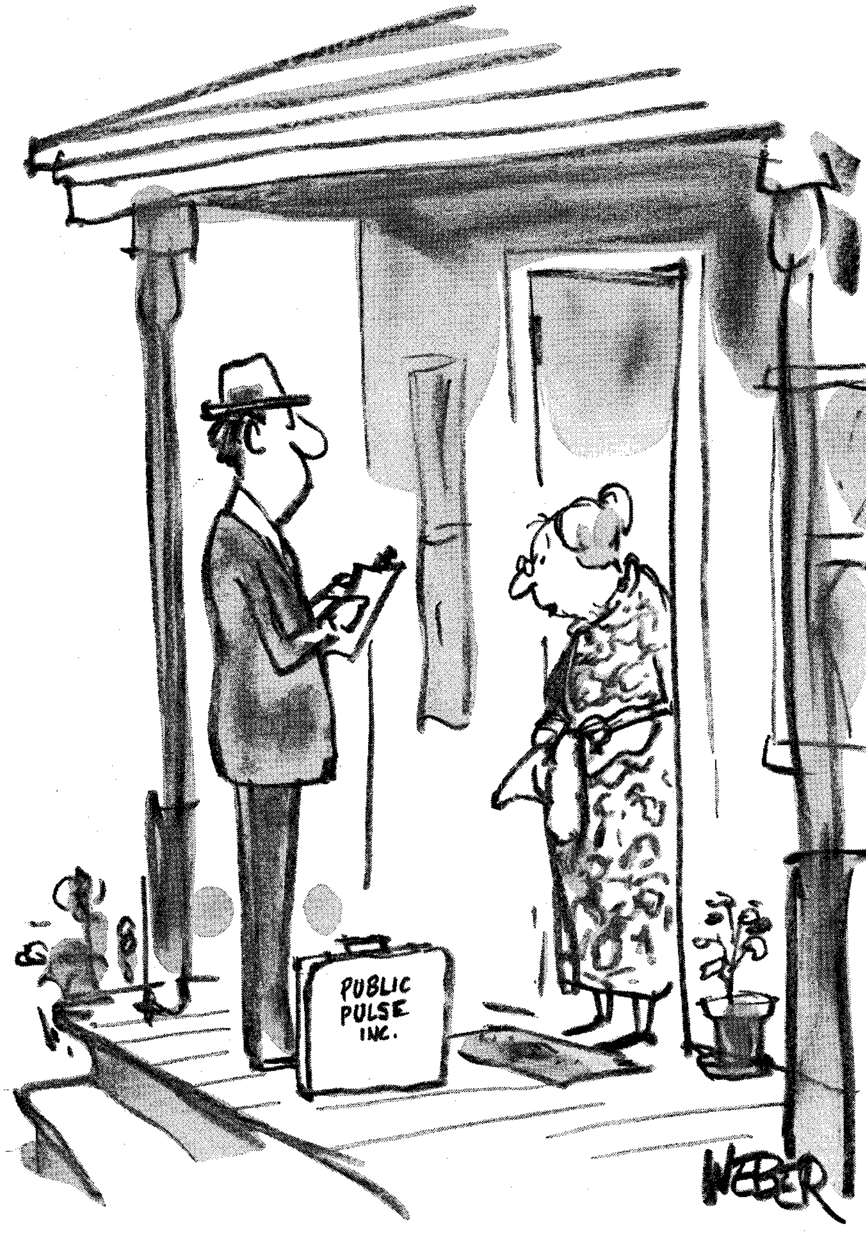
He did not wish to learn what she would say. To hell with Inspectre Father. They would sit between grass and sky while the light lasted, and later he would take her to dinner at a little place off Duke of York Street where one went on red-letter days.

He had cashed a check that morning.

The immeasurable expansion of likelihood shed new tolerance on every mortal thing: the subdued honkings of human enterprise that reached them from the road, the screech of an intemperate fowl almost at their feet, the couple on the nearby grass whose undulations beneath a spread mackintosh were like some lewd wink in their own direction; the iron dukes and stone admirals fixed atop pedestals and columns. All were appropriate to this earth, even the Guardsmen in their vermilion Mao jackets and Afro busbies, and the distant reticulation of a rising skyscraper against whose erection Christian had recently signed a petition.

Christian was removed from pettiness, as one is only by immeasurable happiness or grief. His preoccupation with importance had unfitted him for greatness: he was a man of vicarious consequence only; but in those moments understood the large hearts of heroes.

In this mood the evening passed. Christian took her arm at the first green light and did not release it until they reached the restaurant. Over dinner he talked of Spain, where she had never been—"Let's face it, Madrid *is* the Prado"—and the Hebrides, where she had. He discovered that the house at Dulwich had belonged to her grandfather; that she had three brothers, and an uncle deafened by too



"I guess I'm a conservative, if you mean do I put up a lot of jams and jellies."

much quinine during a decade in Bengal. In addition to the Scottie there was a fringed cat called Ruffles.

All this—the Grecos, the Cuillins, the uncle, and the ruffled cat—paraded glittering through space in one narrow room.

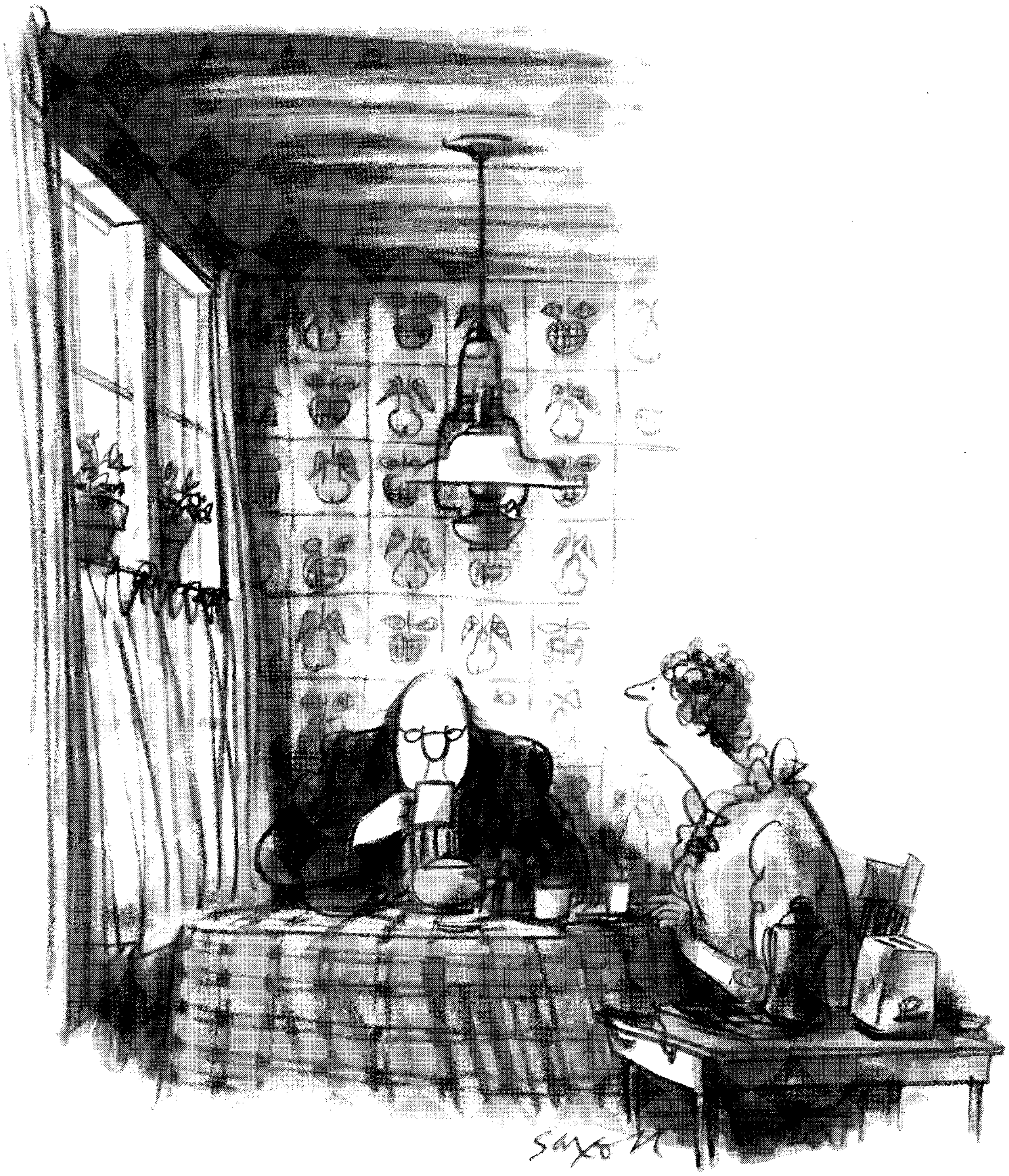
They walked back toward the car through the broad streets and capacious squares laid out in narrower times. Scarcely a vehicle passed them; not a soul ascended the steps of the right clubs or issued from the little petuniaed porticoes of the great corporations. You could hear a footfall, or peal of laughter, all the length of that noble and unearthly promenade.

Christian unlocked the car door for her, and stood holding it but blocking her entry.

"I must see you."

"I know," she said.

He let go of the door, which lurched slowly open like a shutter on a derelict house. Into the back seat, from which that morning he had put away childish things, he hurled his envelope of bogus papers. He drew Cordelia Ware into his arms.



"I had the strangest dream, Edgar. You were the only boy in the world and I was the only girl."

• •

THEY—they—had almost three weeks before Miss Mellish returned. As luck would have it, luck held. The weather also. Africa continued quiescent, Cordelia's parents left for the Dordogne, and Grace felt the extra fortnight would do the boys a world of good.

Even Elphinstone, though back from Brussels, was having extensive work done on his teeth.

Christian Thrale took Cordelia Ware by her perfect little elbow in vacant evening streets, and drew her to him in silent rooms. He leant his cheek on her smooth coiled head, and took her golden tresses—there was no other word for them—loose in incredulous hands. She in turn slipped her arms about his neck, or lifted his palm to her face and kissed it. In his Hillman Minx they crossed and recrossed the Rubicon at Battersea Bridge. *Iacta alea est.* They sat, as he had dreamed of doing, beneath the elegiac trees.

As far as Christian was concerned, these delicious proceedings nevertheless left, quite literally, something to be desired. While the virginal aspect of this girl had first attracted him, Time, gentlemen, was not on our side—what with Grace consulting timetables and Miss Mellish pushing the boat out from the Normandy beachhead.

She said, "I am happy just being with you." Her hand along his arm in one of her precise and fragile gestures. "You cannot decently complain of that."

He laughed. "Then indecently I complain." It was hard to make her see that her wishes were not the only thing to be—rather, that she herself did not know them.

It would be unusual if she turned out to be—girls these days were not; at least, not by the time one met up with them.

It is hard to say which of her limned attitudes most delighted him, the intently curved, or slimly upright; or which of her movements, chaste and extravagant as those of a ballerina. She had this way of looking—you would not have said "trustful" exactly, but "believing." She applied to one's judgment. She put simple questions with genuine inquiry, as if wishing to discover how the world turned. The look, the appeals, the inquiries had the effect of assigning responsibility. Christian enjoyed being the framer of constitutions, the dispenser of unalterable law.

“Your Socratic Method,” he told her, taking her upturned face between his hands and smiling down from the stature she conferred. She did not ask what this was, but maintained undeflected her unfathomable openness. It was hard to see how a look could be both level and uplifted.

Never in any circumstances did she use his name, his Christian name. His remarking on this led to a small misunderstanding: “I thought,” she said, “you would not like that in the office.”

He had assumed as a matter of course she would not use it there. Some things went without saying.

One day she asked him, “Do you mind the deception?”

He said, “Somewhat to my surprise, no.” He could not leave himself there, and went on, “I just don’t want people’s feelings to get hurt.”

He did not mean hers.

It was not until the end of the final week that he had, as the old saying goes, his way with her. Christian lived in a crescent of Victorian dwellings that had once been ivory, robust, slightly irregular, like a mouthful of sturdy teeth; but were now pared, drilled, recapped, and made uniform. It was here that, locking doors and drawing curtains, he finally lay down in his matrimonial bed with Cordelia Ware.

The question of beds, indeed, could not be gracefully resolved. It was either the children’s or his own. She made, in this regard, one of her inquiries: “*Do you mind it?*”

“Not in the least.” He added, “This is my side anyway.”

It was curious how abandon begot precaution. It was that very evening he began to make himself clear. “I shall never forget this. Any of it.” Surely she could not, to employ her own phrase, decently complain of that. He told her, “I shall be wildly jealous of the man you marry. I hate him already.”

She lay looking at the ceiling, eyes wide as if she could not close them. After a while she asked, “How shall we go on now?”

“My dear, I don’t know.” After all, he was not an oracle. She was staring up as if scanning the heavens. “We’ll have to play it by ear.” He delivered this Americanism with the Elphinstone intonation.

The following day, he telephoned to Winchester. Grace had seen Jane Austen’s grave: “I wish you had been here, Chris.”

“The only one I like is ‘Pride and Prejudice.’ ”

“I mean here this summer. It will never be so beautiful again.”

Their days apart, and nights, their divided pleasures pained him. She was speaking of the Close, the roses, the labyrinth of streams, and the meadows beyond the school; all of which perturbed him. He broke in: “I can’t hang on forever. This is costing the earth.”

FOR three weeks Christian had felt himself an explorer in his native city. Not because he had taken Cordelia Ware much about, unless you count once to Chiswick, once to Greenwich, and the Wallace Collection, where they did not get upstairs. But because the visibility had cleared for him as for a smogbound pilot, disclosing roofs and spires and gardens and the congested flow of roads at thrilling and dangerous proximity; revealing birds in flight and cats walking on walls. The curves of earth and water had become landmarks not to be taken for granted. Above all, he had perceived in the human form the sweet glory of the elms and oaks of Battersea: he saw men as trees walking.

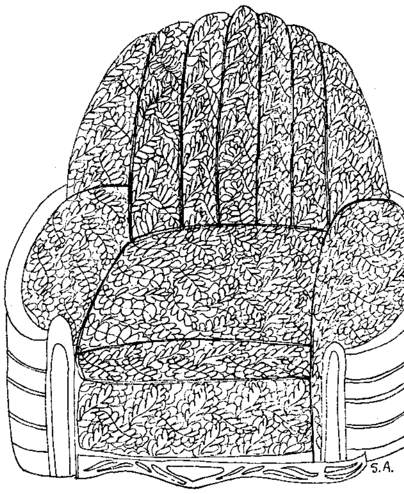
Now, on a Monday filled with normality, a morning of wives ringing the butcher or going through trouser pockets before sending to the cleaner, Christian travelled once again by Underground. And Miss Mellish was in early, sorting the backlog and murmuring, “I don’t know I’m sure.”

“We managed.” Loyally. “And not badly, considering.”

Miss Mellish, who had been unlucky with the *fruits de mer* and whose back had gone out at Château Gaillard, was forbearing: “She’s willing. Which is saying a lot these days.”

Christian agreed. “Of course it’s not like having you.”

“That’s experience, Mr. Thrale,” Mellish told him. “I was just as green as that girl myself, in the beginning. The very same. We all have to begin somewhere.”



Christian could have cried out for the pain of it.

Later they brought him a form to fill out, on the performance of Cordelia Ware. He wrote that she was willing; that she could take responsibility; and that her work looked neat on the page.

Grace came home, carrying a heavy suitcase and a crock of lavender honey. The children rampaged through the house: “Where’s Bimbo? I can’t find Bimbo.”

“Bimbo’s in the boot of the car.”

All things were being brought to light, set to rights. Except Cordelia Ware. Limitless vertiginous space was contracting to a decent acreage. A place for everything and everything in its place.

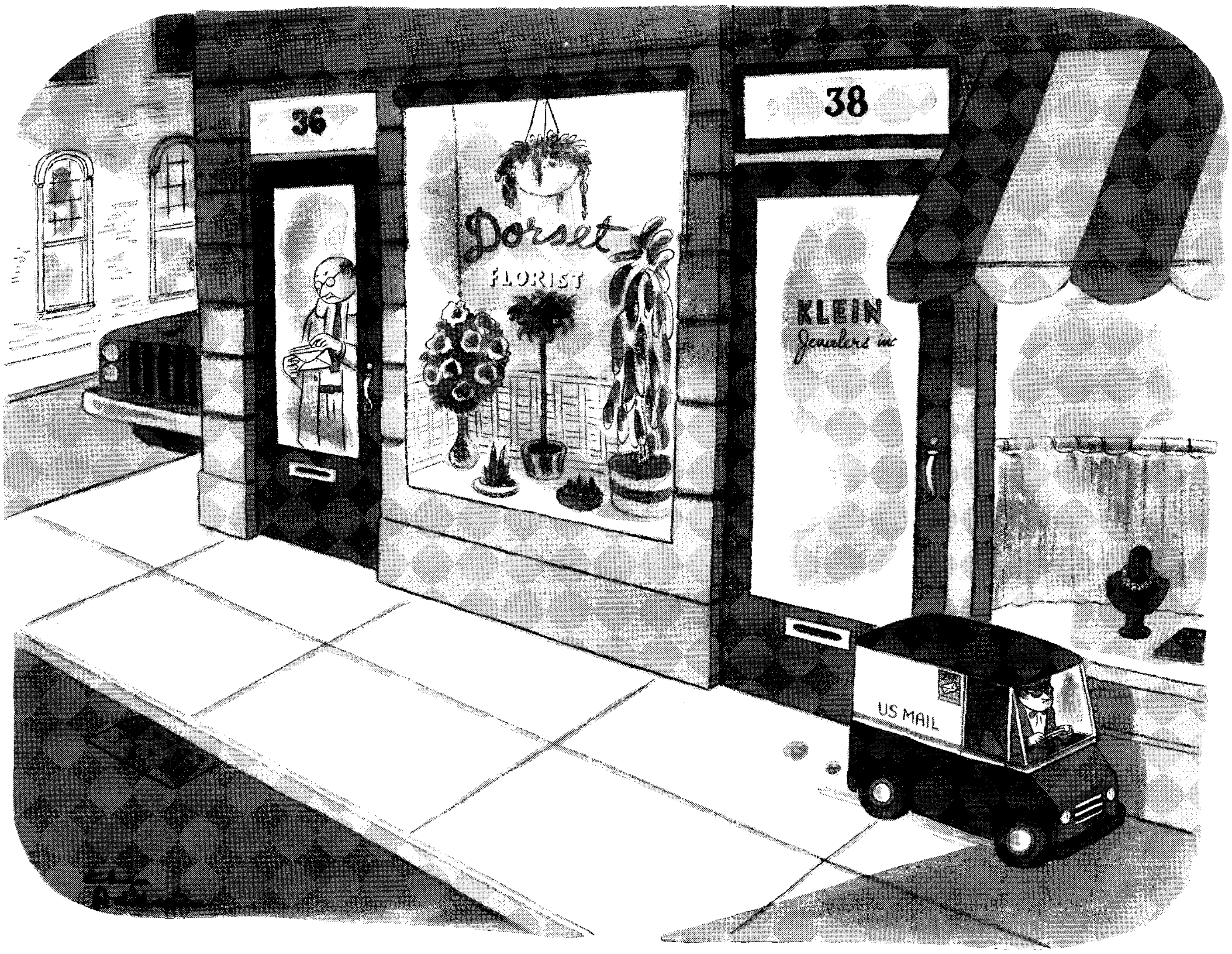
Cordelia Ware was back in the pool.

Christian’s situation had rather abruptly become a predicament. To feel for his isolation in it, one must understand that Cordelia Ware had been, as she was to remain, the most impetuous episode of Christian’s life. By far. Other precipitate action, in combat, office, or home, having been sanctioned or demanded by the social order and—even when carried out single-handed—performed in mighty concert. Only in the Cordelia Ware undertaking had he ventured out on his own—rushing out-of-doors, literally, without looking. It was a mutation as of fish to land; and Christian, gasping on the bleak shingle, knew himself a creature of the ocean and the shoal.

In his solitude he said, “I blame myself.” An accusation that seldom rings entirely true. If Christian placed blame elsewhere, then it was, curiously enough, on literature. He blamed—but that was not the word—the promptings and colorings of language, that put sights in his eyes and sentiments in his heart. He felt himself importuned by echoes that preceded utterance, betrayed by metaphors and exaltations that, acquired young, could never be eradicated.

Literature was a good servant but a bad master.

In the pool, Cordelia Ware sat straight at her long-carriage Underwood, though not in a gym-class way. Budgetary figures were being prepared: the machines hurtled violently from point to tabulated point like shuttles in a textile factory. She no longer bent intently to the page, and, relieved of that anxiety, had grown



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proficient. The supervisor told her, "There you are. The experience has done you good."

There was no window. She looked at the wall where a window might have been.

All of this Christian somehow and reluctantly knew. His time was not his own. Africa was tuning up: unpromising sounds rose from roofs of corrugated iron, and even from the Plexiglas civic centers where it had been hoped that air-conditioning would lead to compromise. The situation was deteriorating.

He contrived to meet Cordelia Ware at lunchtime during the second week, in a pub rather far from the office. Although he was prompt, she was already there when he came; and if she had had the sense she was born with would not have looked so hangdog. The weather had changed. The very mornings were now crepuscular. Everywhere there were signals of autumn, even of winter: dark afternoons, spirals of petals and blown leaves, and the miners threatening strike.

Christian put the newspaper in his raincoat pocket and sat beside Cordelia Ware. "The whole world," *he* cautioned her, "is going up in smoke." If only this would give her a sense of proportion. If only the tinderbox condition of the globe would obscure, minimize, or even make irrelevant his own dilemma.

"It will be a bitter winter," he announced; and she looked, looked. "If the miners go out." He could not now say whether that stare was steadfast or implacable—neither being entirely desirable. "No one can deny, of course, that a miner's life is intolerable." If we lose our humanity.

She said, "People are on their side. There is that." Tepid shandies were handed over the counter, and he paid. "I mean, they are heroes. What with the risk and the pit. We all know it is frightful. In an office there is not even that."

He did not like this. "Aren't you dramatizing?"

She leant back against the Edwardian effect of quilted plastic leather, her head frankly reclining. A young man at the bar looked at her white throat. Christian put his hand on hers, on her knee beneath the table. Forgive me, Cordelia; and you have some cause. Her eyes at once met his: no cause, no cause. He did not understand his own irresolution—wanting now this, now that. Still less could he see why *vacillation should seem at present his only* virtue.

He had handled it badly from the word go. And if that word have not quite kil'd thee.

In books and films The Girl brought matters to a head. *We must not meet again; this is goodbye, Mr.* Christian. Like most banality, the formula was now seen to originate in fundamentals. Cordelia Ware was evidently not about to avail herself of her unbearable and commendable prerogative.

She took up a parched sandwich whose lifting corners bared a scaled sardine. She left the tough crusts with the half-gherkin on her plate. When they went out the man at the bar looked at her openly, tenderly, ignoring Christian's claim or seeing through it.

In the street Christian said, "You had an admirer in there." He did not mean himself.

"Yes."

Having drawn the man to her attention, he was displeased to find she had seen him. In no time obviously she will take up with someone else. You iron your hair, you nickname God's creatures, go thy ways.

In the taxi she sat straight in a corner with her fingers laced on her knee. So many fingers—there must have been the right number, but it seemed a veritable lattice of fingers, fingers. Beside her the window was pitted with sudden rain. The cab darkened. She was almost facing him from her corner, her hair the only bright thing and her eyes the color of rain.

The window clouded like a spoilt mirror. Christian said, "My word, it's close." He was wondering how to make his necessary separate exit from the cab in the sudden downfall; or downpour. He was wondering if after all he did not love this incomparable girl.

When she got back to the pool, the supervisor was saying, "There are not enough long carriages to go round." They might have been preparing for a state procession. Scrolls of lined paper were distributed like proclamations: "If you roll it in reverse it goes flat."

Cordelia Ware sat before her long-carriage typewriter with head bowed, as if saying Grace.

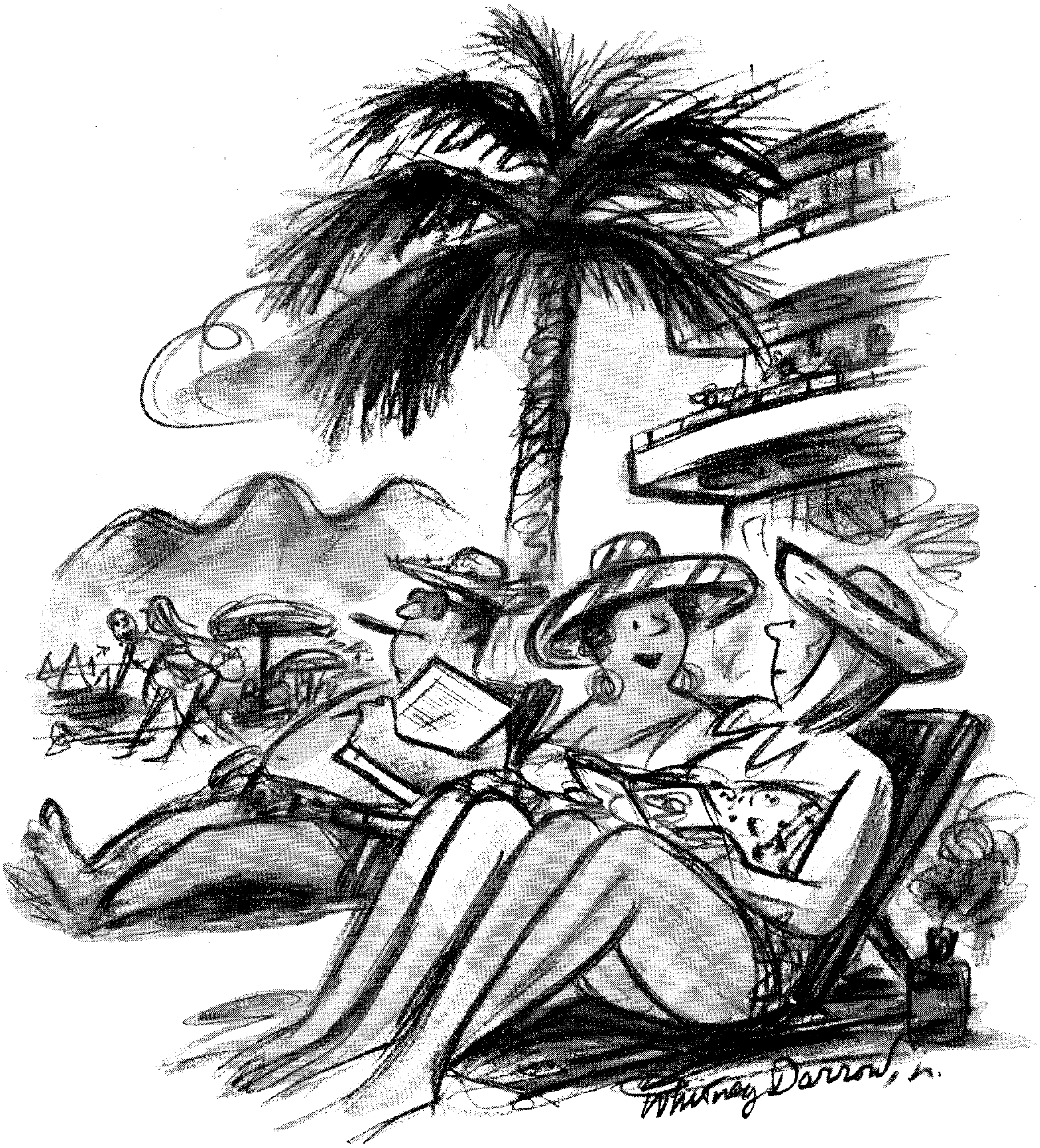
Christian, coming out of a discreetly later lift, looked about him with alertly upward head, like a hound that has lost the scent. From the region of the pool there came the sound of typewriters ticking in measured desperation, like last messages from the bridge. He remembered her bitter speech: the risk and the pit.

"Back to the salt mines." It was Elphinstone, himself late from a root-canal job. They loitered. The news was ominous. Could not have come at a worse time either, what with Barger still on Mykonos and Talbot-Sims on antibiotics. Elphinstone had the latest about the Secretary of State.

"Dropped a brick and lost his marbles. The Emperor Augustus, what?" Reaching the end of a corridor, they wheeled and walked slowly back, like a palace guard. "I happened to have the opportunity of observing him at close quarters." Elphinstone had once briefly sat in the front seat of a car in which Cabinet members were rear passengers. "There is, quite frankly, no discretion. None whatever."

They were at Christian's door; yet Elphinstone detained, Elphinstone deplored. There was earnestness in it. "Take it from me, Thrale. I cannot claim to have achieved much in my life. I must say. But whatever I have achieved has been by observing the rules. We cannot be too scrupulous."

Whether these words were intended for Christian was debatable. The debate engaged him throughout that afternoon. Culpability, unfelt for Grace or Cordelia, was, in regard to the office, deeply stirred. And what of the rising cake of Christian Thrale? Perhaps Armand meant well, no friend like an old friend, a word to the wise. A stitch in time. Or was worse to follow?—Christian literally on the carpet, called into a room quiet with authority, a door closing, a chief



"Ed and his yellow legal pad are virtually inseparable."

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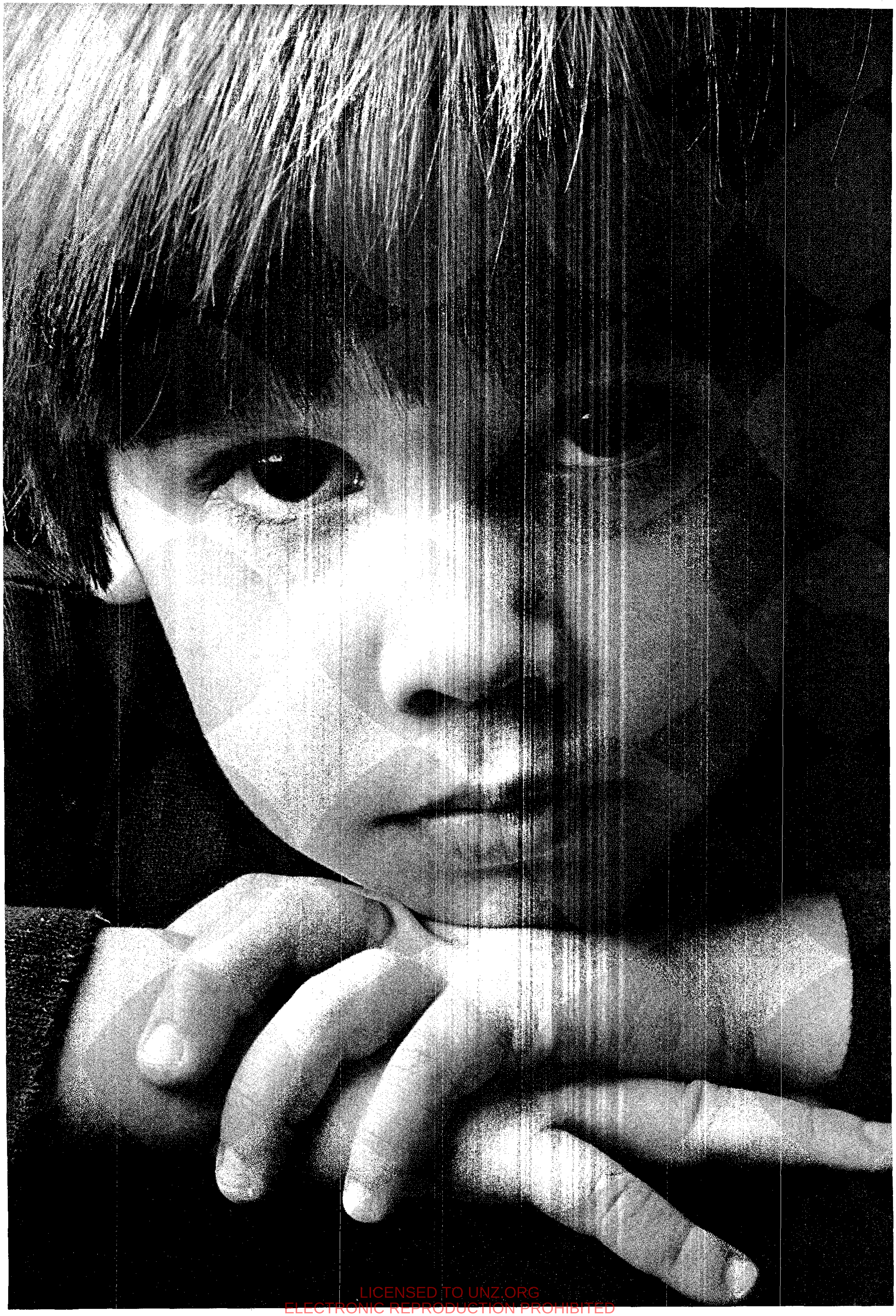

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Every day, a million people living in a typical American city generate approximately 500,000 tons of wastewater.

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Letters of recommendation from France

saying, "Your private life, Thrale, is of course your own business," and meaning of course it was not.

> And they cross'd themselves for fear,
> All the knights at Camelot.

But he was letting imagination run away with him. Run, in fact, riot.

Reasonable speculations commuted madly, repudiated at the frontiers of belief. The most innocuous appointment became a summons to social and professional doom. He completed the day's tasks with attention wrackingly divided. Hanging like a dead weight from a strap in the Underground, he thought, This cannot go on; I am behaving like—well, like Raskolnikov.

The risk and the pit. That evening he was distraught, though he did not show it, throughout a benefit performance for which Grace had bought expensive tickets months beforehand.

NEXT morning there was an appalling development: Cordelia Ware appeared in his office. She stood in the doorway—he later fancied she had leant against the lintel, but this grotesque embellishment merely reflected the dread the incident inspired. (He imagined, too, for example, that her look had been challenging; whereas at the time its most awful element had been abjection.)

Through a stroke of immense good fortune, Miss Mellish was not in sight. Christian got up from his desk—and it seemed that year he was ever sinking down or rising up at that desk, as if at some anchorage or place of prayer. "Cordelia," he said urgently, coming over to prevent her approach, "I cannot possibly. This is not the place for. The last thing either of us wants is."

It was hideous. From her expression, she might have done anything: wailed, wept, made havoc of his draft report. He took her elbow—the sensation charged with almost clinical impersonality, as if she had been a patient in a hospital—and steered her for departure. Her very submissiveness alarmed. He was talking, talking: "We mustn't lose our. Let things get out of. This serves no useful. Cordelia do be." She had not said a word.

She went. The terrible receded, with labored breaths, into the highly regrettable. A time and place for everything. She does not know her place. The position had already been filled.

Under existing conditions there was in fact no time or place for Cordelia Ware.

The girl was obviously neurotic. All things considered he could congratulate himself on a narrow squeak. There was no telling what she might or might not. It would be appalling if—but that was out of the question. Only in plays. Ophelia. The awful apparition in his doorway was in retrospect suggestive of a Mad Scene.

Everything in disarray. The trees shredding, the shrubbery tousled with rain; the sails of Dulwich furled and the wind whistling in the shrouds. It was time to call a halt, there and then. With some difficulty, Christian arranged to meet Cordelia Ware after work. He telephoned Grace, blaming Africa. Rising, at six, from the launching pad of his desk, he could only remind himself, like a child, that at this time tomorrow it would all be over.

To make a long story short—which was the way Christian put it to himself in later years, in the synopsis of remembrance—he made himself clear, once and for all. There was nothing for it but the clean break. It was, as he told her, the hardest thing he had ever had to do. I blame myself. If I have hurt you, Cordelia. IF, she said; and in such a voice. If, as I say, I have hurt you. Harrowing. He had never seen anyone cry in a restaurant—not even at another table. It was bizarre to think he had originally been attracted by her reserve.

He said, "I think I have learnt my lesson."

She leaned her elbow on the table and her brow on her hand. Strands of hair stuck along her cheek, and trailed over her ear. In his heart, as the unconscious used to be called, he knew he had asked for this; but loathed every second of it.

Thank God he did not have the car. He took her to the train. Inevitably they had just missed one. People glanced in their direction, and away. She said, "Please go. Please go." But he stuck it out to the bitter end. He had been young once himself, and felt her suffering as if it were his own. After all, he was not made of wood.

There is no question here of defending his conduct, which was inexcusable from beginning to end. If, however, he had not felt a colossal release when that train at last pulled out, he would scarcely have been human.

—SHIRLEY HAZZARD

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Several outstanding houses nearing completion for quick possession. Priced in Mid 30's, with ALL the enmities.—*Adv. in the Columbia (Mo.) Missourian.*

Including a couple you never heard of.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Inseparables

PIETRO GERMI showed us, time and again, and particularly in "Divorce—Italian Style," how good he was on marriage. He examined, with proper Italian ceremoniousness, the fact that married couples can live through identical situations and interpret them quite differently right under each other's nose—one of the most ancient jokes in literature. A lot of the comedy of "Lysistrata" depends on the fact that the wives in it regard their bodies politically, while the husbands insist on recalling them physically.

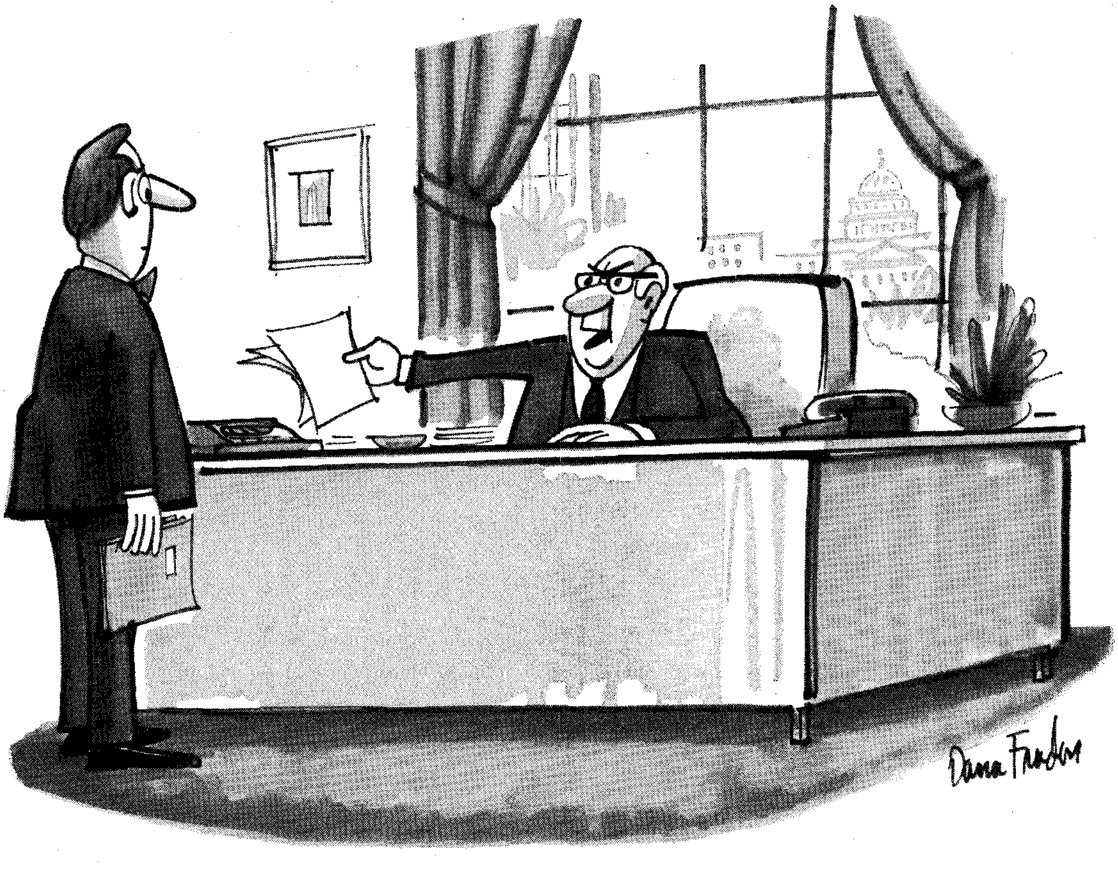
From marriages to friendship. "My Friends" begins with a poached-egg-eyed crime reporter (Philippe Noiret), famous to his readers as Perozzi but known to his cronies as Giorgio. We see him leaving his newspaper office in the early hours of the morning. It is the time of day when he doesn't want to be alone. He drives an insect-size car. Outside his house is an undoubtedly more posh car covered by a tarpaulin. His son's. Perozzi despises that kind of caution. He mutters to himself, with some melancholy, that only *his* son would do such a thing. To hell with parental pride. You could become a vegetarian, thinking about the flesh of your flesh. He goes to an all-night bar, cheerily handing out his own newspaper to whores there as if he were a paper boy, and downs a quick Fernet-Branca. He declines to let himself take his job solemnly, because that would belittle his seriousness about it. The same thing is true of his feelings about his three chums, who go to make up a quartet aged in cask. Giorgio drinks with the earnestness that he brings to camaraderie, billiards, and his friends' failings.

When the four link up, they get into trouble, because one of them, a sex-besotted man called Necchi (Duilio Del Prete), keeps the others waiting by staying in bed with his beloved. The three below are patient: everyone has his idiosyncrasy. When they honk the horn of their little car, a policeman objects in an irritable military fashion; the friends, no cowards, demonstrate carefully and noisily that this is a very sensitive horn, no ordinary horn, capable of cacophony at the mere brush of an elbow. They speak as one. They went to school together, got drafted together, these three and the erotic one upstairs. They act in concert.

They also sing in concert: opera in the grand style. After a night of heroic singing and rhetorical driving, they have to go to hospital in concert. Though much bloodied, they carry with them into the ward their usual chaotic humor, singing full voice in plaster casts and bandages. A nursing nun yells at them in the same operatic spirit to shut up. A Dr. Sassaroli (played by Adolfo Celi) severely tests the cholesterol level of the most drunken of the *pagliacci:* Giorgio, who has been swigging booze in bed as if it were purified water. No pain alloys the good humor of the quartet, who arrived at the hospital considerably wounded but asked politely for a room for four, as if in a hotel. On behalf of Melandri (Gastone Moschin)—the most woman-crazed—his ally, Count Mascetti (Ugo Tognazzi), staggers to a telephone, his right leg in a cast, and murmurs what amounts to the Song of Solomon over the hospital telephone to the beauty Melandri worships at the moment. Then one of the quartet, egged on by the rest, scrawls large and rashly ineradicable roundish shapes on the hospital ceiling with a long paintbrush. His friends tell him sternly that the shapes are ovals. He is no Giotto.

Out of hospital—from which Melandri has already escaped to a restaurant for a lovers' date that arouses some alarm in the adored object, since his bandages make him look as though he had risen from the tomb of a very mummified Pharaoh—love takes Melandri to bargain with Dr. Sassaroli for his wife. The doctor explains carefully over a desk that this will mean a chain reaction. The inquirer loves Sassaroli's wife. His wife loves her dog, which is large and bushy. She also loves her children, who love the dog, and they love the governess. Elopement can take a multitudinous form.

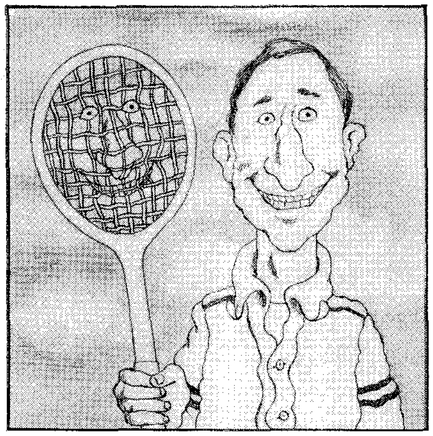
There is a blitheness to this film that is peculiarly Germi's. He wrote it with three aides, planned it in great detail, and shot a week of it before his death, in December, 1974. Mario Monicelli took over the direction in Germi's spirit. That act in itself and the way Monicelli has preserved the fun and vivacity of the film seem movingly close to the picture's theme. "My Friends" is one of the most beguiling legends possible about intimacy, a hymn to boon nights, a metaphor for a happiness that it seems impossible for anything to flaw. But Gior-



"Damn it, Robinson! You call this a plan of action worthy of a great people?"

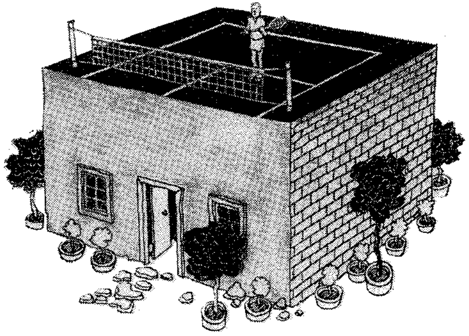
A COMPATIBILITY TEST FOR YOU AND YOUR TENNIS RACKET.

BY ARTHUR ASHE



It has often been said that your racket is an extension of your arm. But that means it's also an extension of you. So your racket should suit you in more ways than size and weight. Just as importantly, it should fit your playing personality.

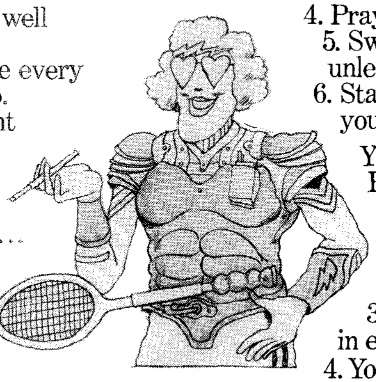
And here's a simple test to help you find out what that is. Just circle the number next to each answer that applies to you the most.



YOU PREFER AN OPPONENT WHO…
1. Is a ball machine.
2. Can give you a few pointers.
3. You can give a few pointers to.
4. Is of equal ability so strategy counts.
5. You can psychologically clobber.

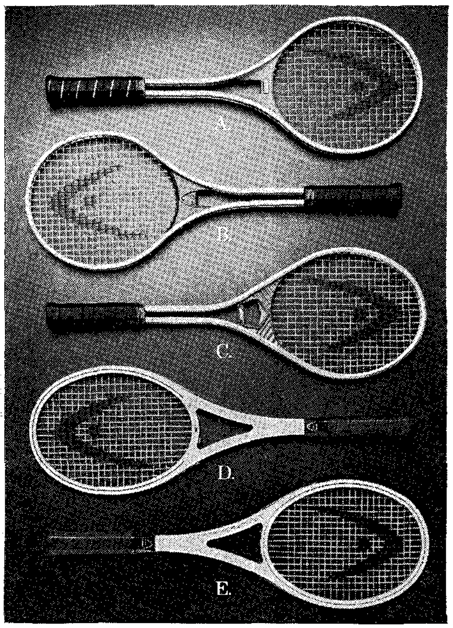
FOR YOU, THE BEST METHOD OF GETTING COURT TIME IS…
1. To be the first one at the park.
2. Making friends with members of a tennis club.
3. Scheduling time well in advance.
4. Having a set time every week at your club.
5. Letting your agent handle it.

WHEN PLAYING TENNIS YOU USUALLY WEAR…
1. Cut-offs.
2. Whites.
3. Pastels.
4. Primary colors and stripes.
5. Designer tennis wear.



YOU'VE ENTERED A TOURNAMENT AND DRAWN A PLAYER YOU KNOW IS BETTER. YOU…
1. Feign illness and drop out.
2. Get it over with as quickly as possible.
3. Try to make super shots and outslug him.
4. Study him in advance and develop a game plan based on his weaknesses.
5. Don't know anybody better than you.

UPON SEEING YOUR FIRST SERVE YOUR OPPONENT GENERALLY HAS A LOOK OF…
1. Pity
2. Joy
3. Confidence
4. Relief
5. Resignation
6. Terror



A. HEAD STANDARD B. HEAD MASTER* C. HEAD PROFESSIONAL* D. HEAD ARTHUR ASHE COMPETITION 1* E. HEAD ARTHUR ASHE COMPETITION 2*
*SOLD UNSTRUNG.

YOUR OPPONENT HITS A TOP SPIN LOB. YOU…
1. Think he made a mistake.
2. Watch it go over your head in amazement.
3. Start complimenting him on a great shot.
4. Pray it goes out.
5. Swear never to go to the net again unless it's a pressing shot.
6. Start running and don't stop until you reach the base line.

YOUR CURRENT TENNIS RACKET IS ONE…
1. You dug out of the basement or won at a raffle.
2. Your friends recommended.
3. You carefully researched in every magazine you could find.
4. Your pro recommended.
5. You helped design and endorse.

TOTAL OF NUMBERS CIRCLED.

7-13 Chances are your tennis personality is just emerging. And to help develop it, I'd start you out with a Head Standard. It's more forgiving, and its round head shape gives it a larger hitting surface than our competition models. So it offers the control a beginner needs.

14-23 It seems you're feeling the thrill of being well on your way. But you are still basically conservative. So I'd recommend the Head Master. It has many of the same construction benefits for control and durability as the Standard. But the Master has a stiffer flex for the added power you're probably ready for.

24-28 You are competitive, and consistently above average. You're the advanced player it takes to use the Head Professional or "Red Head" effectively. The Pro has an elliptical head shape which elongates its "sweet spot." And because the Pro is rigid, it's exceptionally powerful when you hit that sweet spot.

29-37 You're probably very aggressive, individualistic, and demand "the best." The Head Ashe Comp 1 and 2 are for players like you. The Ashe Competition rackets are "composites" designed to give some of the playing qualities of wood, with the durability, quickness and consistency of metal. They both have teardrop shaped heads and are quite firm, for additional power. But their broad open throats give less wobble and more control on off center hits than traditionally designed rackets.

Of course, the final test to find the racket that suits your personality is to pick up a variety of rackets. If a racket feels right, chances are it is. And I know you'll find a Head racket that passes the test.

AMF Head

We planned it that way.
HEAD

BONWIT TELLER

Going your way

Our anytime, anyplace, anywhere shirt dressing. A seasonless skim of rose or black DuPont Qiana® nylon. So luxurious you'd never suspect it's practical. With yoked shoulder and back, and matching scarf. By Judith Luscher for Schrader Sport, for 6 to 16 sizes, 38.00 (in Beverly Hills, 40.00) Add 1.35 outside delivery area and sales tax where applicable. Sports Dresses, Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York and all Bonwit stores

gio dies. It is a death that one feels to be as unsuited to his nature as Falstaff's to his. Giorgio has been called a nobody: that gypsy, that boozer. But why should one have to be a somebody, asks the film. In the context of the greatly talented Germi's death and Monicelli's response to his distinct, tonic voice, the question becomes a piercingly apt and compassionate one.

A WHILE ago, there was a horror film called "Willard," about a rat that was supposed to induce horror but was actually rather appealing. Now there is Bert I. Gordon's "The Food of the Gods," which is also very largely about rats, and about very large rats. It is based on H. G. Wells' warning sci-fi novel, and its driving idea is kin to the powerful one of the "Drink Me" potion in Lewis Carroll, with much of Wells' atheism added, and much of his striking foresight about pollution.

The movie starts in a football stadium. Voice-over: "It would be great to get out into the wide empty spaces." Then wide empty spaces. We are on an island somewhere off the North American mainland. Two of the football players have fled there. One dies after being stung by giant wasps. These giant wasps set the theme. Their growth has been exaggerated by a substance that has seeped up from the soil. Some of it has now been stored in bottles, labelled "F.O.T.G.," by a farmer. He has no idea of the danger of the material he is handling.

A man of puny intent, the farmer has been to a big-business corporation with his bottles of F.O.T.G., prowling after giant profits for his giant-producing formula. Then a giant cockerel has a sort of medieval tournament with the hero of the picture, who is the undead one of the football players, a rather weak Hercules called Morgan (Marjoe Gortner, once a young evangelist).

A pregnant woman called Rita (Belinda Balaski) and her friend Thomas (Tom Stovall) try to flag down a passing car. The car holds a businessman named Bensington (Ralph Meeker), who works for the company that the farmer went to see, and the company's woman biologist, Lorna (Pamela Franklin). They have a row in the old style. Woman: "I think you're the most selfish man I know." Man: "So why do you work for me?" Then she says with dignity, "Jobs for lady biologists are not easy to find."

Giant rats appear. They are the size of Great Danes, with intestinal-looking yards of pink tail. The farmer's wife thinks that she and her husband have sinned against nature by dabbling in the possibilities of F.O.T.G. At this godless crisis for life on earth, they fall back on ancient pleas to the Divinity. One fears for the pregnant Rita. The rats weigh a hundred and fifty pounds each. They are a lot more interesting than the trailer couple's discussion of marriage, which the couple think would spoil their relationship: "The Food of the Gods" is a horror film full of such commonplace modernisms. How bearable we find this aspect of it will depend on how many seminars and articles we have lately been exposed to that have been called "Whither?" And how horrifying we find the film will depend on how we feel about rats, God, and pregnant women. Children will not exult in the size of the animals, their preference being for small things like kittens and cockroaches. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

• •

PERIOD PIECE

Whatever number she plays, she of the gray,
The gathered silk, and that he listens to,

He of the scarlet of the Guards, they endure
A tightening in the throat, such as a lock

Endures, knowing a key among its wards;
Outlandish innocents! even now rehearsing,

Before the mirrors their images caress,
Such thoughts as echoes have already spoken

On a stage in a play no one ever came to,
Except our parents (her seamstress and his tailor),

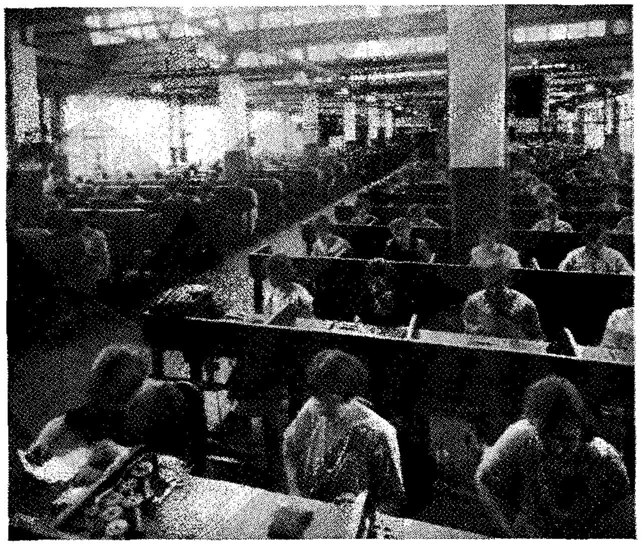
Who came to know, though unknown to each other,
The dullness of the needle, the end of the thread.

—HENRI COULETTE

One of a series of reports on the first hundred years of the telephone.

Why the cost of telephone service has gone up less than the cost of almost anything else.

In the late 1920's, in a Chicago factory, the history of industrial relations reached a turning point. The plant, the Hawthorne Works of the Western Electric Company, made telephones and telephone equipment for the Bell System. And in 1927 its managers had a puzzle.



The Hawthorne Works of the Western Electric Company, scene of what one economist called "the most exciting and important study of factory workers ever made."

For more than two years the company had been studying plant lighting and its relation to efficiency. (It was the era of the "efficiency expert" and "scientific management.") Increases in illumination were followed by increases in production, as expected. But decreases in light levels were also followed by increases in production. Two young women even maintained good production under light no brighter than moonlight.

It became clear that light had only a minor effect, and that there were many other variables to be identified. To solve the puzzle, the company undertook a further study, carried on jointly with the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration. The researchers selected a group of six competent, experienced women, explained what they were trying to do, and requested their cooperation. Over a period of twenty-six months, the researchers added rest periods and snacks to the group's work schedule, shortened the work day, and then returned to the original schedule. The group showed an almost unbroken rise in average hourly production and also in total weekly production, even when the week was five hours shorter than at the start. At the end, their production was 30 percent above the beginning level.

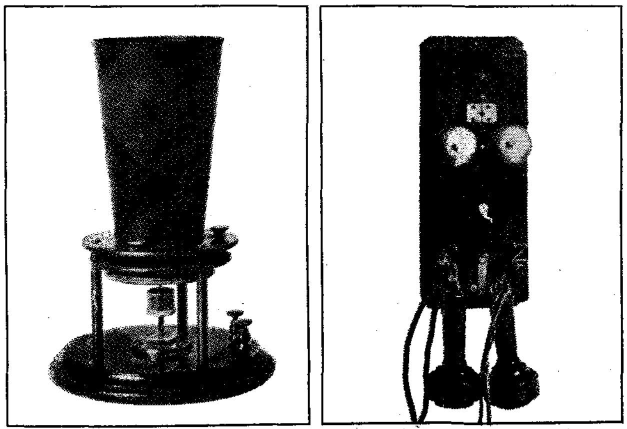
The Hawthorne Experiments made it clear that the "scientific management" theory of the day relied too heavily on methods borrowed from the physical sciences. Two major conclusions are widely accepted now, but then their application to factory work was new:

> People work better when they feel they are part of a team.
>
> People work better when they feel what they are doing is important.

Today most businesses are aware of "group dynamics" and "job enrichment." But the lessons of Hawthorne have shaped policy for many years, not just in Western Electric factories but in all parts of the Bell System. And the Bell System is still a leader in the exploration of factors affecting industrial productivity.

The prices of most telephone equipment made by Western Electric currently average 20 percent below the prices of other suppliers. Why?

New products for the Bell System are usually designed at Bell Laboratories, the research and development arm of the System. Bell Labs also sets quality standards. But at an early stage manufacturing engineers from Western Electric sit down with the designers and look for ways to save. All companies know that's the best time to cut costs; in the Bell System, that knowledge guides practice. The search for reduced costs continues after production begins. Every aspect of manufacturing is under constant reexamination. Western Electric's engineering cost reductions alone totaled $198 million in first-year savings in 1975.


An early improvement in Bell's 1876 laboratory model phone was the addition of a bell.

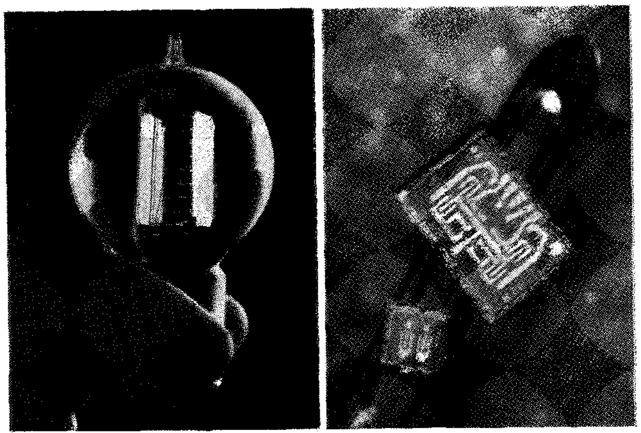
Yet none of these achievements would take place unless the people involved were convinced that it is important to produce good telephones at low cost. Phillip S. Babb of McKinsey and Co., management consultants, made this analysis in an interview published in the journal *International Management:*

> Western Electric has succeeded in making cost-cutting a central part of the ethos, the value system, by which their people live. Driving costs down—with retained high quality—is what they spend their working lives at. It is what they take their pride in. It is their way to the corporate top.

To put it another way, the business of the Bell System is providing good telephone service at reasonable cost; Western Electric's activities are directed toward that service goal, rather than toward simply making products.

That service goal characterizes all parts of the Bell System, including the twenty-three regional operating companies and the Long Lines Department. All the parts work closely together to achieve that goal, and all benefit as a result. The operating companies provide telephone service and report, through AT&T, to Bell Labs and Western Electric their needs and the needs of telephone users. Bell Labs and Western Electric design and manufacture equipment to meet known needs as well as the best estimates of expected needs. And the local companies are assured of having the products customers want. To use the vocabulary of the economist, vertical integration with organizational feedback enhances productivity throughout the Bell System.

Touche, Ross & Co., acting as consultants for the staff of the Federal Communications Commission, made a study of how this corporate structure affects costs for telephone service. According to their report, written in 1974:



Western Electric's first commercially successful vacuum tube (left) was used in 1915 in the amplifiers that made possible the first transcontinental telephone call. Solid-state electronics, begun at Bell Labs, makes it possible for tiny integrated circuits (right) to do the work of many vacuum tubes.

Western Electric's efficient performance has resulted in lower costs than otherwise would have been incurred. Because of Western's pricing policies and practices, these lower costs have not increased profits, but have been passed on to operating companies in the form of lower prices....The effect of the interrelationship between Bell and Western Electric is to operate Western, not as a manufacturing concern, but as an integral part of a vertically integrated communications firm. These interrelationships result in a favorable impact upon Western's costs, prices and service to operating companies.

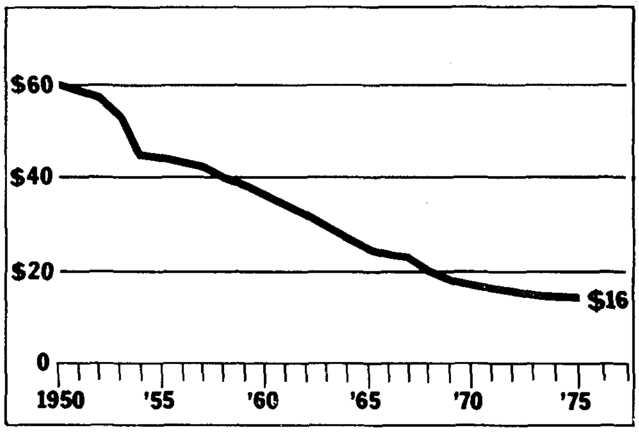
Another major factor affecting productivity is investment in new technology—in research and development. Bell Laboratories is recognized worldwide as one of the leading development and research institutions anywhere. The achievements of Bell Labs people have won two Nobel prizes, one for the demonstration of the wave nature of matter, and the other for the invention of the transistor.

The search for new and better technology has always been a part of the telephone industry. On March 10, 1876, Alexander Graham Bell and Thomas A. Watson achieved that famous first telephone message, "Mr. Watson, come here. I want to see you." At once they began to improve the instrument, and make it more usable. The goal, then as now, was to provide good telephone service at a price almost every American could afford.

The effect of research and engineering on costs can be seen most readily by considering how it has changed methods of transmitting calls. Bell Labs scientists found ways to send many conversations simultaneously through a pair of wires, and later through coaxial cables. They incorporated microwave radio into transmission systems for long distance calls.

In just the last quarter century, such improvements have reduced the average cost per circuit mile of the Bell System nationwide long distance network from $60 to $16. (See graph.) The cost of the newest coaxial cable system is less than $2 per circuit mile.

Average cost per circuit mile of interstate transmission facilities.



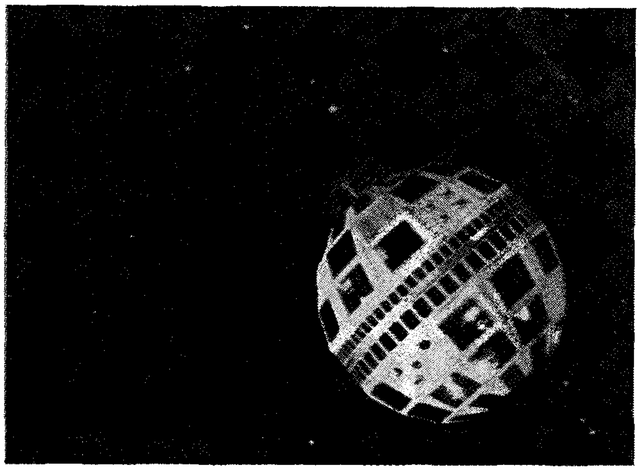
But Bell engineers are not satisfied. Already they are preparing the technology for even greater economies and capacities when call volumes reach a level to justify using it. The new Comstar domestic satellite—being used jointly by the Bell System and GTE Satellite Corporation—in addition to standard communications traffic will beam experimental signals to an extraordinarily precise antenna so that Bell Laboratories scientists can investigate super-high frequencies that could provide increased satellite capacity in the future. And new systems, using millimeter waveguides or laser light and glass fibers, are expected to reduce transmission costs and add new capacity also.

Another simple way to measure how technology improves productivity is to look at the number of Bell System people required to serve each 10,000 telephones. In 1925 it took 246. In 1958 it took 148. Today it takes 65.

Finally, the Bell System seeks to improve productivity by improving the methods used to manage the telephone business. For instance, the teamwork of Western Electric and Bell Labs people was cited earlier. To facilitate their interaction, some Bell Labs people work adjacent to Western Electric plants. A significant reduction has resulted in the time required to get a new design from drawing board to actual production.

The Bell System is placing greater emphasis on computerized information retrieval for the mountain of data connected with serving 118.5 million telephones. It is moving toward a standardized format for recording and storing data, to make more efficient use of computers.

The Bell System is placing greater emphasis on new methods of employee training, on the restructuring of jobs, and on efforts to build more responsibility, challenge and satisfaction into jobs at all levels. Experience to date indicates that these changes help people do a better job, reduce employee turnover, and consequently improve productivity as well.



The Bell Systems's Telstar® satellite demonstrated the feasibility of using space satellites for communications.

That is exactly the result one would expect, on the basis of the 1927 Hawthorne findings. The Bell System has changed a lot since 1927. But it still emphasizes people, research, manufacturing efficiency and an organizational structure that fosters teamwork.

Data issued by the federal Bureau of Labor Statistics show that overall the productivity of the telephone industry has increased 50% since 1965. That is two-and-a-half times the productivity increase of the United States economy as a whole.

In that same decade, the cost of living rose 75%. Telephone rates for local service went up only 40%. And interstate long distance rates went up about 4%. Now 95% of all American homes have telephones.

One Bell System. It works.

Bell System

A REPORTER AT LARGE

HANDGUNS

At a little before nine o'clock on the evening of April 16, 1974, a station wagon pulled up in front of a small apartment house on a quiet residential street in San Francisco. The occupants of the station wagon were two white men in their early twenties. One was Nelson T. Shields IV, a native of Delaware, who was in the area to spend a few days visiting friends before going back East to reënter college after having dropped out a year before. The other man was Jonathan May, whom Shields had met a couple of days earlier through the friends he was visiting and had also become friendly with—chiefly because he and May were both avid and expert lacrosse players. The two men had just finished coaching a group of boys in the game and had been heading for May's apartment when he remembered that he had promised to stop off to pick up a rug he had bought from an acquaintance. May, who was driving, parked and went into the building to get the rug, and Shields walked around to the back of the station wagon, opened the rear door, and began rearranging the litter of lacrosse equipment there to make room for the rug. Suddenly three shots were fired at close range into Shields' back, and he collapsed on the street. May heard the shots and hurried out of the building to see what had happened. Shields was dead. There were no witnesses to the crime, but the police ballistics division reported that the bullets that killed Shields had been fired from a .32-calibre pistol that had been used in several other apparently random murders and attempted murders of white people by a small group of black men—known by the police code name Zebra—who had been carrying on a campaign of racial terrorism in San Francisco for five months. Shields' death brought the toll attributed to the Zebra gang to seven people wounded and fourteen people killed. As it turned out, Shields was the last Zebra victim.

Shields' father, Nelson T. Shields III, who was a marketing manager in the consumer-products division at E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company, in Wilmington, Delaware, flew out the next day to pick up his son's body. "Somehow the press got the idea that I was a vice-president of du Pont, and gave me a big play," he said recently. "I agreed to speak at a press conference, and the reporters there all seemed surprised that I was the only relative of a Zebra victim who didn't want vengeance, who didn't say, 'I'm going to get a gun and go find and kill the men who murdered my loved one.' I didn't feel that way at all. I was just full of sorrow and full of wonderment over how such a thing could have happened. When I got back to Wilmington, I had to face what I was going to do—go back to work and go to the same old cocktail parties and try to forget? But my boy's death made me wonder if I could do something to stop this from happening to somebody else's kid. 'Could I do something to help my society be better?' I asked myself. I'd never even thought of such a thing before. My friends felt that I was acting too emotionally, even though understandably, and they kept telling me to cool it. So I went back to work, but I spent all my spare time for a year reading up on guns and gun laws and gun-control proposals of all kinds. I kept asking myself during that year, 'What can be done? What can *I* do?' Much later on, I heard about a young man who had lived in Chicago and had been held up there one night in 1973 by a man with a gun. Well, *this* victim wasn't going to take it. Soon afterward, he moved to Washington, D.C., and one of the first things he did was try to join a national handgun-control organization. To his amazement, he found that despite all the havoc and grief created by handguns in this country, there wasn't a single national handgun-control lobby trying to do anything about it. Anyway, he and a few friends organized and incorporated the National Council to Control Handguns, in January, 1974. They spent months after that knocking on doors, trying to get operating funds and members to support a national gun-control lobby. By November, they had drummed up enough support and collected enough money to open a small office in Washington. Late that year, I heard about N.C.C.H. and went down to Washington to look into it. I discovered that the director was an old friend of mine—Edward Welles, a retired C.I.A. official, who was doing the job for nothing. He and one low-paid secretary were running the whole operation. I talked to them, and then I took a temporary leave of absence from my job so that I could attend a series of gun-control hearings held by Congressman John Conyers during February, March, and April of 1975. Early in May, I asked du Pont for an indefinite leave, and it became effective early

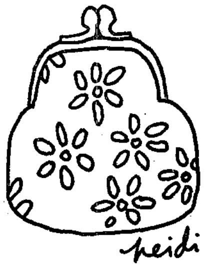
in July. I went to work for N.C.C.H. full time then, and when Welles retired last September, I took over as director. My job is voluntary. I don't get paid by either du Pont or N.C.C.H. I figured that after working hard for twenty-six years and saving carefully, if I couldn't take at least a year off to do this for my son, for myself, for my country, I wasn't much of a man."

NOT long ago, I went down to Washington to talk with Shields about the operation of the National Council to Control Handguns. The outfit's office turned out to be a small, modestly furnished suite of rooms, and Shields turned out to be a gray-haired man of medium height in his early fifties who was wearing horn-rimmed glasses. He greeted me affably, and waved me to a chair in his office while he went off to get us some coffee. A poster on the wall near my chair had a black background and the white outline of an hourglass, in which various kinds of revolvers and automatics were flowing down from a half-filled top into a half-filled bottom. Beside the hourglass were the words "In the eight seconds it takes to read this sentence, another handgun will have been produced in the United States. By the time you finish reading this poster, it will have been sold. Aren't things moving a little too fast?"

When Shields returned with the coffee and sat down behind his desk, I asked him why his organization was concentrating solely on handgun control, rather than on control of all kinds of firearms.

"There are forty to fifty million privately owned handguns in our country today, and of the million violent crimes committed here every year an estimated three hundred thousand are committed with handguns," he answered without hesitation. "The latest figures, for 1974, show that handguns were used in about a hundred thousand aggravated assaults, a hundred and forty-five thousand robberies, a couple of thousand accidental deaths, ten thousand suicides, and eleven thousand murders. To give you a better idea of what the murder figures alone mean, between 1966 and 1972, the peak years of the war in Vietnam, forty-four thousand Americans were killed in battle there. During the same period, fifty-two thousand people were murdered with handguns here at home. Or take the statistics on murders in this country by type of weapon. Five per cent of them were committed with rifles, nine per cent with shotguns, eighteen per cent with knives, seven per cent with things like clubs or pokers or poison, eight per cent with hands or feet, and *fifty-four* per cent with handguns. Are we going to wait until there are eighty million or a hundred million handguns in the United States and a million handgun crimes a year before we do something? We've got to start—now!"

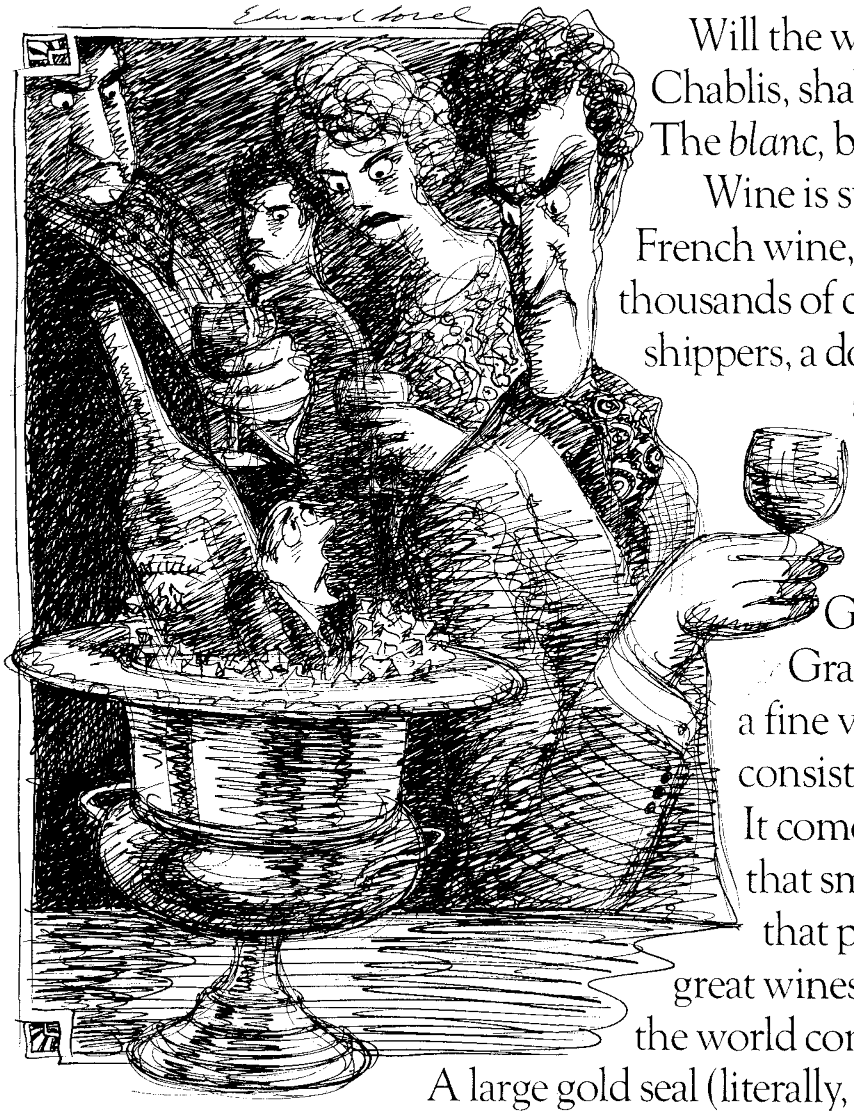
Shields' telephone rang, and after a brief conversation he turned back to me and said, "The total number of deaths by gunfire in this country is greater each year than it is in all the other free nations of the world combined. That's because *they* control guns—above all, handguns—and we don't. For instance, Japan prohibits the private ownership of handguns entirely. In 1971, when the crime rate here was far lower than it is today, there were one hundred and ninety-one times as many gun murders in the United States as there were in Japan." Breaking off while he searched through a stack of papers on his desk, he finally pulled out a sheaf of them and waved it at me. "This is a statement made by Louis Harris, the pollster, in testimony before the Senate Committee on Government Operations last fall," Shields said. "Harris had a poll conducted on guns at his firm's own expense, as a public service, and was testifying about the results. He found that by a majority of seventy-seven per cent to nineteen per cent the American people favor mandatory federal registration of all handguns. What's more"—here Shields paused and raised a forefinger for attention—"gun owners themselves favor mandatory registration of handguns by a margin of sixty-nine per cent to twenty-seven per cent. And *even* handgun owners, when considered separately, favor such controls by a margin of sixty-one to thirty-three per cent. Now, here's Harris's own conclusion based on his poll: 'These results are decisive and beyond any question of whether the American people favor gun control.' And he goes on to say that the American people 'view gun-control legislation as a necessary, critical, and primary first step.' Well, we at N.C.C.H. entirely agree with that conclusion. We don't believe that even the most stringent handgun controls will end violent crime. The causes of crime in this country are too deeply rooted in such complicated problems as our criminal-justice and penal systems, juvenile delinquency, the lack of jobs, and all the social and economic inequities that our society hasn't been able to adjust fairly. But we strongly believe that America simply cannot wait for broad social progress to reduce crime. Action—direct action—has to be taken *now*. And it's possible *now*. Once we sharply reduce the private possession of handguns, violent crimes in this country will start to be cut down dramatically."



Shields expended a long, breathy sigh as if in relief, leaned back in his chair with his hands cupped behind his head, and smiled broadly. "So much for the statistics," he said. "Now for the political realities." I had been about to bring up that subject, because the absence of any meaningful gun laws in this country—despite a dozen years of assassinations and attempted assassinations, riots, and the rapid rise in the nation's crime rate—had led me to wonder if we could ever have effective controls over firearms. The Washington-based National Rifle Association, I knew, was regarded in the capital as having the most powerful lobby in town. Members of Congress, it has often been said, tremble before the N.R.A.'s wrath whenever even the most modest gun-control measure is proposed in either house. I mentioned these factors, and Shields nodded. "We don't have any effective gun laws because of politics, and the only way we can get such laws is through politics," he said. "Since this country's staggering rate of violent crime deeply concerns the public, and since the handgun contributes a very large share to that crime rate, handgun control is a practical, realistic political issue. For instance, Louis Harris has also indicated that any candidate for public office who makes tough gun controls a major campaign issue will win. We believe he's right. So our primary task is to convince lawmakers that they stand to lose more votes by being for guns than they do by being against guns. In order to accomplish *that*, we have to create a coalition out of the great mass of the American people who are for strict gun controls—again, remember, that means between seventy and eighty per cent of *all* adults in this country—and get them to act, to speak out, to write and wire and phone their members of Congress and demand handgun controls. That's the only way we can persuade politicians to support gun controls."

Leaning forward, Shields went on,

Will your chilled wine get a chilly reception?



Will the white be wrong? The Chablis, shabby? The Meursault, so-so? The *blanc*, blankety-blank?

Wine is such a jungle—especially French wine, the best of all. There are thousands of chateaus, hundreds of shippers, a dozen vintage years—perhaps a million different bottles from which to choose... what?

We'd like to suggest Grande Marque White.

Grande Marque White is a fine vintage French wine, consistent from year to year. It comes from Bordeaux, that small part of France that produces more great wines than the rest of the world combined.

A large gold seal (literally, a *grande marque*) on the bottle makes it easy to spot. To ask for it, just say "Grand Mark White" or "Red." The price is right, too.

So, be wary of frostbite on the dog days. Keep your friendships warm. And your Grande Marque chilled.

BOURTHE
GRANDE MARQUE
WHITE BORDEAUX WINE
1972
BORDEAUX
DOURTHE FRÈRES
FRANCE

MUNSON SHAW IMPORTS MS

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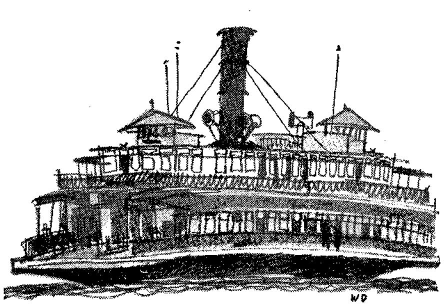
“Our movement has to be basic. It has to come from the grass roots of America. Part of our strategy is to serve as an umbrella organization for the dozen or so handgun lobby groups already in existence around the country. In June, there was a meeting of all state and local handgun-control lobbies, and they voted to set up a national coalition with N.C.C.H. as leader of the movement. We will give them advice and information, and urge their members, in turn, to support us so that we can organize more such groups elsewhere and really get this movement moving. There are also purely educational outfits, not lobbies, that inform the public about the dangers of guns and what can be done about them. We use some of their information, and they are in the process of setting up their own umbrella organization.”

Not long before, I had read in the *Times* that the N.R.A. has over a million members and an annual budget of thirteen million dollars, nearly half of which was said to be spent on direct and indirect lobbying against gun controls throughout the United States. When I asked Shields about N.C.C.H.’s membership and budget, he smiled, leaned back in his chair again, and answered, “Of course, we’ve hardly begun. Since I took over last September, we’ve raised around forty thousand dollars—the first third of it from my friends.” The total raised so far, he continued, had paid for office rent and salaries for an assistant director, a secretary, and a part-time bookkeeper. There were also an unpaid part-time specialist in membership enrollment, together with a fairly large number of other volunteers, including a couple of advertising and public-relations men and fifteen lawyers from various law firms in Washington, who draft gun-control legislative proposals and advise N.C.C.H. on the legislation that is constantly being proposed, opposed, and revised on Capitol Hill. Whatever money is left over after basic expenses, Shields explained, is spent on direct-mail solicitation for support of the organization’s goals and for donations to help it achieve them. “So far this year, we have sent out more than a hundred thousand pieces of mail—mainly soliciting new members,” he said. “Next year, we hope to send out a million pieces of mail, and to continue on that basis, or better, annually. But we have to organize on a professional rather than a purely volunteer foundation if we’re going to be really effective. And we can’t do that—in fact, we can’t do much of anything—without having money up front. That’s what we need—money, money, money.” As for N.C.C.H.’s membership, he told me, there were only four thousand members, while various state gun-control groups had perhaps fifteen thousand members altogether. “But I believe that if we get enough money to put out enough direct mailings, by the end of 1977 we’ll have three hundred thousand to four hundred thousand members,” he added. “Then we can really go to work. We plan to organize these members selectively, with emphasis on the congressional districts that are pivotal in House votes on the gun issue. Our goal is to enroll at least two hundred active workers in each pivotal district, in order to create the nucleus of a campaign organization when it comes time to act directly. At the appropriate time, we’ll select from four to six congressional elections where we can get candidates to commit themselves to vote for handgun-control laws, and then we can measure the depth of voter feeling on the issue. Essentially, it’s the same technique used by the Dirty Dozen Campaign Committee. In the past three congressional elections, the committee has gone directly into the election districts of the twelve incumbents it chooses each year on the basis of their poor voting records on environmental issues. Nineteen of the committee’s thirty-one targets have been defeated. We plan not only to duplicate this effort but to work with that committee and other public-interest committees, which are being set up more and more by groups of citizens across the country. By these means, we believe that we can prove to politicians that handgun control is crucial to any candidate’s election or reëlection.”

A TALL, black-haired man in his mid-twenties came into the office, excused himself for interrupting us, and asked if he could show Shields something in the outer office. Shields introduced him to me as Charles Orasin, assistant director of N.C.C.H., told me that he’d be back in a few minutes, and the two men started out of the room. Then Shields stopped, went back to his desk, and handed me a stack of papers to look through while he was away. Among the papers was a leaflet put out by the Crime and Justice Foundation concerning a drive to put a referendum banning private ownership of handguns on the ballot in Massachusetts for this year’s election. The leaflet mentioned a state pro-gun faction called the Gun Owners Action League, or GOAL, and reported that GOAL had recently called for a boycott of all products made by the Gillette Corporation, because Gillette happened to be one of several corporations that had donated funds to the foundation. The leaflet also included a reprint of an editorial from the *Berkshire Eagle* for March 19, 1976, which stated, in part:



> After the Boston-based company drew the wrath of the state’s Gun Owners Action League for contributing to a research foundation that supports gun controls, a Gillette spokesman stated flatly that the bully-boy tactics of the gun organization would not cause the firm to waver one iota in its support of the Crime and Justice Foundation.... Too often, the targets of the gun lobby have simply knuckled under. Last fall CBS presented a documentary on hunting from which all but one of the expected sponsors were scared off by a threatened boycott of their products. At just about the same time, GOAL decided to try a squeeze play of its own and instructed its members to withhold contributions from Berkshire County churches that endorsed the initiative petition for a statewide ban on handguns. Fortunately, both CBS and the area church council refused to cave in under the pressure.

The material Shields had given me also included a sample map that N.C.C.H. sends out to its members in each state—in this case, a map of New York State, which was broken down into its thirty-nine congressional districts; below the map were lists of the state’s thirty-nine representatives in the House, showing what district they were from and whether they were “for,” “leaning for,” “against,” or had taken “no position” on the latest gun-control bill being considered in the House. The material also contained several anti-handgun appeals put out by another Washington outfit, called the National Coalition to Ban Handguns—one of the educational groups. And finally, I came upon some lists of the various committees being set up by N.C.C.H., among them a Business for Handgun Control Committee (headed by A. R. Marusi, chairman of the board of the Borden company), a Congressional Advisory Committee (headed by Representative Abner Mikva, Democrat of Illinois), a Law Enforcement Advisory Committee (whose members include Robert diGrazia, Police Commissioner of Boston, and Patrick V. Murphy, former Police Commissioner of New York), and an Entertainers-Sportsmen for Handgun Control Committee (with such members as Ellen Burstyn, James Whitmore, Arthur Ashe, and Dave Garroway). Among N.C.C.H.'s numerous sponsors, consultants, and directors I found the anthropologist Margaret Mead, William D. Ruckelshaus (the former Deputy Attorney General who resigned during the Saturday Night Massacre), Cyrus Vance (the former president of the New York City Bar Association and a high official in the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations), Edmund G. Brown, Sr. (former governor of California and chairman of the National Commission on the Reform of Federal Criminal Laws), Dr. Russell Peterson (chairman of the National Advisory Commission on Criminal Justice Standards and Goals), and Dr. Milton Eisenhower (chairman of the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence).

I also found, to my surprise, that N.C.C.H. strongly supported the gun-control bill then being considered in the House—an exceedingly ineffectual measure by any standard and one that seemed certain to be rendered even more ineffectual once the N.R.A. went to work on it. When Shields returned to his office, I brought this up, and he conceded that the present bill was far from what he wanted to see enacted. Even so, he added, N.C.C.H. backed it all the way. "For the first time since 1968—when an even worse gun-control law was passed following the assassinations of Dr. King and Robert Kennedy—there is now a chance for *some* kind of a handgun-control law in this Congress," he explained. "I'm convinced that we have to have federal legislation to build on. We're going to have to take one step at a time, and the first step is necessarily—given the political realities—going to be very modest. Of course, it's true that politicians will then go home and say, 'This is a great law. The problem is solved.' And it's also true that such statements will tend to defuse the gun-control issue for a time. So then we'll have to start working again to strengthen that law, and then again to strengthen the next law, and maybe again and again. Right now, though, we'd be satisfied not with half a loaf but with a slice. Our ultimate goal—total control of handguns in the United States—is going to take

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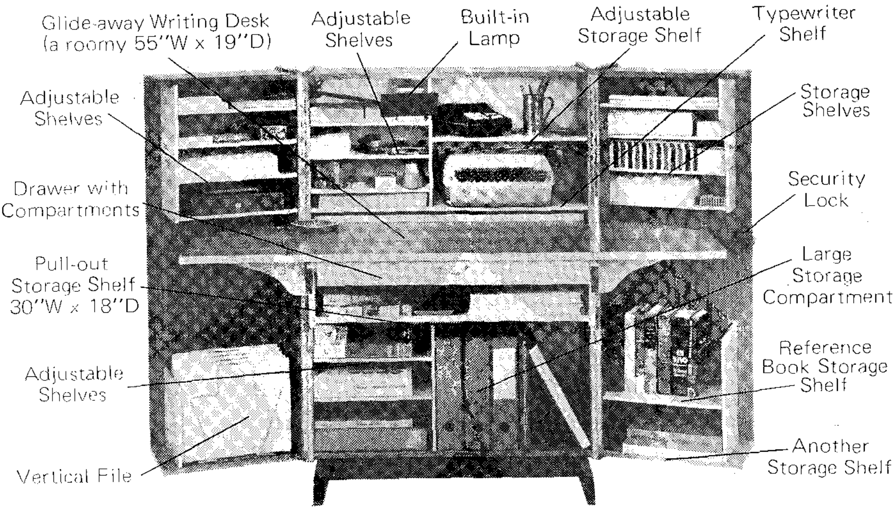

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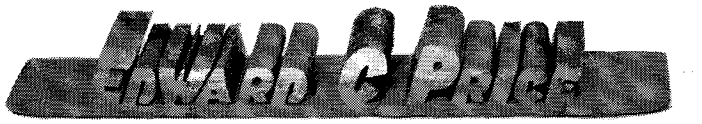

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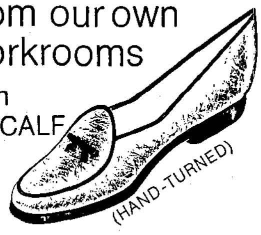

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time. My estimate is from seven to ten years. The first problem is to slow down the increasing number of handguns being produced and sold in this country. The second problem is to get handguns registered. And the final problem is to make the possession of *all* handguns and *all* handgun ammunition—except for the military, policemen, licensed security guards, licensed sporting clubs, and licensed gun collectors—totally illegal."

LIKE just about every other person *in* the country who can read, I said, I was aware of the N.R.A.'s ominous and incessant warnings about how the ultimate aim of gun-control advocates was to disarm the citizenry and thereby leave law-abiding citizens prey to armed marauders, including a Communist army attempting to invade our shores—all in violation of the Second Amendment's guarantee of the "right of the people to keep and bear Arms." Shields laughed, and took up the last point first. "At various times in the past century, federal courts, including the Supreme Court, have said that the Second Amendment was designed to guarantee the states the right to maintain militias, and that any state or the federal government can restrict or prohibit the private ownership of guns. As for our defending ourselves against the Red hordes with pistols, that's just plain silly. Defense is up to the Army, the Navy, and the Air Force—not to ordinary citizens armed with handguns they aren't trained to use and which aren't much good anyhow against targets more than fifty feet away, least of all targets like trained soldiers armed with rifles and machine guns. The pro-gun crowd keeps arguing that people like me want to take *all* guns away from Americans. That's just not true. Sporting rifles and shotguns have their place. But the handgun has no purpose except to kill somebody. While it's true that criminals would still manage to get hold of handguns even if there were strict laws against their possession, the gradual reduction of handguns in general would make it much harder for them to get hold of guns. One of the greatest myths propagated by the N.R.A. is that armed homeowners often scare off or kill intruders, so many people go out and buy handguns to protect themselves. But the element of surprise in most criminal acts makes the victim's gun of little use, and more often than not it is a greater threat to its owner than no weapon at all would be. In a house where there is a gun, residents are four times more likely to be killed by that gun in an accident than by an armed burglar. Another danger is that a large proportion of guns in criminals' hands have come from burglaries of the homes of people who were away at the time, so these guns end up being used in other crimes. What's more, the N.R.A.'s constant talk about 'law-abiding citizens' ignores one overwhelming fact: nearly three-fourths of all murders are committed by people who know their victims, who are relatives or friends or acquaintances. These gun owners were law-abiding until they used their guns, mainly handguns. So if handguns were outlawed, gun accidents along with murders committed in a moment of passion—many of which wouldn't be committed if there weren't a gun handy and the passion had time to subside—would decrease sharply. And once handguns are outlawed, any criminal carrying one could be arrested and imprisoned simply for possession, before he got a chance to use it."

A little later, as I got up to go, I asked Shields if the murderer of his son had ever been found. "Four members of the Zebra gang were arrested, tried, convicted of murder, and sentenced to life in prison," he said. "None of them were charged with my boy's murder, because there hadn't been any witnesses to it, unlike the murders they were convicted for. The police found the gun that killed him—a Beretta automatic that had been used in all the Zebra attacks from January, 1974, on. It was traced back to a kid who had bought it as a lark in 1968. The gun had changed hands several times. It was lost in a poker game, it was sold for some heroin, and, finally, a burglar stole it and sold it to a man in a black self-help center in San Francisco where the four men convicted of the Zebra killings worked. The police tell me they're sure that one of those four killed my son."

Shields accompanied me to the door, and as we shook hands he said, "You know, the N.R.A. has announced that it's going to move its headquarters here out to Colorado. It seems there's too much crime in Washington."

—RICHARD HARRIS

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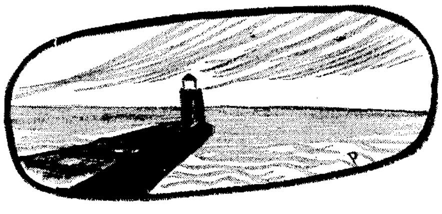
U.S. JOURNAL: SECOND AVENUE

GOLDBERG AS ARTIFACT

I WAS not surprised to hear that the Smithsonian Institution had expressed an interest in the neon sign on Fats Goldberg's pizza parlor. I have always thought of Fats himself as an American artifact, although he is ordinarily regarded as a medical wonder rather than a piece of Americana. What brings doctors around to the pizza parlor occasionally to have a stare at Fats and poke him around a bit is not merely that he once lost some one hundred and sixty pounds—no trivial matter in itself, being a weight equivalent to all of Rocky Graziano in his prime—but that he has succeeded for seventeen years in not gaining it back. Apparently, keeping off a large weight loss is a phenomenon about as common in American medicine as an impoverished dermatologist. Because Fats is now exceptionally skinny, most people call him Larry instead of Fats. (Nobody, as far as I know, has ever called him Mr. Goldberg.) Having known Fats in Kansas City long before he let his Graziano slip away from him, though, I have difficulty thinking of him as anything but a fattie. He has even more difficulty than I do. He is, he cheerfully admits, as obsessed with food now as he ever was. (Fats cheerfully admits everything, which is one reason no one has ever thought of calling him Mr. Goldberg.) Convinced that remaining a stick figure is the only alternative to becoming a second mountain of flesh, Fats has sentenced himself to a permanent diet broken only by semiannual eating binges in Kansas City and a system of treats on Mondays and Thursdays which reminds many New Yorkers of alternate-side-of-the-street parking regulations. It has even occurred to him that being in the pizza game is, as the psychiatrically inclined like to say, no accident, one of his doctors having told him that most of the successfully reformed fatties seem to involve themselves in food-related businesses. Still, Fats is restless being a pizza baron. "You can't schlepp pizzas all your life," he often tells me. He is constantly phoning for my reaction to the schemes he thinks up for new lines of work. His schemes are almost invariably concerned with food and are invariably among the worst ideas in the history of commerce. I have reluctantly come to the conclusion that Fats may be like one of those novelists whom publishers speak of as having only one book in them. Having created the brilliant bi-ethnic concept of Goldberg's Pizzeria, he may now be unable to recognize a good business idea even if he thinks of one. Witness his curt rejection of my suggestion several years ago that he start a diet restaurant called Fats Goldberg's Slim Pickin's. My usual response to hearing one of his new business ideas—a scheme to produce an edible diet book, for instance—is to say, "Fat Person, there are worse things than schlepping pizzas."

Fats, now that he has had some time to reflect on it, is not surprised that the Smithsonian asked for his sign. "It was a nice piece of neon work," he says. As it happens, one of the regular customers at Goldberg's Pizzeria works for Chermayeff & Geismar Associates, the firm commissioned to design a five-year Bicentennial exhibit for the Smithsonian called "A Nation of Nations." When it was suggested that Goldberg's sign might be suitable for a display that would amount to a selection of ethnic neon, Fats said, as he remembers it, "You want me to take it down now or will you come back for it?" (A Smithsonian curator came back for it, Fats having in the meantime ordered a precise replica to take its place.) Fats's cooperation was based partly on an understandable pride ("There I'd be with Lucky Lindy and everybody") and partly on a quick calculation of how many pizza eaters might pass through the exhibit during the next five years. It is natural for a restaurant proprietor to see publicity as a way of attracting customers, but Fats must be alone among his peers as seeing it also as a way of attracting a wife. Ever since his emaciation, at the age of twenty-five, Fats has thought about finding an appropriate wife almost as much as he has thought about food, and he tends to regard publicity partly as a sort of singles ad. Fats is often mentioned in the press—in articles about pizza or about men's fashions (his views on clothing are as deeply rooted in the fifties as his views on courtship and marriage; sartorially, he is best known for an addiction to saddle shoes) or about what celebrated New Yorkers like to do on Saturdays in the city. ("Larry Goldberg, a bachelor who operates Goldberg's Pizzeria on 53rd Street and Second Avenue, said he spent his Saturdays at Bloomingdale's, where he rides the escalators and 'looks for girls.' ") Somehow, though, there are still a few people in town who have not heard of Goldberg's Pizzeria. So wherever he goes, Fats continues to spread the word by handing out small paper Goldberg's menus that list pizzas with names like "Moody Mushrooms" and "Bouncy Meatballs" and "SMOG" (sausage, mushrooms, onions, and green peppers)—the last a house specialty that Fats describes on the menu as "a gourmet tap dance." Extracting a menu from Fats does not require strenuous persuasion. "I don't press them into the hands of accident victims, or anything," Fats once told me. "But I did hand them out to the orchestra at Radio City Music Hall one night as they came out of the pit after the last show."



From the start, Fats was looking forward to the opening of "A Nation of Nations" as his first trip to a museum in the role of a benefactor. He is not one of those New Yorkers who never seem to take advantage of the city's great museums; he long ago decided that museums are ideal places to strike up a conversation with someone who just might turn out to be the future Mrs. Fats Goldberg.

"On Sundays, I schlepp through Central Park and stop for a rest on the steps of the Metropolitan," he once told me. "But I never go inside. The Metropolitan depresses me."

"You mean because of all those Egyptian tombs and everything?" I asked.

"No, it's mostly families," he said. "For girls, the Whitney's the ticket. I usually work the Whitney on Sunday afternoon. I used to go in, but now I just work the lobby and save the buck and a half."

The subject of museums had come up suddenly, as I remember, during a conversation about a business scheme Fats had concocted—a plan to offer a sort of food tour of New York that would take visitors from one ethnic delicacy to another for four or five hours.

"Fats," I said, "I hate to be the agent of your disillusionment once again, but I think you should know that many people do not customarily eat for four or five hours at a stretch. Many people eat breakfast and wait a

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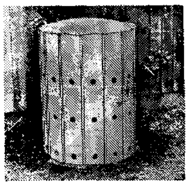

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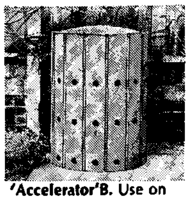

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few hours before eating lunch. Then they go about their business for a while, and then they eat dinner."

Fats looked puzzled. When he is not on a diet—that is, when he is in Kansas City—he does not exactly divide his eating into meals, although I did once hear him say, "Then I stopped at Kresge's for a chili-dog on the way to lunch." For several months, he stopped talking about his ethnic-food tour and concentrated on the edible diet book, which many connoisseurs of Goldberg schemes believe to be his worst idea ever. "Don't you see it?" he would say. "The whole thing would be edible. Food coloring for ink. I haven't figured out what we could use for the pages except maybe pressed lettuce, but we'll find something. Each page would have menus for the three meals of the day, but one of the meals would be the page—so, for instance, you'd just eat that page for breakfast."

"If you ate the page for breakfast, Fats, how would you know what to eat for lunch and dinner?"

"It'd sell like crazy," Fats said, ignoring my quibble. "Bloomingdale's, Neiman-Marcus, Marshall Field's. 'Goldberg's Edible Diet Book.' I'd autograph them at the cookbook counter at Bloomies. I hang around there a lot on Saturdays anyway. The cookbook counter is the best place in the store to meet girls."

ON the flight to Washington for the opening of "A Nation of Nations," I asked Fats if I was about to witness the first visit he had ever made to a museum for any purpose other than to look for girls.

"Who said I won't be looking for girls tonight?" Fats answered. He is a man of strong habits. He acknowledged that he had a thick wad of paper menus in his suitcase. "If there's a flat place in front of the sign, I might just spread some out fan-style," he said. "It might be very artistic."

For the rest of the flight, Fats talked about some of his business ideas—including a sort of singles restaurant that would feature Fats as an auctioneer ("If only I could figure out what to auction, it would be a natural"), and a Sunday-morning catering service called Brunch à la Goldberg, and a lecture tour as the Thin Evangelist. The concept of the Thin Evangelist evolved, through a mutation or two, from an evangelical fat lady named Sister Sara Lee, who was the main character in a skit performed by the monumentally unsuccessful comedy team of Berkowitz and Goldberg—a

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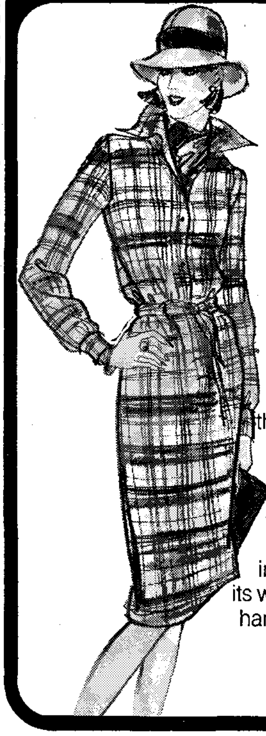

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sort of moonlighting fling Fats had just before he became a pizza baron. It is central to the Thin Evangelist act that Fats begin each lecture by stepping out from behind an air-filled plastic reproduction of himself as he looked when he weighed three hundred and twenty pounds, and he told me he had been concerned about the problem of the Goldberg balloon springing leaks during all the travelling necessary for the lecture circuit. Having heard some of the lines from the Sister Sara Lee routine, I was prepared to tell Fats that his problems with the Thin Evangelist act probably went beyond leakage, but he suddenly seemed to lose interest in the lecture circuit in his enthusiasm to explain the commercial possibilities of a hard-plastic pizza pusher that would allow someone to eat a slice of hot pizza without burning his fingers.

Fats had dressed carefully for the opening. He was wearing a faded-blue Western shirt with the collar spread back to display a V of white T-shirt, peach-colored Levi trousers, a Madras sports jacket, and a pair of black-and-white Spalding saddle shoes with authentic red rubber soles—a type of saddle shoe apparently as rare and difficult to replace as a 1947 De Soto. Fats said he keeps the Spaldings secreted in the back of his closet in their original box, to be taken out only on special occasions. Having read in the press releases that "A Nation of Nations" would include not only Thomas Jefferson's desk and George Washington's mess kit but an original ticket booth from the 1923 Yankee Stadium and a selection of American comic books, I felt obligated to warn Fats that an overzealous curator might well snatch the saddle shoes from his feet and install them in a display case between a pair of 1919 spats and a Dacron Nehru jacket, circa 1968. "Keep both feet on the ground, Fat Person," I said.

As soon as the opening ceremony had ended, Fats walked through the door and strode purposefully toward the neon-sign display, not bothering to waste a glance at the Indian artifacts or the display of political buttons or the reconstruction of a 1940 Fort Belvoir enlisted-men's barracks. Suddenly he was standing before an array of neon. He beamed. The "Goldberg's Pizzeria" sign was in a central position, high above "Irish Rose Bar-Grill" and "Warsaw Foot Long." A discreetly designed caption said "Goldberg's Pizzeria. 996 2nd Avenue. New York City. Designed by Fred Stenger. About 1971." Fats hesitated for a moment. Then he pulled some menus out of his Madras sports jacket and put them on a broad railing in front of the signs. A few minutes later, while Fats was at the other end of the display, grumbling about how much space had been given to huge McDonald's signs in foreign languages, an elegantly dressed man walked up to the railing, picked up some menus, and said to his companions, "I can't believe it—Larry Goldberg was already here." Spotting Fats, he said, "Don't you ever stop?" Then he started laughing.

"That was the guy from Chermayeff & Geismar," Fats said later. "He's a small anchovy."

"Is that like a Big Enchilada?" I asked.

"No, no," Fats said. "He has a small anchovy pizza when he comes in for lunch."

Fats seemed impressed by the exhibit ("Terrific, from start to finish") but disappointed by the crowd. He shook his head sadly as we left. "The Whitney's the ticket," he said.

"Did I ever tell you my idea for a fat belt?" Fats said as we sat on the plane back to New York.

"I'm sure you haven't," I said. "It sounds like the sort of thing I would have remembered."

"It would say 'You Are Fat' on the outside, and there would be a calorie counter on the inside," Fats said. "A little gimmick. You know—a little show business."

"I believe that idea is even worse than the edible diet book," I said.

"I don't know why you say that," Fats said. "I've received nothing but huzzahs since I've discussed it with anybody. Peggy thought it was the best idea in the world."

"Peggy who?"

"Peggy Owens, my haircutter," Fats said. "She cuts my hair for three large SMOGs and three heart-shaped SMOGs."

"She sounds like an astute woman, Fats," I said. "But I'm not sure a talent for barter transfers well into modern merchandising. Also, I'm not sure why we're discussing such things when you should be telling me about your feelings on this historic occasion. Were you proud and humble last night?"

"I was proud and humble, and I thought it was a giggle," Fats said. "That a pizza schlepper would be in there with all the biggies!"

—Calvin Trillin

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DANCING

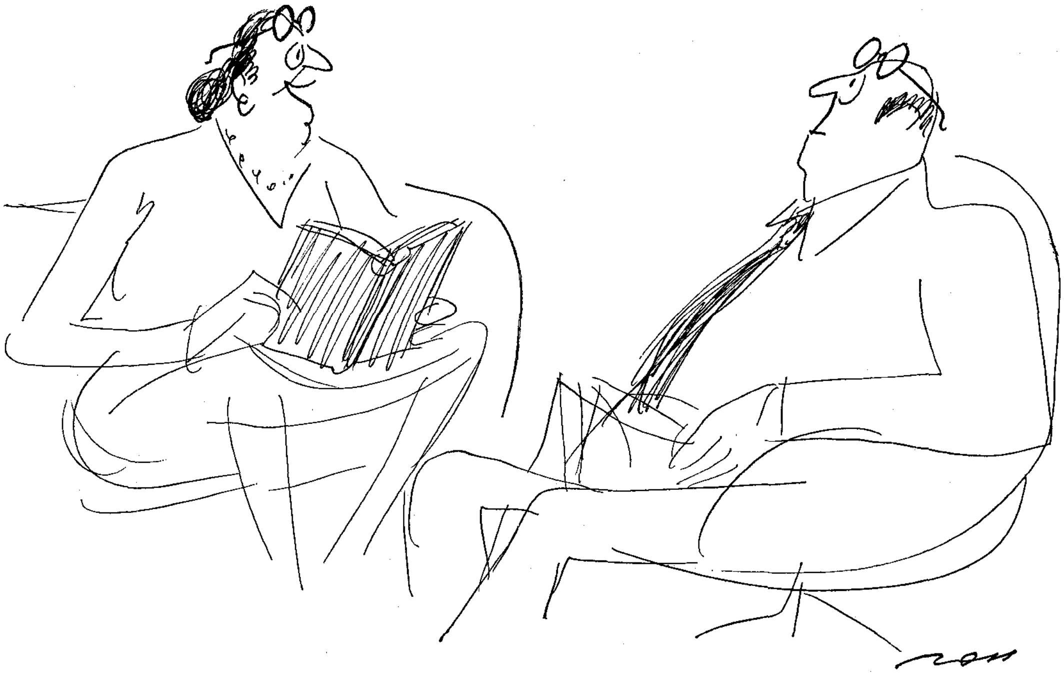
Isadora Alive

IN "Homage to Isadora," a solo made a year ago for Lynn Seymour, Frederick Ashton staged from memory a dance image he had often cited in speaking about Isadora Duncan—the image of the dancer releasing a stream of rose petals from either hand as she ran forward. Ashton set this to No. 15 of Brahms' Waltzes, Opus 39. It was the briefest of homages. Now the dance is the last of five numbers, all drawn from Opus 39; under the title "Five Brahms Waltzes in the Manner of Isadora Duncan," the extended solo was the highlight last week of American Ballet Theatre's gala at the State Theatre. Ashton's dances are not reconstructions but evocations of a personality and a style. Unlike the actual Duncan studies that Annabelle Gamson performs so vividly to the same music, they do not reveal a technique. Neither do they conceal it. But without being any less simple than Gamson's performance Ashton's choreography places far less emphasis on the symmetrical oppositions, the big, plain contrasts by which Duncan dance demonstrated its constancy of motivation from the body's center. Those things, stated in the most instructive way by Annabelle Gamson, tell us how Duncan saw dance. Ashton tells us how she saw herself. For him, "the manner of Isadora Duncan" is inseparable from the person of Duncan, and it may be that at the time he first saw her—1921, when she was past forty—she was giving a less active and clear-edged account of what was purely prescriptive in her work. The Isadora of "Five Brahms Waltzes" asks to be taken on her own terms as a magnetic performing artist, and because she is danced by Lynn Seymour that is how we do take her.

Seymour's rightness for the part isn't measured only by her magnetism. If there had been a poll in the dance world on the question of whom to cast in the movie of Duncan's life that was made a few years ago, the choice would have been Lynn Seymour—Seymour the actress, the performer of epic daring, but most of all Seymour the dancer. She has always possessed the roundness and fullness of contour, the plastic vigor, and the coherent rhythm to express the sculptural depth that Isadora's dancing must have had. Beautiful in classical effacé positions, Seymour is heroic in Duncan plastique. The back yields, the chest lifts, the arms expand and float, and then from this open aspect the figure suddenly withdraws in a crouch or a stance braced and turned in on itself. The reversal seems miraculous each time, because Seymour is so securely centered. She doesn't have to stop and relocate, and she doesn't tighten up or rigidify or signal ahead; she simply arrives in one piece, loosely disposed, the arms coiled about the head, the hips angled, the turned-in knee relaxed. The whole scroll-like motion is carelessly light and free, yet it's indelible. Ashton's and Seymour's Isadora is a virtuoso.

Duncan at her recitals often had pianists of renown; Seymour's accompanist at the gala was Malcolm Frager. After a short prelude, the curtain rises. A scarf of pink silk hangs from the piano, and, in a pink puff-peplum tunic, Seymour lies on the floor, one knee cocked, one hand toying with an invisible ball. Like the costume and the tousled red hair, the monumental thigh is Isadora's. The ball is Nausicaa's. The image recalls the photographs of Isadora ensconced in her Grecian mood, but then, as Seymour rises and advances in slow balancés with outspreading arms, the photograph suddenly liquefies and becomes three-dimensional. And, from there on, stage space becomes the landscape of the performer's imagination. At first, it's that Homeric beach where nymphs play; then it's the abstract architectural void redeemed and dramatized by its lone tenant. Seymour "acts" the drama of space as if such a drama had never occurred before, as indeed it hadn't. Isadora's recitals marked the advent of the dancer as a personage encompassing all scenery, all event in a series of autonomous gestures. The vault of space expands or contracts and the dancing figure itself becomes voluminous or tiny, sheltered or exposed, as if by impulse. One variation on the theme: the silk scarf held aloft in a headlong run becomes "this canopy the sky;" in the next moment, it sheathes the body, a second skin. Then, when it is cast decisively aside, it is as if intimacy with nature had been checked, and the august impersonal world returns. That the dancer can alter the proportions and the investiture of space without the aid of a corps de ballet, without scenic decoration is a presumption with metaphysical implications that would repay serious study. There are historical implications, too, in the fact that this idea dawned in a period when, despite Darwin, people still believed in man's hegemony over nature. But what an enthralling theatrical idea it still is! Ashton and Seymour have brought it back alive.

Gala evenings usually program a lot of gadgety pas de deux that sock the audience. Twyla Tharp and Mikhail Baryshnikov dancing to Frank



"Do you realize this is the very first time you've had your glasses up on your forehead while I've had my glasses up on my forehead?"

Sinatra songs promised to be an exception, and they were. But Tharp, who devised the choreography for "Once More, Frank," played things too far down and close in. She and Baryshnikov, in unisex shirts and shorts, might have been doing their super-cool duet for themselves alone. The first two numbers ("Something Stupid" and "That's Life") were full of dancerly challenges that often weren't clear to my eye and buddy-buddy jokes that unfortunately were. The third dance, to "One for My Baby," cut the cackle and got down to business. It had a slow-rolling mood of tension, with erratic shifts of emphasis which, though hard to anticipate, were not at all hard to follow—a lot like the densest and most dream-logged portions of "The Bix Pieces." The material was royally served by Baryshnikov (in the first two numbers he had seemed technically unsure), but there was nothing in it to indicate why he had been used. Tharp seemed to be coöpting him not, as so many other choreographers have done, to punch up a line of goods but to keep her company while she worked out her newest choreographic puzzle. There should be some level between Baryshnikov submerged and Baryshnikov exploited, and there is—in a piece called "Push Comes to Shove."

—ARLENE CROCE

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Fayetteville* (*N.C.*) *Times*]

LONDON (AP)—Dame Agatha Christie, one of the top money-making writers of all time, bequeathed the world yet another mystery Friday by leaving only $273,448 in her will.

It was the final chapter in the complex financial saga of the prolific "Queen of Crime"—a story calculated to tax even the celebrated little gray cells of her master detective Hercule Poirot.

As the best-selling writer in English since William Shakespeare—she sold some 400 million copies—Dame Agatha was conservatively estimated to be taking in more than $185,000 a year during the final stages of her 55-year career.

"We knew everyone would be astonished at the low value of her estate," said her solicitor, John Wollan, who dropped a clue to what happened to the proceeds of her 85 books, 17 plays and 15 films.

•

Breaded Scallops edge the collar and tab front of a two-piece self tied palazzo pajama in soft citronella crepe.—*Photograph caption in the Springfield* (*Mass.*) *Daily News.*

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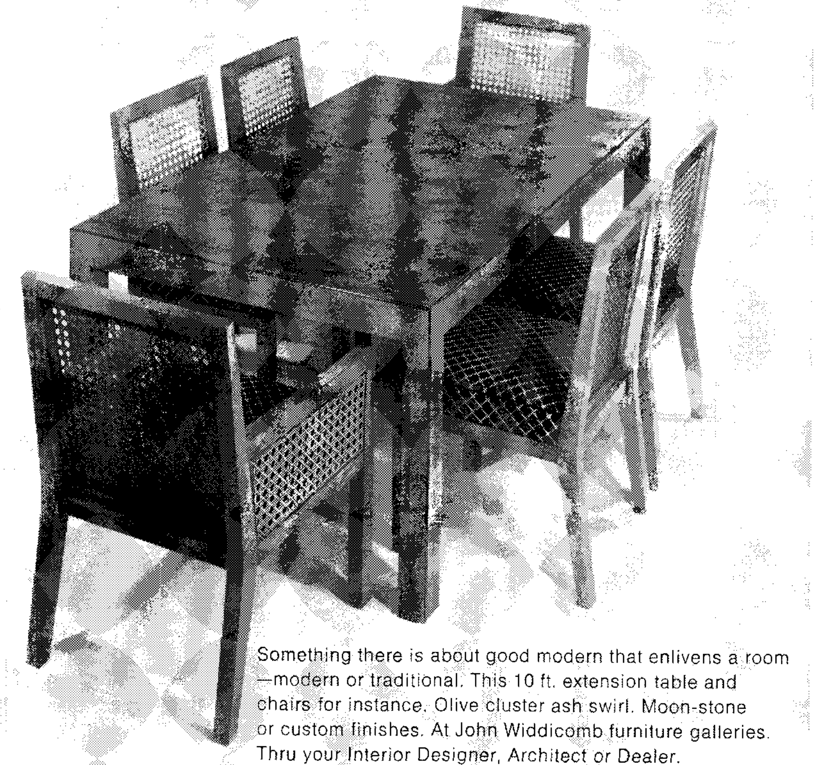

Something there is about good modern that enlivens a room —modern or traditional. This 10 ft. extension table and chairs for instance. Olive cluster ash swirl. Moon-stone or custom finishes. At John Widdicomb furniture galleries. Thru your Interior Designer, Architect or Dealer.

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LETTER FROM THE GARDEN

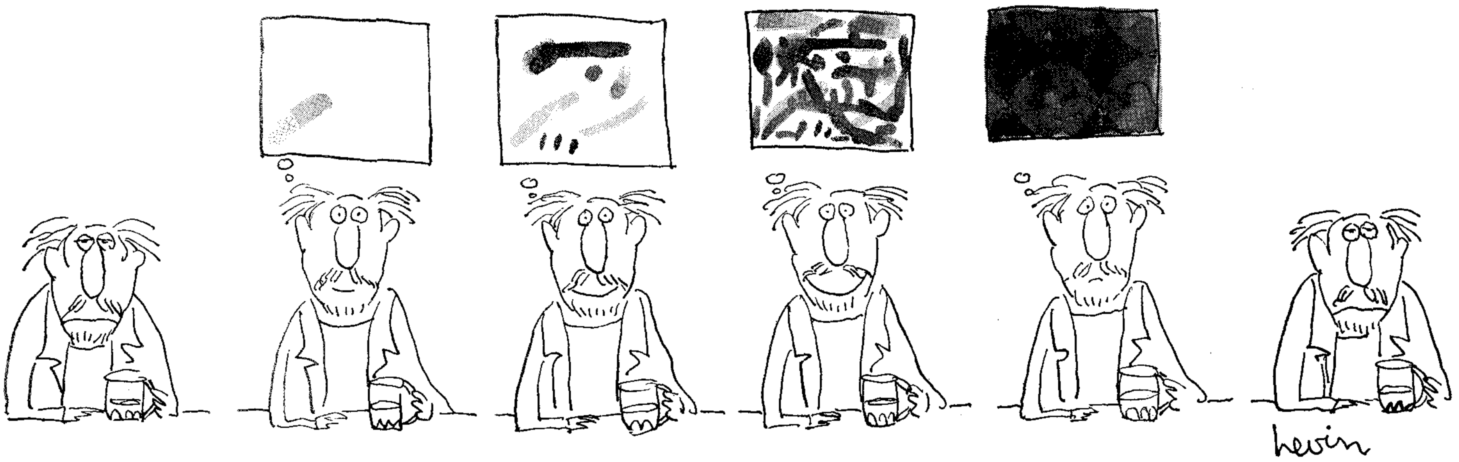
JULY 16

WATCHING the Democratic National Convention, as someone said when it was about half over and Madison Square Garden was less than half full, was like watching paint dry or cement harden. Until close to the end, it was almost that soporific. Waiting for Jimmy Carter to name a candidate for Vice-President provided a measure of suspense, but otherwise there was as little of it as the managers could manage. There were a few striking cameo appearances and some moments of eloquence—though as a rule the eloquence was less in the language used than, as in the case of Barbara Jordan's keynote address, in the voice and presence of the speaker. But then, few Conventions have ever offered more than occasionally interrupted tedium, except to those who like funny hats and noise, and the Conventions that have—the Republicans in San Francisco in 1964, the Democrats in Chicago in 1968—have tended also to be ugly and rancorous. What was dull about this week's proceedings was, of course, deliberate—the result of months of careful planning—and in general seemed to have the approval of the delegates, most of whom cared more about winning in November than about scoring points in July. (They had learned the folly of that at Miami Beach in 1972.) When, some weeks ago, Robert Strauss, the chairman of the Democratic National Committee and, next to the nominee, the man most heavily responsible for this week's affair, was warned that there was little on the schedule to hold the attention of either the delegates or the television audience, he said that after some Conventions he had attended, the one he was arranging "can't get too dull for me." It was probably a sound judgment in every respect. Delegates enjoy Conventions as much, if not more, for the time spent off the floor as for the time spent on it, and other citizens are likely to think more of a party that does its business speedily and tidily than of one that asks them to forgo movies and ballgames for oratory, demonstrations, and factional rows. (This would seem especially true this year, for the longest primary season in history produced what many must regard as a surfeit of politics.)

In any case, to the degree that this was a prepackaged event it was a non-event. The delegates came together to honor an old custom, to occupy space, and to ratify decisions already made. The platform had been drafted several weeks earlier, as had the rules for the Convention of 1980, both after extensive discussion and deliberation in Washington and elsewhere. To discourage debate here, the current rules stated that minority reports could be filed only if they bore the signatures of twenty-five per cent of the members of the reporting committees, as against the ten per cent required in the past. A few were filed, but they had little effect, and the only occasion for anything resembling dissent was in the nominating process Wednesday night, when speeches were made for inevitable losers, most of whom withdrew their names after their points had been made and in the closing minutes joined the carefully staged display of unity on the podium.

But if this was drama short on suspense and tension, it was compelling theatre in other ways. No major-party convention in memory has been such a model of smooth, efficient organization. And it marked the emergence of new political styles and leadership, not only in the person of Carter but in that of Walter Mondale, who has much in common doctrinally with the principal Democratic spokesmen of the last several decades but who is wittier and more of an intellectual than most, and is given to wry understatement. (Little of this could be deduced from his acceptance speech, much of which had been drafted by Carter's writers so that it could be delivered by anyone the nominee chose, but in the Senate in recent years no one has spoken more thoughtfully, perceptively, and crisply than Mondale.) And although Carter, unlike most nominees, is retaining the present staff of the Democratic National Committee, his campaign will be run from Atlanta, and after November, no matter what happens then, his people—mostly young, bright, and with few ties to their party's past—will fill the ranks of the middle and lower echelons of the Democratic Party. To be sure, the unity of which so much was made here is in part cosmetic. It will probably last through the next few months, but Democratic disunity has a long tradition and deep roots, and it is hard to believe that a single leader can put an end to it; nothing that a candidate, or even a President, can do is likely to bring together Morris Udall and Henry Jackson on foreign policy or George Wallace and Hubert Humphrey on domestic policy. ("We may never see [such unity] again, so let's enjoy it while we've got it," Edmund Brown, Jr., said on Thursday night.) Still, the mere display of unity was a remarkable spectacle and a demonstration of Carter's imagination, showmanship, and audacity. It took all three qualities to conceive and put together the closing tableau on the podium and to stage Tuesday evening's rally featuring appearances by George Wallace and Coretta King, Admiral Elmo Zumwalt and George McGovern, Mayor Daley of Chicago and Mayor Bradley of Los Angeles. And even a brief stilling of racial and regional differences at a national gathering of this sort is impressive; it is also evidence that these differences, while they can hardly be said to have evaporated, have lessened considerably in intensity—indeed, to the point at which a Southern Democrat could be nominated for the Presidency by a wide margin on the first ballot. This week would have been impossible without Carter, but Carter would have been impossible if the political climate had not already undergone notable changes. No such show could have been staged four years ago.

The concerns of political leaders and many other citizens are quite different today from what they were as recently as 1972. Among Democrats, at least, it is easier to get agreement on how to combat inflation and unemployment, which they can blame on Republicans, than it was to get agreement on the war in Vietnam, for which the blame was so largely their own. There can be intra-Party differences over foreign policy, energy policy, monetary policy, but as of now none of these engage passions the way Vietnam or civil-rights issues did several years ago. Most civil-rights questions have been settled by law, though much of the law remains to be implemented, and political controversy is now down to the single issue of busing. It is an explosive issue in some places, but it is not a national issue, and in most parts of the country it can be dealt with safely, if not very helpfully, as Carter has done—by saying that he does not regard it as a satisfactory means of integration and supports it only when it is ordered by the courts as a last resort. Not only have many of the old and most divisive issues disappeared or changed in substance but many of the people who have been identified with these issues either are no longer in national politics or are approaching the end of their careers—some because they have been vanquished by Carter. Had Governor Wallace not been a spent force, he would have been shouted down even at



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this Convention. Senators McGovern and Humphrey will no doubt continue to serve as spokesmen for their part of the Democratic coalition, and Humphrey may lead the majority in the Senate next year, but neither played an important role at this Convention or is likely to do so at future ones. Nor is Mayor Daley the power he once was; by his endorsement of Carter he hoped to get the Vice-Presidential nomination for Adlai Stevenson III—to demonstrate his influence, and also to get Stevenson out of Illinois—but he failed, and Carter discharged whatever small debt he may have felt he owed the boss of Cook County by letting him address the delegates briefly. The fading of these symbolic figures should make it easier for Carter to prolong the harmony that so many have marvelled at in the last few days—until, as is certain to happen, new symbols appear.

CARTER is something of a boon to political analysts and theoreticians. Because he is a bird of strange and exotic plumage, he has provided them with steady and challenging work inspecting him and his record, performing exegetical labors on his speeches and other writing, trying to determine his species and find or invent categories in which he can be placed. Although he has been seen and heard almost daily since the early primaries, defining him is a small but thriving cottage industry, and this week seems to have assured itself of more orders. Not long after the Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King, Sr., in what was surely the most moving and memorable address of the Convention, explained that "the Lord sent Jimmy Carter to come on out and bring America back where she belongs," James David Barber, a professor at Duke University and a respected specialist in analyzing Presidential character, was on television saying that, while he was unwilling to commit himself until he had completed his Carter studies, he thought it possible that he would end up placing the nominee in what he called the "active-positive" slot. This seemed to imply that there was still a chance that he could be classified as "passive-negative." Others are using more traditional terms and trying to get a fix on whether he is a conservative or a liberal, a man of the right or of the left. Some think he is none of these or an amalgam of them. Republicans think his choice of Mondale provides the final proof that he is a liberal—almost an extremist. But Walter Dean Burnham, an eminent political scientist at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, not only is certain that Carter, whom he says he admires, can't be described as a liberal but feels that his ascendency means the "end of liberalism." Writing in *The New Republic* shortly before the Convention, he announced that "Carter's nomination . . . will virtually certify that activist liberalism, as a national political force, is now in receivership." Burnham is not even sure that Carter should be described as a Democrat. "He is about to be 'the Democratic nominee,' " he told a *Times* reporter, "but the phrase means anything he makes it mean."

Plainly, Carter's foxy strategy in gaining the nomination was partly what gave rise to this sort of thing. He did not want to be defined by political scientists, and he made it as difficult for them as he could. He avoided the familiar currency of political discourse, and when he did use it he made words mean what he wanted them to—a rhetorical practice by no means uncommon among those seeking public favor. A few days ago, he admitted to being somewhat conservative, and explained that to him this meant "careful planning, not wasting money, [and] a good delivery of services." (He sounded like the businessman he is; if he becomes President, he will be the third entrepreneur ever to have held the office and the first successful one, Presidents Grant and Truman having been sorry failures.) He went on to explain, though, that the things he would plan carefully, spend money on, and deliver well are, for the most part, those that most Americans currently associate with political liberalism and the welfare state—jobs, comprehensive health insurance, education, aid to the cities, and so on. Conservatives could have branded him a liberal long before he settled on Mondale; except for Jackson, all of the six men he considered seriously as a running mate had liberal records on domestic policy, and even Jackson voted with them more often than not. Moreover, if there has been one consistent and dominant theme in Carter's campaign, it has been an expression of concern for the poor and disadvantaged, and although it is difficult to see why this should be considered an exclusively "liberal" position, the fact is that most people perceive it that way. It is true that until this week his identification with his party at times seemed tenuous. He almost never referred to it in speeches, and until his nomination was all but assured, he got little support from the Party's established leadership and few benefits from its resources. But in his acceptance speech he repeatedly, and with some pride and affection, spoke of the Party and made clear his wish to be considered an heir to Franklin Roosevelt, Harry Truman, John Kennedy, and Lyndon Johnson. He is assuredly an activist, and a bold one—his word is "aggressive"—and anyone who thought that his nomination would mean the death of "activist liberalism" should have second thoughts after this week, when those who made him their leader staged rousing ovations for Senator Humphrey and Representatives Jordan and Ronald Dellums. The time

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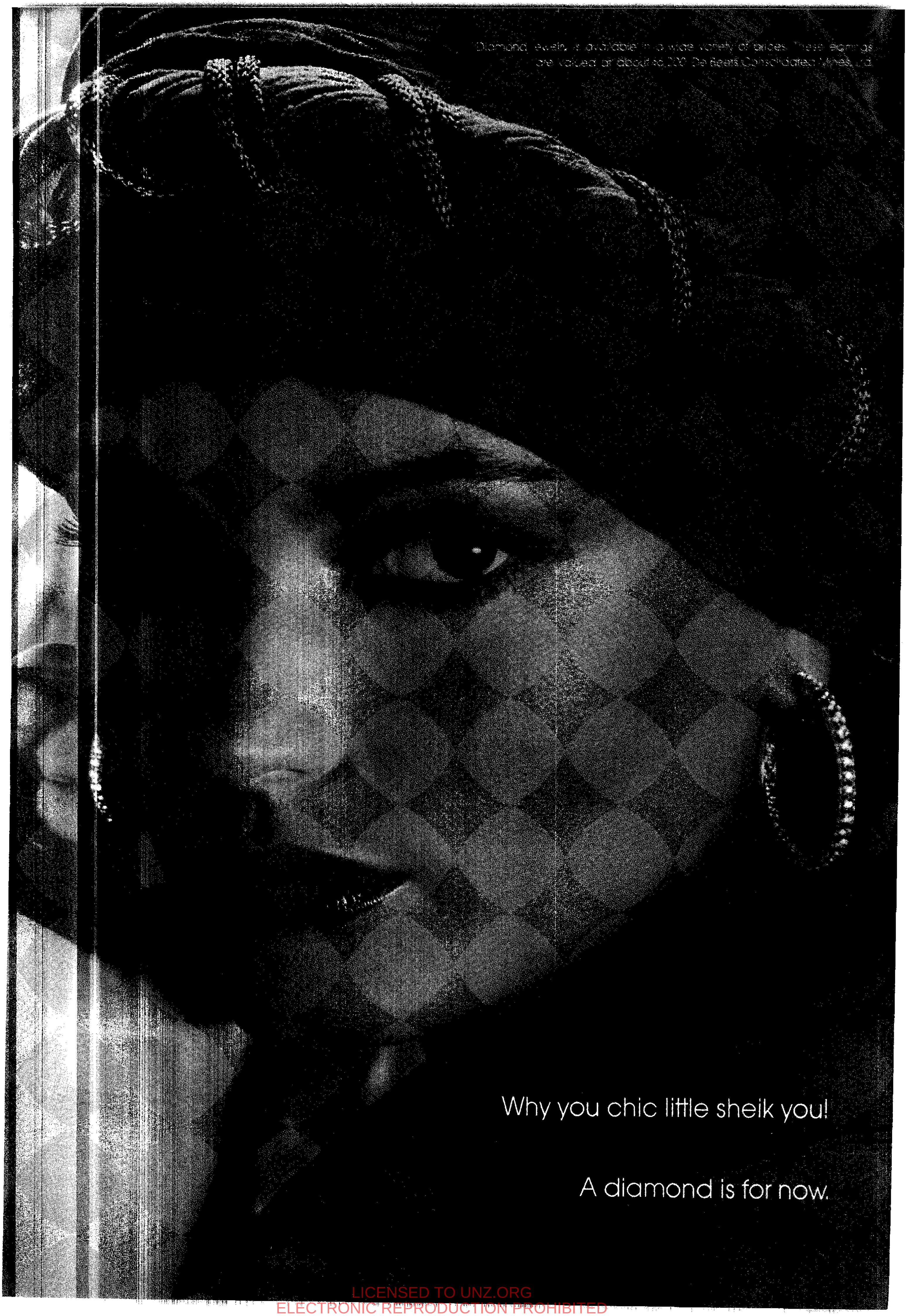
has passed when Carter could be almost alone in defining himself—or, in declining to do so, could leave the job to academicians. From now on, those delegates and the people who sent them here will play a large part in defining him. They are his basic constituency, and the nature and quality of political leadership are determined as much by a man's supporters as they are by the man himself and his advisers. Carter may owe far less than most of his contemporaries to any vested interests, political or otherwise, but he owes his political existence to those who won him the nomination.

Ideology aside, the audacity that led Carter to plan his remarkable campaign and this week's gathering is perhaps the most striking and, to some, disturbing thing about him. Politicians are seldom lacking in ego, but his seems to be the most highly developed ego in modern American politics. People who write autobiographies generally hold themselves and their gifts in high esteem, but few who have used the genre would title their work "Why Not the Best?" And it takes a great deal of political audacity to say, as Carter repeatedly has said, that he intends to complete his most ambitious programs—a complete reorganization of the federal government, a reform of the entire tax structure, comprehensive health insurance—by the end of his first term. Most recent Presidents have found the bureaucracy monstrous and frustrating, and some have made a try at restructuring it, but few have achieved even modest success. Truman and Eisenhower had Herbert Hoover conduct exhaustive studies of the problem; ideas were plentiful, but little was ever done. Kennedy started out with a determination to reorganize one part of the government—the State Department—and make it responsive to him. He found, as several predecessors had, that the best he could do was to bypass it on occasion by using his own White House people. Restructuring the executive branch almost requires restructuring the legislative: although Congress is full of people who routinely denounce the bureaucrats, every government agency has its defenders there. In the Senate, William Proxmire, of Wisconsin, has often spoken out on tax reform, and though support for this is not lacking, the Internal Revenue Service becomes ever more cumbersome and its procedures increasingly irrational. Carter seems to have a good chance of winning the election, and even of getting the kind of mandate he has said he wants, but if he does he will almost certainly have to work with a Congress little changed from the present one. A few new members may ride in on his coattails, but most will owe him no more than he owes them. For a man who has so often said he does not want to make promises he cannot fulfill, he seems now to be promising to do in four years things that people in Washington think can be accomplished, if ever, only in decades. The risk he seems to be running may be as large as the design.

THE latest polls show Carter an easy winner over either President Ford or Ronald Reagan, but the Carter people, aware of the perils of overconfidence, are playing them down and predicting a difficult campaign against either Republican. Though Ford has not seemed to know how to use the advantages of incumbency against a rival, he may learn, they think, if he is nominated in Kansas City, and events—particularly overseas—may work to his advantage. Since Carter seems to run stronger against Reagan than against the President, many assume that he would find it easier going if Reagan is the Republican nominee, and some Carter people are hoping for a Reagan victory. Carter himself, though, is said to regard Reagan as the more formidable opponent. He is not much troubled by Reagan's standing in the South, but he is apprehensive about the West and Southwest, where Carter has been weak and Reagan has been strong—and would be even stronger if he had John Connally running with him. Carter is said to have thought much about the possibility of debates and to have concluded that Ford, who has a record to defend, and who has difficulty in articulating, would be the easier opponent for him to handle. Reagan is not only a highly skilled performer on television but one who, unlike Ford, knows how to exploit almost any material at hand, and even how to fabricate issues. Carter feels, it is said, that anyone who could win primaries by making the future of the Panama Canal seem the most crucial issue in foreign policy could use the same sort of technique in the general election. Also, Reagan would be free, as Ford would not, to make promises of reorganization as bold as those that Carter himself has made—in fact, bolder, since Reagan's approach to the bureaucracy is to restructure most of it out of existence. Carter may or may not be right in his thoughts and intuitions about Ford and Reagan, but the fact that he is inclined to fear Reagan more could become a telling argument among Republicans for Reagan's nomination next month. —RICHARD H. ROVERE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Recently the editors of Road Test magazine put a Peugeot diesel through a 50,000-mile test drive, then pulled it completely apart.

While their conclusions represent the opinion of only one group of automotive experts, we'd like to share them with you:

"Judging from what we have observed during this test and teardown, owners of the Peugeot 504 diesel that service them by the book can have full expectation of watching their odometers turn 100,000 miles without having to do anything major to the car except replacing the clutch."

They then went on to say, "The concept of a lifetime automobile is a great one, and if *any* car should be on top of the short list of those cars, the Peugeot 504 diesel is it."

Strong praise, indeed, but not unsupported by what they found.

The brake linings were hardly worn at all. "The projected life of the front linings is 6 times the distance of the test, and that of the rear linings boggles the mind."

The shock absorbers, which are built to be good for at least 60,000 miles of normal driving, were "dry around the shaft seals and in perfect working order."

Transmission parts were "completely unscathed and gave the impression that, so long as there is lubricant in the gearbox, they are capable of rendering indefinite service."

The intake valves of the engine were "in excellent condition." The exhaust valve seats showed "little in the way of actual wear and no indication of burning." The valve lifters were "difficult to distinguish from new ones." The cam lobes and bearings "were in perfect condition." The timing chain was "as good as new." The oil pump was in "flawless condition." The crankshaft bearing journals "measured to new tolerances."

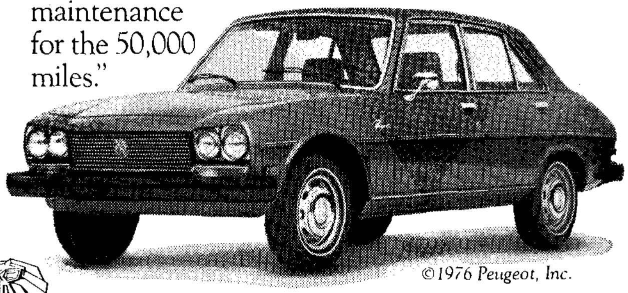
The water pump, vacuum pump, starter and alternator "were not remarkable except that they all appeared to be in good serviceable condition."

But among all the roses, there were a few thorns. The car was caught in one of California's notorious sandstorms, which caused severe pitting of the windshield and frosting of the headlamps.

As a result, the windshield wiper blades had to be replaced, as did one of the sealed beam headlamps.

Also, the window on the driver's side got off its track and had to be rehung.

"And that was the total of unscheduled maintenance for the 50,000 miles."



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THE RACE TRACK

One for Rokeby

LUCK is a strange thing—it comes and it goes. The Rokeby Stable hasn't had much luck so far this season, but it may have turned the corner Saturday at Aqueduct when Glowing Tribute won the first division of the Sheepshead Bay Handicap, at nine furlongs on the grass. Lightly weighted at 110 pounds, she raced with Carmelize to the turn for home and then turned back the challenge of Bubbling to win by three-quarters of a length, in 1:49⅕. In the second division, Fleet Victress, with an eight-pound advantage in the weights, beat Redundancy, with Summertime Promise third. The time was 1:49. Patrick Day, a young newcomer from the hinterland, rode Glowing Tribute, Fleet Victress, and the first and last winners on the card. In doing so, he also broke the string of Maple, who had ridden the Big A's last five stakes winners: Foolish Pleasure in the Suburban Handicap, To The Quick in the Juvenile Stakes, Quiet Little Table in the Dwyer Handicap, Dearly Precious in the Dark Mirage Stakes, and Squander in the Astoria Stakes. Maple rode Summertime Promise in the second division of the Sheepshead Bay.

Optimistic Gal would probably have been the favorite, but she was a last-minute withdrawal from the first division. LeRoy Jolley, who made the scratch, gave no reason. Nor did he say why Honest Pleasure, who has been resting since he was beaten in the Preakness two months ago, skipped another race, the Lamplighter Handicap at Monmouth Park last Saturday; it was expected to be his prep for the Monmouth Invitational there next month. (Chati and Modred won the two divisions of the Lamplighter.) Another break in Jolley's luck was the failure of his Foolish Pleasure to get to Chicago in time for the Arlington Handicap. (The plane had engine trouble.)

AT Pimlico, Frank Whiteley tried *his* luck with Zen in the Marylander Handicap, and the Pen-Y-Bryn Farm colt was beaten by two noses by American Trader and On the Sly. Cojak wound up fifth, just ahead of Life's Hope.

JACK DREYFUS, who, I'd say, has done more to keep racing in New York on an even keel financially than anyone else since August Belmont, resigned the chairmanship of the board of trustees of the New York Racing Association last week. The reason was the pressure of other interests, most notably the Dreyfus Medical Foundation. Ogden Mills Phipps, vice-chairman of the N.Y.R.A., was elected to succeed him. Mr. Dreyfus, who is the founder of the Dreyfus Fund, breeds and races Hobeau Farm horses, and he came into prominence in racing years ago when, as a member of the Horseman's Benevolent and Protective Association, he settled a trainers' boycott against the state's tracks. His last achievement—in my book, a most improbable one—was persuading the current session of the Legislature in Albany to cut New York's tax on betting in half: from ten to five per cent on straight win, place, and show wagers, and from fifteen to seven and a half per cent on the fancy gimmicks. The state will still do almost as well, and will no longer have to bail out the tracks at the end of the year. Mr. Dreyfus pointed out that last year, for instance, while contributing $73,800,000 to the state treasury the N.Y.R.A. went into the red to the tune of $3,300,000. He will be missed.

THE day that Mr. Dreyfus resigned was the day that Squander, under Maple, carried the colors of Mr. Phipps to an easy victory in the Astoria Stakes for two-year-old fillies. Nine ran, and Squander, a bay by Buckpasser out of Discipline, was placed well in the early running and went on to win by two and a quarter lengths from Nerviosa, with Sly Grin third. The race, one of the cherished events of the old Aqueduct track, goes back to the days when the Waldorf-Astoria was at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, and it was customary for the owner of the winner of the race to give a dinner there, which usually lasted for several days.

—AUDAX MINOR

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CORRECTION

Education Commissioner Ralph Turlington's future political ambitions are not known, but a story in the final editions of Thursday's Sun conveyed the wrong meaning.

Because of a typographical error, the story quoted Turlington as saying, "I want to be king." It should have read, "I want to be kind."—*Gainesville (Fla.) Sun.*

Sounds like the start of a third party—and quite refreshing.

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THE SPORTING SCENE

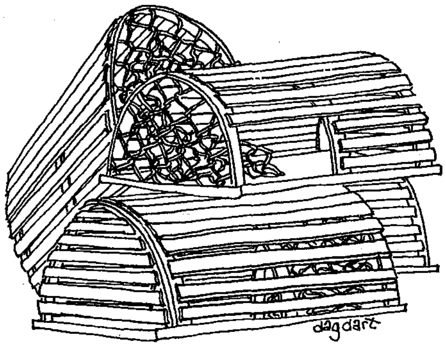
ONE OF THE GREAT OPENS

ON November 16, 1971, just about a month before he died, after somehow finding the strength to survive twenty-three years of an inordinately painful and crippling spinal disease called syringomyelia, Robert T. Jones, Jr.—"Bobby" to the adoring golf world during his competitive career, "Bob" to his friends—called in his secretary and dictated a letter to Robert K. Howse, the chairman of the championship committee of the United States Golf Association, which said:

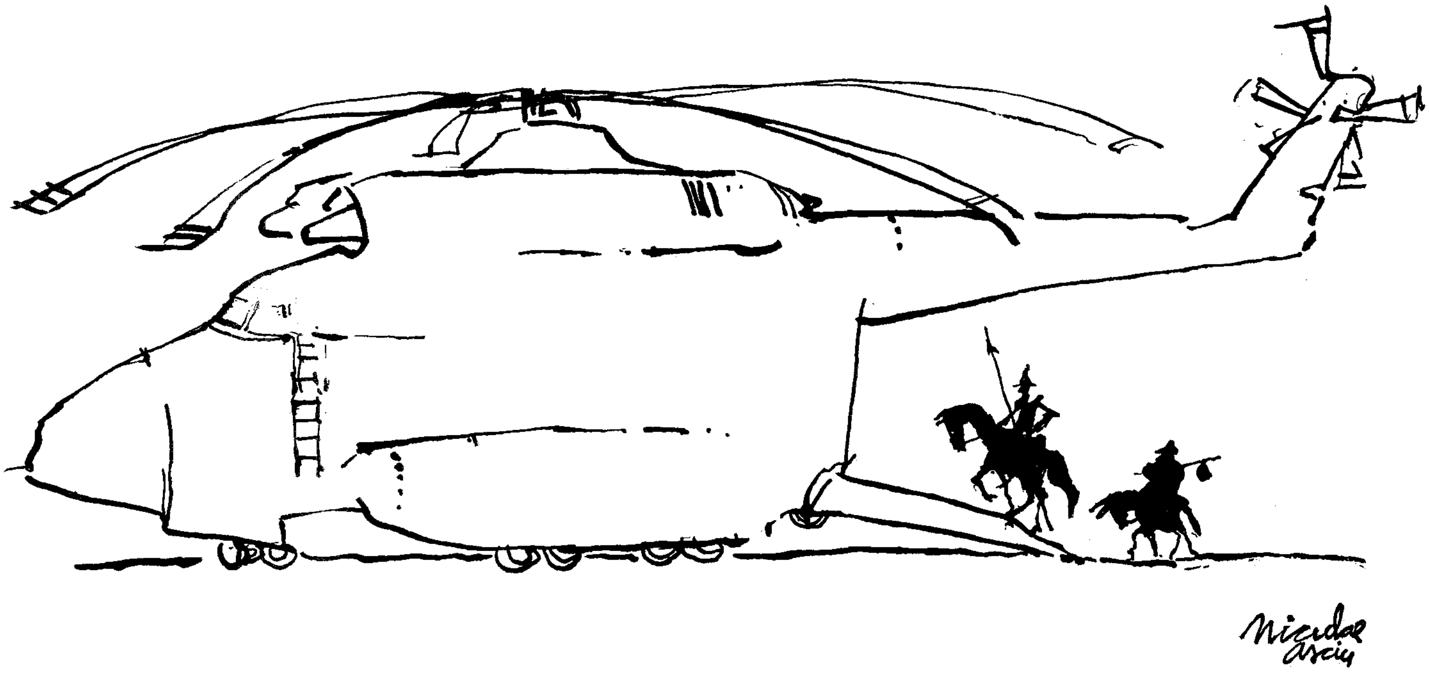
> My home club, the Atlanta Athletic Club, has recently built a new country club consisting of two golf courses, each of eighteen holes, and the four nines being so designed that they permit consecutive play. The layout also embraces a spacious clubhouse and several ponds of some beauty.
>
> Although you will understand that I am not likely to take much part in a golf tournament in 1975, our membership is most eager to be awarded the privilege of entertaining the U.S.G.A. Open Championship for that year; and I should be most happy if my old club should become the host for my favorite golf tournament. Although I cannot give you a detailed description of our property, I can assure you that the championship will be royally entertained.
>
> Will you please instruct me as to the most effective way of presenting an invitation so that the championship will come to Atlanta under our auspices?

If the United States Open was Bob Jones' favorite tournament, I think it would be equally correct to say that Jones had long been the U.S.G.A.'s favorite Open champion, esteemed as much for his remarkable personal qualities as for the great skill that carried him to victory in thirteen major championships between 1923 and the close of the 1930 season, when he retired from competition after his Grand Slam of the British Amateur and Open and the United States Amateur and Open. Accordingly, any request of Jones' was bound to receive full and sympathetic attention. In 1972, P. J. Boatwright, Jr., the U.S.G.A.'s executive director, and a delegation of its officers went down to Georgia to see if the Atlanta Athletic Club's new golf facilities were up to the high standards an Open course must have. They concluded that a composite of eighteen holes selected from the club's thirty-six would meet the Open's requirements, but they felt that some of the holes might be made more exacting for the Open field if certain revisions were carried out. A short time after this visit, the 1976 Open—the tournament that was won so brilliantly last month by Jerry Pate, a native Georgian, who was our Amateur champion in 1974—was formally awarded to the Atlanta Athletic Club, thus providing in this Bicentennial Year, in which so many special promotions and events have turned out to be frowzy travesties, the heartening exception of having our most important golf tournament honor, in effect, one of the most admirable sports champions in our country's history.

As the home town of Jones, Atlanta has for some time now had the singular reputation among our large cities of being more closely identified with golf than with any other sport—although whenever Georgia Tech has fielded a particularly strong team, Atlanta has been known to seethe with the distinctive brand of hysteria for which college football in the Southeast is famous. During the past thirty years, when metropolitan Atlanta was growing from something under half a million people to a million eight hundred thousand, it acquired major-league franchises in baseball, basketball, football, and ice hockey. However, none of these professional teams have exactly set the world on its ear, which may explain in part why Atlanta has never lost its old affinity with golf. Of course, the affinity might have continued anyway, so deep was the impress that Jones made on his fellow-townsmen. (Indeed, of all the outstanding athletes who have grown up in Georgia only Ty Cobb, from the town of Narrows, who led the American League in batting for twelve seasons, deserves comparison with Jones. Fran Tarkenton, the former University of Georgia quarterback who holds many of the passing records in the National Football League, comes close.) Although Jones' exploits made Atlanta exceedingly golf-conscious—today there are some sixty private and public courses in the metropolitan area, and there is tremendous local interest in all phases of the game—after Jones' time no player close to his class has emerged. In fact, Charlie Yates is the only Atlantan since Jones who has succeeded in winning one of the world's major men's championships—the 1938 British Amateur. It should be noted, though, that Watts Gunn, a contemporary of Jones', very nearly won one. Like Jones and Yates, Gunn was a member of the East Lake Country Club—the course that the Atlanta Athletic Club completed in 1908, six miles from the club's downtown headquarters. In 1925, when he was only twenty, Gunn went all the way to the final of the U.S. Amateur only to discover that his opponent was—of all people—Jones. In this, the only instance when two golfers from the same club have met in the final of a significant American championship, Jones carried the day, 8 and 7. Atlanta's women golfers have unquestionably accomplished more. Louise Suggs won the U.S. Women's Amateur in 1947, the British Ladies' in 1948, and, after turning professional, the U.S. Women's Open in 1949 and 1952. Dorothy Kirby took our Women's Amateur in 1951. And then there was Alexa Stirling, the daughter of a Scottish doctor who also served as the acting British consul in Atlanta. Miss Stirling's championship victories actually predated those of Jones, her frequent golfing companion when they were both growing up at East Lake. She won our Women's Amateur for the first time in 1916, when she was nineteen, and repeated in 1919 and 1920.



AFTER the Atlanta Athletic Club was informed that it had been awarded the 1976 Open, it named Eugene T. Branch general chairman of the tournament. This was a fitting selection, since Branch, aside from his administrative abilities, had been a friend and law partner of Jones' since 1959, when the firm of Bird & Howell, in which Branch was a partner, merged with Jones, Williams, Dorsey & Kane. The Jones in the name of this firm was the late Robert P. Jones, the golfer's father. A flamboyant extrovert given to colorful language, he had been known around Atlanta as "Colonel." At the time of the merger, the firm included Robert T. Jones, Jr.—this is the name he always went by, even



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though his middle name was different from his father's—who had then been practicing law for over thirty years. "Bob was essentially a corporate lawyer," Branch recalled this spring. "He was especially gifted at working with small companies as their legal and investment counsellor, advising them as to what steps to take as he watched over their development. For a while, I seldom went into his office, but then I came to realize that Bob, just like the rest of us, enjoyed breaking up his day's work with an occasional chat. It was Bob who lured me into taking up golf. I had been a tennis player, but he convinced me that I would find golf more relaxing than tennis. It was such a totally absorbing game, he liked to say, that it took your mind clear off your other worries. Bob never saw our two new courses, but he did see the property they were built on. We drove out one day in 1963, when our club was starting to seriously consider the purchase of six hundred acres—the tract we later bought—in the town of Duluth, along the Chattahoochee River, about twenty miles northeast of the center of the city. Perhaps I should explain that the reason the Atlanta Athletic Club was looking for a new home was that our old course, East Lake, once a very pleasant rural retreat, was in what had become a badly rundown section of the city. Anyhow, a good portion of that property in Duluth was covered with pine trees, which gave it, for me, a very flat look. I remember asking Bob that day if he didn't think it might be too monotonous for our purposes. 'You don't need to have a mountain in order to build a golf course,' he told me. 'I believe this land will provide sufficient undulation. You must bear in mind that the first golf courses were built on relatively flat, softly rolling linksland, close by the sea, and that this is still the best kind of land for a golf course, wherever you're building it. As a matter of fact, the gentler the terrain, the easier it is to create first-class golf holes.' "

Jones' prediction that the property in Duluth would be mighty suitable for golf turned out to be right on the mark, but before the two courses were completed and a composite Open course was decided on, the club found itself involved in a situation as confusing as the Maze at Hampton Court Palace. Briefly, the chain of events went like this: Trent Jones, the veteran globetrotting golf-course architect, who has designed some four hundred courses from Sardinia to Fiji, was commissioned to lay out twenty-seven holes—twenty-seven instead of eighteen because the A.A.C.'s membership runs to well over two thousand. For the most part, he built fairly narrow, tree-lined holes, a good many of them in the stretches down by the Chattahoochee. These holes were ready for play in 1967. Later, when the club elected to add nine holes, so that it would have two complete eighteens, it called in the very able golf architect Joe Finger, whose headquarters are in Houston. Finger's nine holes, occupying fairly high, unwooded ground, were wide and roomy, offering the golfer plenty of space in which to maneuver. They were ready for play in 1970. At about this time, the A.A.C. officially moved to combine the two Jones nines nearest the Chattahoochee into its Riverside Course, and to yoke the Finger nine with the third Jones nine into its Highlands Course.

When the club was informed, in the autumn of 1972, that it had been selected as the venue of the 1976 Open, Harold Sargent, its distinguished professional, was asked to recommend a golf architect to make a survey and present his suggestions about which of the holes selected for the Open course needed to be strengthened, and what specific changes should be made to this end. (Sargent had come to East Lake back in 1932, as an assistant to his father, George—an Englishman who in *his* youth had been an assistant to the great Harry Vardon before emigrating to this country and making a name for himself by winning our 1909 Open with the eye-popping total of 290—75-72-72-71—which was five strokes lower than the previous record. In 1947, the A.A.C., which has a strong sense of continuity, appointed Harold to succeed his father.) Sargent's choice to handle the survey was George Fazio, the former tournament professional, who has built some outstanding courses during the last dozen years. Fazio's report impressed the club's Open committee, and he was appointed to act as consulting architect and to superintend the changes that would make the Open course the best test possible. It was not until 1974 that the final makeup of the Open course was agreed on: Finger's nine would be used as the first nine; seven holes from Jones' nine on the Highlands Course would make up holes ten through six-

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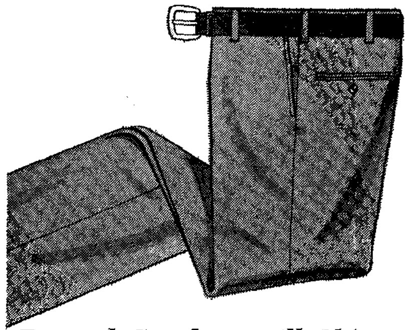

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teen; and the last two holes would be recruited from Jones' Riverside Course. Today, when the last hole of a major championship is expected not only to be a splendid golf hole but also to pack all the drama of an old Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer blockbuster, the new eighteenth was ideal. A short par 5 that was converted into a 460-yard par 4, it offered ample room for over ten thousand spectators to watch the contenders deal with the long, perilous approach shot across a wide pond curving in from the left of the fairway and practically lapping against the front edge of the green.

To the best of my knowledge, no other course, prior to an important event, has ever undergone anything comparable to the wholesale remodelling that the A.A.C.'s Open course underwent for the 1976 championship. Sixteen tees were rebuilt, most of them being set back to add yardage to the holes; two fairways were raised, to improve their drainage; six greens were made smaller in order to make them harder targets for the players to hit and hold; two new greens were constructed; one par-4 hole was shortened eighty yards and its green reduced in size about three thousand square feet; a par 5 that was considered a pushover for the field was made into a 480-yard par 4, the longest par 4 in Open history, and a routine par 4 was extended into a par 5. Most staggering of all was the work done on the bunkers. Twelve new ones were put in, three were taken out, and the remaining forty-four of the original cast were remodelled rather drastically. "At the beginning, no one anticipated that the revisions on the course would be anything like that thorough," Boatwright said not long ago. "The project just seemed to snowball. You'd alter one hole, and then it became more apparent that two or three other holes would have to be altered." Sargent remembers the protracted period of remodelling in much the same way. "Our basic goal was to come up with as many sound, interesting golf holes as possible," he told me at the Open. "We all pitched in with ideas: George Fazio; Bobby McGee, our fine course superintendent, who's been out here at Duluth since the start; Mr. Branch and the other men on the Open committee; myself; and, most definitely, Mr. Boatwright, who came down frequently to see how things were proceeding. I'm flabbergasted when I reflect on the number of changes we finally made. The process went more or less like this: After a new tee was built to add yardage to a hole, the original fairway bunkering no longer played right, so we had to fix that. However, the shot value of the approach to the green had naturally been affected, and now the bunker to the right of the green, say, no longer came into play the way it was meant to. The next step was to remodel that bunker—maybe bring it in closer to the green. After that, the other greenside bunkers on the hole didn't look right, and they had to be adjusted. Sometimes we had to redo the green itself—change its size or its contouring. Our goal, as I say, was to produce a course worthy of the Open, and once we got started making changes, it was hard to stop."

Behind the A.A.C.'s perfectionist attitude toward preparing its course for the big event lay an ever-present consciousness that it was upholding the honor of the South, because the 1976 Open marked the first time that the championship, which was inaugurated in 1895, had ever been held south of Washington, D.C., and east of the Mississippi. The U.S.G.A.'s reasons for staying out of the region had been much the same as those for avoiding the Southwest as the venue of the Open on all but a very few occasions: the chance of running into boiling heat in mid-June, when the Open is played; the danger that such a heat wave might burn out the greens, which are invariably cut very close for the championship in order to test the player's ability to maintain an efficient putting stroke on a fast, keen surface; and the problems that can result when Bermuda grass, the standard fairway grass in the southern part of the country, is allowed to grow up into high, matty rough. Along with the extreme narrowness of the fairways, fearful rough has been one of the trademarks of our Open layouts during the last quarter of a century. In the two months preceding the championship, the men at the A.A.C. who were responsible for the condition of the Open course worried about it constantly. Ironically, the kind of weather that would be most beneficial for the (Penncross) bent greens would not promote the growth of the (Tifton 328) Bermuda-grass rough, and vice versa. During May, for example, Atlanta had an almost unbroken stretch of cool

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nights, which was excellent for the greens, firming them up so that they could safely be cut as low as the U.S.G.A. desired. However, because of the lack of warm weather the rough lagged behind schedule. Then, in early June, the thermometer began to climb into the eighties, and the rough began to climb along with it.

IT is pleasant to be able to report that, considering the time, energy, money, and worry expended on it, the Open course acquitted itself well, all in all—much better, in fact, than most new and relatively untried courses have in recent decades when the national championship has been played over them for the first time. Pegged at a par of 70 (35-35), the course measured 7,015 yards, and in the thick, humid air that persisted all four days of the tournament it played every bit that long. If it had a weakness, it was the rough, which had come through in uneven, lumpy growths, high and fluffy here, low and smooth there, giving it the aspect of a rumpled quilt. The unevenness of the rough introduced more of an element of luck into the championship than is desirable, but this is almost invariably the case with a Bermuda-grass course. The fairways, however, were fine, and the greens could hardly have been better. They were nice and firm, but they held well-hit shots splendidly. They putted increasingly fast with each passing day—which is the way it should be in an Open—and, with the help of some inspired squeegee work by the ground crew, they stood up nobly under two rainstorms: a heavy fall on Saturday that forced play to be suspended for ninety minutes, and a lighter one on Sunday that was sufficient to halt the last round for forty minutes.

The U.S.G.A. is bound to bring the Open back to Atlanta before long, not because the A.A.C.’s composite course came through so well but for an entirely different, unignorable reason: the course happened to produce one of the most exciting championships of all time, one that deserves to be classed with the stirring Opens of 1913, 1925, 1951, 1960, and 1964, to name five that come quickly to mind. Curiously, all the drama was packed into the last hour and a half. Before that, the 1976 Open had been a fairly pallid affair, enlivened from time to time by the minor incidents and human-interest cameos that, for some reason, pop up so regularly in the Open that they have come to constitute almost a distinct genre. This year, for example, the un-

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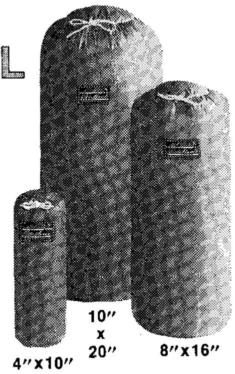

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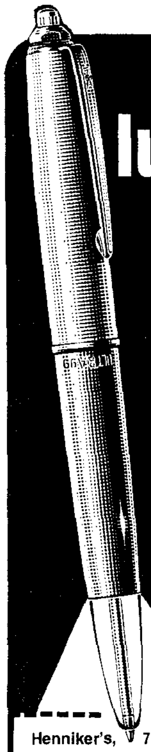

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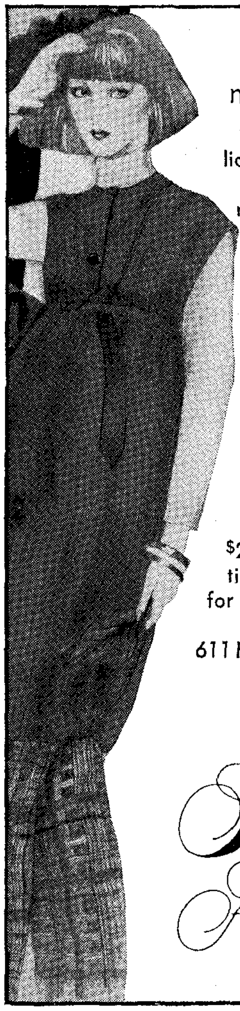

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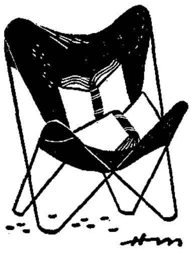
known-amateur-who-surged-to-the-fore was Mike Reid, a twenty-one-year-old senior at Brigham Young University, whose 67 was the only score under 70 in the opening round. A fresh-faced young man who looks a lot like Ron Howard of the television series "Happy Days," Reid soared to an 81 and an 80 on his next two rounds—something that he would probably have avoided if Howard's co-star, Henry Winkler (The Fonz), had been caddying for him. Every Open brings on some criticism of the course, and this year the thing that rankled the professional stars the most and set a number of them off on steamy tirades was the height of the fairways on the first day. Through an error by the course superintendent in setting the mowing machines—as I understand it, this came about because his new mowers turned out to have eighteen-inch wheels rather than the seventeen-inch wheels that had been specified—the fairway grass was cut not to half an inch but to three-quarters of an inch. Unquestionably, the fairways were too high on the opening round, so that it was difficult to control the ball, but it seems to me that today's golfers tend to demand too much of the courses they play and not enough of themselves. (I don't remember Bobby Jones or Walter Hagen—or, for that matter, Byron Nelson or Ben Hogan—grousing that an iron shot had finished yards over a green because he had had a "flier lie." Playing on fairways much less well groomed than today's, these earlier golfers adjusted their swings to the lies they faced, assuming that this was just part of the game of golf.) As for the inevitable lapses from pre-tournament expectations, the biggest mystery was provided by Jack Nicklaus, for some years now the best player in the world. Nicklaus was never in a contending position, and only a closing 68 enabled him to finish in a tie for eleventh. At the same time, it should be noted that his 70 on the second day was one of the best-played rounds of the championship: he had eighteen straight pars, missed only two fairways (and those by just a couple of feet), and missed but one green, the par-3 seventeenth, where his tee shot ended up about six feet off the right-hand edge. He simply could not hole a putt. Nicklaus may be spreading himself too thin these days in his efforts to be golf architect, businessman, tournament entrepreneur, and golfer simultaneously, but, whatever the reason, one got the feeling watching him at Atlanta that he had lost something of the fierce competitiveness and the undeterrable concentration that have marked his play since boyhood. One more item: This year's Open attracted a record attendance of 113,084, and the crowds also broke all previous records for politeness, considerateness, and plain good manners.



In the last hour and a half on Sunday, when, after three sedate days, the championship suddenly came to life, the man responsible was Tom Weiskopf. Just as Nicklaus is generally rated the world's best golfer, Weiskopf is acknowledged by most informed observers to have the finest swing in the game. However, largely because of an overemotional temperament, he has won only one major championship, the 1973 British Open. He had himself well under control on the fourth round at Atlanta, though, which he started four shots behind the leader, John Mahaffey, two shots behind Pate, and a shot behind the veteran Al Geiberger, with whom he was paired in the next-to-last twosome, just ahead of Mahaffey and Pate. After eleven straight pars, Weiskopf started to move when he birdied the 510-yard twelfth hole after planting a magnificent second shot fifteen feet from the pin. He then birdied the thirteenth by sinking a swerving sidehill putt of twenty feet. This brought on the championship's first really exuberant salvo of shouts and applause. When he followed with another birdie on the fourteenth, where he holed a tough putt from twenty-five feet, his gallery went wild. If Weiskopf could maintain his momentum—that did not necessarily mean playing nothing but birdies—he stood a good chance of pulling the tournament out, for this dash of his was bound to have an effect on the two other men in contention, Mahaffey and Pate.

In retrospect, it is evident that Weiskopf lost the tournament on the fifteenth hole, a 215-yard par 3 on which a pond noses in close to the right wing of the green. The fifteenth is not an intimidating hole when the pin is set on the high, or left, side of the two-level green, but when it is set on the right side, below a severe slope that runs in a relatively straight line from the front of the green to the back, things are different—particularly if the surface of the green is as glassy as it was that afternoon. On his tee shot, Weiskopf went with a 3-iron and

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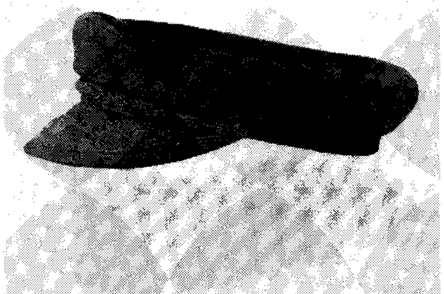

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pulled it into the rough to the left of the green. In order to stop the ball anywhere near the hole, he would have to play a shot with absolutely perfect touch. His chip from the rough, not a bad effort at all, inevitably picked up speed as it dipped down the slope; it slid well past the pin and then off the green, finishing in the rough a few feet from the pond. From there, Weiskopf got down in two. He went on to make three fighting pars on the last three holes, but in the end that bogey 4 on the fifteenth cost him his chance of winning his first U.S. Open.

Mahaffey, a twenty-eight-year-old Texan, had unquestionably started the fourth round as the sentimental favorite. There were several reasons. First of all, he is bright and sturdy and likable. Second, he had led this Open from the middle of the second round, playing the course shrewdly, concentrating above everything else on keeping his drives in the fairway. And, third, having lost the championship last year at Medinah, outside Chicago, in a playoff with Lou Graham, he seemed to have earned a substantial reward for playing two such strong Opens back to back. Mahaffey's forte is his steadiness. He is certainly no stylist. He stands quite stiffly at address, takes the club back a shade too fast, does not make a full shoulder turn, brings the club down a shade too fast, and has a tendency to jump at the ball as he hits through it, but from tee to green he has excellent control of his shots. The wobbliest part of his game is his putting. On the second round, for example, with a chance to build a commanding lead, he had missed a two-foot putt and two three-footers on the last three greens. On the third round, he had at one time had a six-stroke lead, but some shaky putting on the second nine had helped to reduce it to two strokes. A much more competitive and self-demanding young man than his calm demeanor suggests, Mahaffey did not mean to lose his grip on this Open. On the fourteenth, or sixty-eighth, hole, for example, after misjudging his approach shot and dumping it in the front bunker awkwardly close to a high front wall that abruptly rises some four and a half feet, he played a dazzling semi-cut explosion shot six feet from the hole. Sometimes, under tension, Mahaffey's putting becomes tentative and nudgy, but he holed this putt for his par with a good, fluid stroke. As he mounted the fifteenth tee, he seemed a probable winner, for he led both Weiskopf and Pate by two strokes. Pate, following a run of

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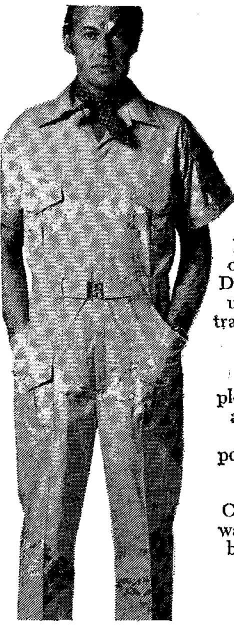

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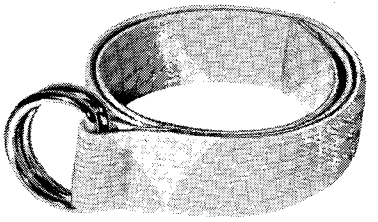

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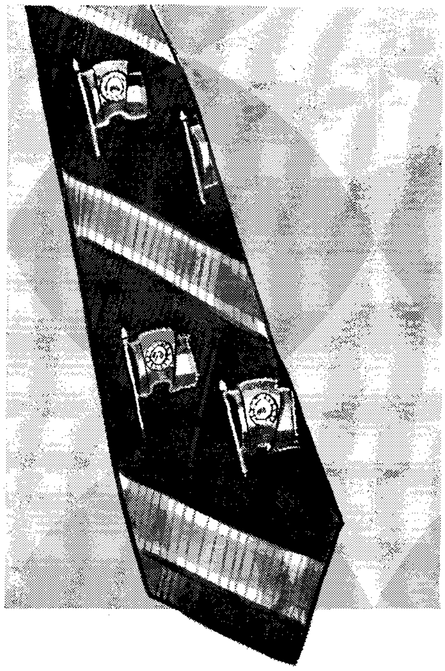

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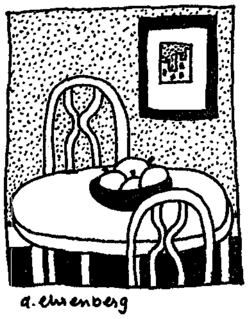
twelve pars and a birdie, had just bogeyed the fourteenth after fading his drive into the wooded rough.

On the fifteenth, the tough par 3 that had stopped Weiskopf's rush, Mahaffey's tee shot found the middle of the green, his ball halting on the upper terrace but close enough to the break of the slope so that he would no doubt be able to stop his approach putt close to the cup. This he proceeded to do. Nevertheless, he lost a stroke on this hole to Pate. They had been duelling all afternoon as if they were waging the final of a match-play tournament, and on the fifteenth Pate, a tall, slim, blondly handsome twenty-two-year-old Southerner, who strides the fairways like a young Ashley Wilkes, played the shot of the day—to that point, at least. This was a sharply hit 1-iron that landed on the green a foot or two to the left of the dividing slope. As the ball came up on a short bounce, it veered just enough to the right to catch the edge of the downgrade. As the spectators cheered it on, the ball gathered speed, and kept on rolling until it was five feet from the cup. Pate's putt was in all the way. He now trailed by only one shot.

The sixteenth, a 405-yard par 4 to a high plateau green, proved to be a key factor in this head-to-head battle. Pate was on in two, at the front edge of the gently upsloping green and some fifty feet from the cup. Mahaffey, however, for the first time in the round failed to keep his tee shot in the fairway, wheeling it into the rough on the left. The best he could do was to hack it out into the clumpy rough below the green, fifty yards from the pin, but from there, going with his wedge, he came through with a superlative recovery, hole-high and only five and a half feet to the right. Pate was short with his approach putt—six or seven feet short. He was still "away." He walked expressionlessly up to the hole and back, surveying the line to the cup from several different angles. Then he did a little gardening, slowly picking up microscopic twigs and aphids and whatnot along his line. I got the impression during Pate's protracted preparation that he had utterly lost his concentration—that his mind was still occupied with why he had made such a poor approach putt. I could not have been more mistaken. He put a smooth stroke on that seven-footer, and it fell into the center of the cup. The pressure was now on Mahaffey. He studied his line carefully and then hit an unsure, jabby little putt that sent the ball crawling diffidently an inch or so to the right of the cup. All even. Both men two under par for the tournament, one stroke ahead of Weiskopf, who had meanwhile parred the seventeenth, and also a stroke ahead of Geiberger, who had birdied the seventeenth, as he had the fifteenth.



The seventeenth is a 205-yard par 3 across a pond that must be close to ninety yards wide at that point. The green stretches out a good distance laterally, with the left side the low side. The pin was placed far to the left on the final round—the most difficult position. Two adequate tee shots, Pate's finishing about fifty feet from the pin, at the back of the green and well to the right, and Mahaffey's on the front of the green and also to the right, maybe fifty-five feet away. Two tricky downhill putts on a green that had grown very slippery. Mahaffey either misread the speed of the green or simply tapped his putt too firmly. The ball, in any event, ghosted a good ten feet past the hole. That may have been the stroke that cost him the championship, for Pate, who had had the benefit of sitting in on this seminar, was able to get down in two putts for his 3 after rolling his approach putt five feet past and then watching Mahaffey miss his ten-footer. As the immense gallery following this twosome trudged over to the eighteenth, I happened to catch a glimpse of Mrs. Mahaffey, a slight, pretty blonde, walking by herself off to one side; she wiped something from the corner of her eye a couple of times with her finger.

Up ahead, Weiskopf and Geiberger, after wayward drives, resurrected their par 4s by getting down sizable putts on the eighteenth—the 460-yard converted par 5, with rough and pines along the right, and the pond separating the fairway from the green providing about sixty to seventy yards of water to be carried. Not an easy hole, and Weiskopf and Geiberger—and Mahaffey as well—were ready for a playoff if Pate ran into trouble. The drive is a blind one: you cannot see the landing area of the fairway. Pate, with the honor, cut his tee shot a fraction, and it ended up in the rough, about seven yards off the fairway. Mahaffey followed him into the rough—some two yards into it. However, what is critical in a situation like this is how the ball lies. Mahaffey was plumb out of luck. His ball had sunk down through the curlicued grass onto the ground below—something that often happens in Bermuda-grass rough. It was barely visible, hardly playable. Pate had been more fortunate. His ball sat in a clear patch of low, brownish grass. Only an inch or so behind it rose a high, fluffy tuft of greener grass, but there was room for Pate, who has a rather upright swing, to make clean contact with the ball. Mahaffey, in a do-or-die effort, tried to dig the ball out with his 3-wood. It plopped into the pond. Now the tournament was Pate's to win. If he could just put his approach somewhere on the green, that would do it. He got set over his ball much more quickly than usual. The flag was a hundred and ninety yards away, but he was going with his 5-iron—he was so pumped up he was sure that that would be enough club. His swing was beautifully unhurried, the ball perfectly struck. It would carry the water and land safely on the green, no doubt about that. The only question was how close to the pin it would finish—it was dead on line. It came down as softly as a snowflake and rolled to a stop less than a yard from the pin. After that incredible shot, Pate could take two putts and still win, but he finished in style, holing the birdie putt smartly. Jerry Pate had won the most thrilling U.S. Open since 1964—the last year that the final thirty-six holes were played in one day—when Ken Venturi, on the verge of heat prostration with the temperature up around a hundred, tottered down the stretch at Congressional, outside Washington, D.C., ashen but exhilarated, certain of victory.

How long does it take to fully appreciate a rara avis like the 1976 Open? Quite a few years, I would guess. However, I think we knew the instant that Pate's approach dropped onto the eighteenth green beside the flagstick that he had hit one of the great clutch shots in the history of the Open. The shot that it brought to mind—and how appropriate on this occasion!—was the one that Jones had summoned at Inwood, on Long Island, in his playoff with Bobby Cruickshank for the 1923 Open. After driving into loose dirt at the right-hand edge of the fairway on the eighteenth, a 425-yard par 4 on which the green was protected by a lagoon, Jones, tied with Cruickshank, had drilled a rising midiron (or 2-iron) over the water hazard and to within six feet of the flag. With this masterly stroke, the Age of Jones,

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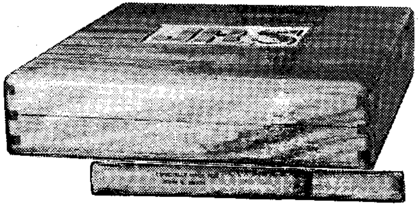

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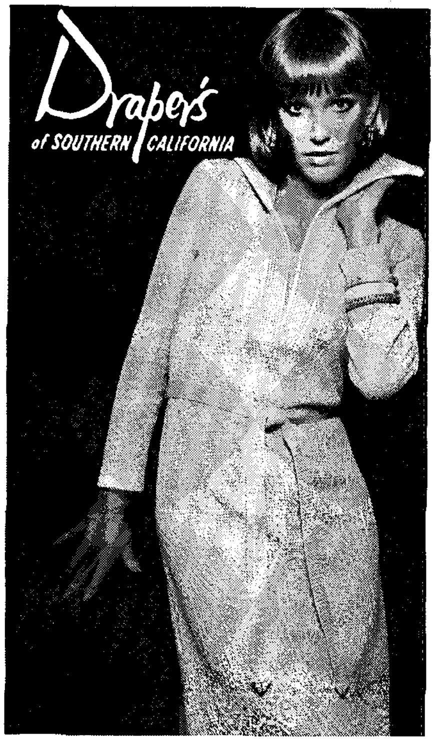

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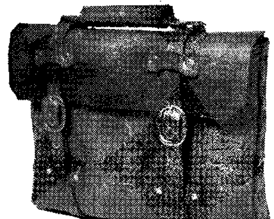

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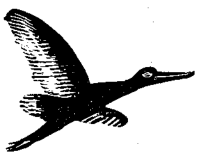
which would continue for seven years, was inaugurated. Will we have an Age of Pate? We could. As far as sheer golfing proficiency is concerned, no young player is better endowed. His swing, like Jones', is both powerful and an aesthetic treat; someone once said, "From the waist down he is Jack Nicklaus, and from the waist up he is Johnny Miller." (This description seems all the more impressive in the light of Miller's smashing six-stroke victory in the recent British Open.) In the final analysis, how much Pate goes on to accomplish will depend on his strength of character. Like many of today's young stars who demonstrated their ability at an early age, he was a campus hero during his college years, at the University of Alabama. Inevitably, he did not develop an inferiority complex. If you liked him, you spoke of his enviable confidence. If you didn't like him, you called him arrogant. After his victory in the 1974 Amateur, there were times when it appeared that his new eminence was too much for him to handle, and this situation undoubtedly contributed to his disappointing performance in the 1975 Walker Cup Match, in which he lost both his singles and both his foursomes. He came on a good deal during the last half of 1975 (he turned professional in July, and married in December), and if he continues to mature at his present rate, there is no knowing what heights he can reach in this ornery, painful, unmasterable game. He sure has the talent.



DURING the Open, Bob Jones, the person responsible for its being held in Atlanta, was, naturally, on everybody's mind continuously. In addition, there was a program on Saturday evening in his honor. It was called "A Tribute to Bobby Jones," and it was conceived and organized by Charlie Yates. A few years back, when Yates terminated a successful business career, he was appointed to head up the Atlanta Arts Alliance. His headquarters are in the relatively new and altogether imposing Memorial Arts Center, on Peachtree Street N.E., which is the home of the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra, the High Museum of Art, the Atlanta College of Art, the Alliance Theatre, and the Atlanta Children's Theatre. A warm, ebullient, humorous man, Yates likes to refer to himself as "the cultural czar of Atlanta," but it is a good thing that golf remains as close to his heart as ever, for otherwise that memorable evening on which Jones' friends and admirers assembled at the Memorial Arts Center might not have come to pass. First, there was a cocktail hour in the Galleria, a large, handsome, oblong room whose travertine walls climb to a high ceiling. From there, the gathering drifted into the Symphony Hall, which in my unprofessional opinion is clearly superior in every way to either the New York State Theatre or Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center.

The program had just the right flavor. Standing at a lectern at a corner of the stage, Yates made a brief speech of welcome and introduced several people in the audience, including Robert T. Jones IV, the golfer's nineteen-year-old grandson. A tall, intelligent, and charming young man (golf handicap: 11), he is a student at the University of Tennessee, in Nashville. Yates then turned the proceedings over to the master of ceremonies—Fran Tarkenton, the Atlantan who is the outstanding quarterback of the Minnesota Vikings. Tarkenton explained that the program would take more or less the form of a television talk show, and, walking over to a C-shaped arrangement of chairs near the center of the stage, he brought on a panel of eight persons associated with golf and with Jones: Alexa Stirling Fraser (now a sprightly seventy-eight); Watts Gunn; Yates; Joseph C. Dey, Jr., the captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club; Jess Sweetser; Byron Nelson; Harry Easterly, the president of the U.S.G.A.; and Eugene Branch, the general chairman of the 1976 Open. They talked easily and informally and evocatively about Jones, the man and the golfer, and as they did, a succession of still photographs of Jones was flashed on a big screen above them. Every now and then, the symposium was interrupted for some motion-picture sequences. The most effective of these was an excerpt from the superb film of the memorial service for Jones which the Royal and Ancient ordained and which took place in May of 1972 in the old gray Scottish town of St. Andrews, where Jones was loved and understood no less deeply than in Atlanta. The program lasted an hour and a half. The time sped by.

Some of us then adjourned to a small dining room in the Center for refreshment and conversation. I spotted Yates free in a corner, and, hurrying over, congratulated him on how well the tribute had gone. As I was doing this, I suddenly realized that, while I have known Yates for a good many years, I had never asked him about his friendship with Jones. "You must remember that there was quite a gulf in years between Bob and me—eleven years," he said. "I knew him pretty well, though, I think. My family, beginning with my grandfather, had a summer place out at East Lake, so when I wasn't playing golf myself I'd follow Bob and watch him play. He was awfully nice to kids like me. From time to time, he'd give me a golf ball—not an old beat-up one but a nice, pretty ball. Or when he saw you in the clubhouse he'd wave you over and buy you a Coke. I can't tell you how much he meant to us all. I still remember hearing on the radio the special bulletin that he had won our 1930 Amateur, the last trick in the Grand Slam. I was so excited that I ran from our house to the clubhouse yelling to everyone I saw on the course, 'Bobby's won! Bobby's won!' I have so many fond memories of East Lake. You know I love to sing—I have what is referred to as a locker-room tenor—and I particularly loved to sing in the showers with Bob's dad, the Colonel. He had a big, bellowing bass voice. Our specialties were 'Lonesome Road,' 'Ol' Man River,' and 'Home on the Range.' On that last one, we'd really shake the timbers. But to get back to Bob—when I began to develop a fair golf game, he was very supportive. He always knew how I was playing, what my immediate problems and goals were. I'll never forget what happened after I won the Georgia State Amateur, when I was seventeen. After I took my shower—I had to do without the Colonel's bass—I came out and was dressing when someone brought me in a telegram. It was from Bob. He had sent it the minute he heard of my victory."

This will give you an idea of the ambience of that wonderful evening. Perhaps Harry Easterly had put his finger on what was so unusual about it during the talk session on the stage. "What impresses me most," he said with a smile of happy amazement, "is that it is now forty-six years since the Grand Slam, and here we are gathered in a huge hall like this to honor Bob Jones."

—Herbert Warren Wind

•

Levi asks to discuss busing
with Lord. Page A 19
—*The Times.*

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BOOKS

Particular Memories

THERE are many dangers inherent in writing personal memoirs: inordinate self-display, self-flattery, a generally too narrow view of things. When these dangers are successfully skirted, however, the memoir can be a wonderfully educational and entertaining genre. It offers the writer a chance to share intimate moments with his readers, especially if he can put aside his egoism, or, at least, use it in the service of thoughtful detachment. Burrhus Frederic Skinner, the Harvard psychologist famous for his theories of behaviorism and his philosophical inclinations, has, in his seventy-third year, begun to look back upon his personal history; the result is the first installment of his memoirs, called "Particulars of My Life" (Knopf). It is, on the whole, a successful job. Professor Skinner teaches us a lot about an earlier America, and about his family, his home town, and his friends, neighbors, and teachers. He also speaks intently of the developing technology of the era—the telephone, the radio, the automobile, the airplane—whose imprint upon children, upon their assumptions and perceptions, has often been underestimated or overlooked by experts in child development.

In the first part of the book, Professor Skinner talks about his childhood. One might expect here the romanticized elaborations, the distortions, and the outright mystifications that adults often resort to when they talk about their early years, but Professor Skinner's astonishing power of recall takes him out of himself and helps him to avoid these pitfalls. "The first personal possession I remember was my Teddy Bear," he tells us early in the book. "Its imitation fur was light brown and it had a white knitted cap and jacket." This is obviously no vague recollection; Professor Skinner has a memory that penetrates decades of shadows with apparent ease. And he works into his detailed descriptions just enough social history and psychological comment to make his experience part of a past shared by many millions of his countrymen:

> The Teddy Bear was a fairly recent innovation: a newspaper cartoon had shown Theodore Roosevelt sparing a bear cub during one of his big-game exploits, and copies of the cub came on the market as toys for children. It was the kind of doll a boy might respectably play with.

Professor Skinner summons up many other sights, sounds, smells, contours, and textures of the sort that most of us have long ago let slip into the darkness of the past. He recalls a jigsaw puzzle of a train, for example, that included advertising for the virtues of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad; according to the puzzle, the company's trains used anthracite coal, not the bituminous variety, and were therefore said to be cleaner. The author tells us of "a beautiful girl named Phoebe Snow," who appeared in the puzzle clothed in white and standing at the rear of the train, and, miraculously, to this day he can picture "the polished brass railings" that enabled him to complete the puzzle. He remembers his toy trains in all their intricacy, and he can still call to mind a set of dominoes that he used over six decades ago; they were "made of thin slabs of ivory and ebony held together with brass pins turning green in the crevices."

This consuming attention to gadgets and other physical objects was not, apparently, a replacement for parental affection. Professor Skinner's mother was a kind and attentive person, and his father, an upright, conservative lawyer, treated him gently. Professor Skinner gives us, word for word, the "consoling" songs he heard as a child. He recounts the illnesses he suffered, the quarantines that accompanied them, and the earnest efforts of his parents to get him better. He recalls the old rituals of Christmas—the meals, the social arrangements and obligations, and, needless to say, the many rewards.

Professor Skinner's family was not rich, but it was comfortable, and the boy never lacked for material things. Just as important, he makes clear, was the assurance he came to feel as a result of his parents' reasonably secure social and economic position. Nevertheless, Skinner's childhood was not idyllic. There were tensions between his mother's family and his father's. His parents felt envies, rivalries, and apprehensions, and they were made nervous by anyone who was considerably better off than they were. His father never rose as high as he wished to, and his mother, who came from "better stock," sometimes adopted an aloof, condescending attitude toward him—the author describes her as "apparently frigid." Yet he also emphasizes how kind and helpful she could be to her husband as well as to his brother and himself.

Professor Skinner's memory for detail is also impressive when he describes the natural world of his childhood. He was born in Susquehanna, Pennsylvania, which is on the Susquehanna River, and his picture of the river—its twists and turns, its fierce struggle through stubborn, hilly countryside toward the ocean—seems flawless. He appears to have given an account of everything he saw growing around his house—"Our backyard offered black cherries, red cherries (shared with the robins), purple plums, green plums, Concord grapes, currants, raspberries, rhubarb, horseradish, and mustard"—and of the trees, plants, flowers, and animals that flourished nearby.

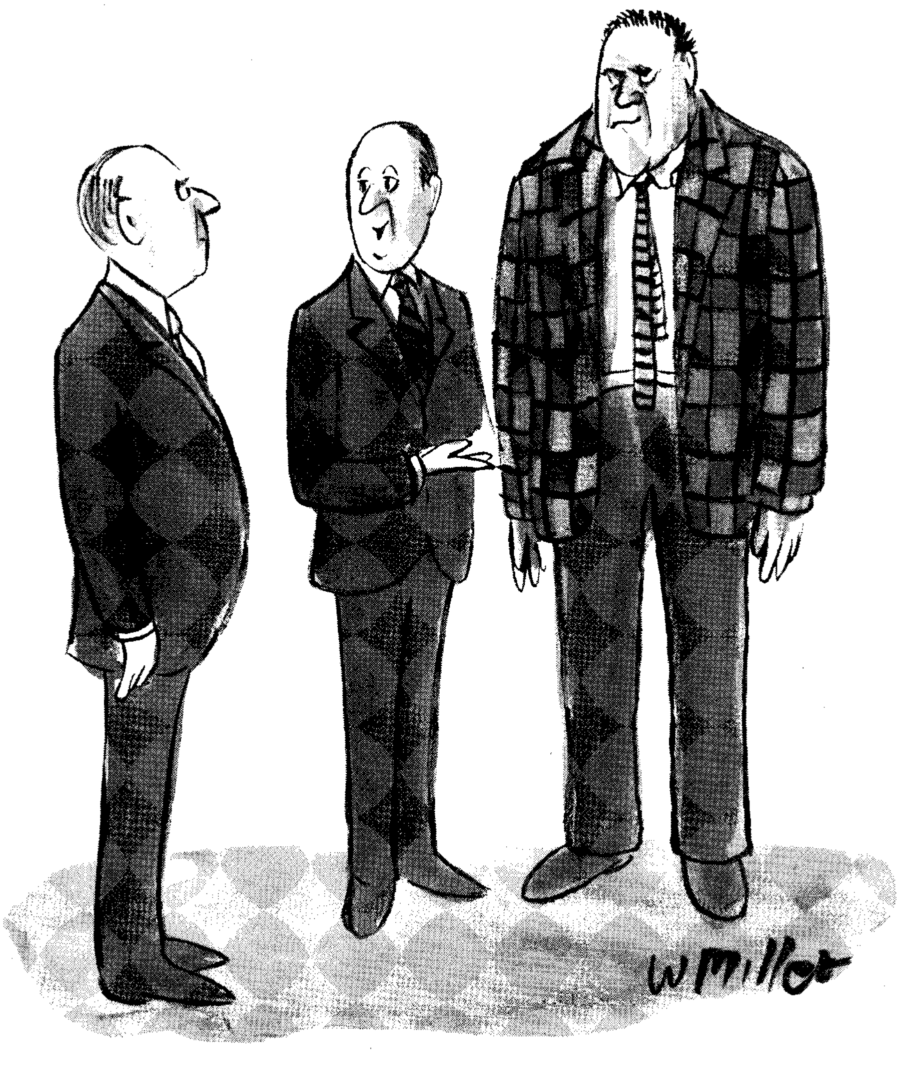
But when he comes to human beings, Professor Skinner is often guarded, tentative, and not nearly so thorough. After a long, touching, and quite precisely rendered description of a turn-of-the-century Pennsylvania landscape of meadows and forests, for instance, he observes that "there were people in that world, too, and some of them were interesting," but when he tells us about these people, it is only their work or their tools or their machines that seem to interest him. He mentions the blacksmith, the carpenter, a woman who ran a boarding house, and the owner of a candy store, and in each case he moves directly from the person's occupation or name to a depiction of something *done:* "The carpenter did cabinet work, and I was surprised to see how often he simply glued pieces of wood together, but the glue was hot and hence presumably stronger than the kind I used."

Even when Professor Skinner tries to be forthright about his parents and grandparents, he ends up giving more attention to their social origins than to their personal hopes and fears, which we are simply told were substantial. Concerning his relationship with Edward, his only brother, Professor Skinner is still more reticent—some might say naïve. "Since my brother was two and a half years younger than I, there was little competition between us," he tells us, and we are also informed that there was "sibling affection" between them. True, we are told at one point that the brother became unaffectionate enough to write "Your a BOOB" on the flyleaf of the author's copy of "Alice in Wonderland." But we might expect more from someone who can remember the most minute details about forests, rivers, and towns, and who can describe down to the last button the winter clothes he wore as a young child, and the complicated, comic procedures involved in his learning to drive a car fifty years ago. One feels obliged to mention these emotional blind spots in an otherwise thorough and compelling narrative because they seem so closely related to Professor Skinner's psychological theories. He has strongly maintained that our mental development consists simply of responses to an assortment of stimuli, which "condition" us and thus account for our behavior; his critics have wondered whether this theoretical system does not ignore the spiritual side of our mental life, whether the stimulus-response idea does not account for human feeling rather casually.

It so happens that a central event in Professor Skinner's life was Edward's sudden, tragic death, at the age of sixteen. The family had moved to Scranton, and the author, then a student at Hamilton College, was home for his Easter vacation. Just after eating a sundae, Edward fell inexplicably and gravely ill. He died within an hour or two. Skinner was present the whole time, except for a brief interval when he went to get his parents, who were in church. The father would never again be the same. The mother's grief was strong and lasting, and is movingly conveyed in Professor Skinner's book. The author seems to realize that his own reaction was, to say the least, idiosyncratic, and, if we can judge from the contents of this book, it continues to be so. He tells us that he was very helpful to the doctors; he gave a careful and instructive account of what he had seen happening to his brother, what complaints were made, what symptoms set in. The doctors, later on, were grateful: "They told my father that my objectivity was helpful," Skinner writes. "With the same objectivity I had watched my parents as they reacted to the discovery that my brother was dead." He goes on to say that despite his objectivity he was "far from unmoved."

Perhaps we would not be disturbed by any of this if Skinner had let the matter of his brother's death drop there. After all, we would not want to read a self-serving outpouring of sadness, and we cannot ask for a description of the intensity of mourning experienced by this sensitive and observant man if he does not want to give it to us. But he does not let the matter drop. Instead, he insists once again that his brother and he "had never competed for the same things." They had different hobbies, involvements, aspirations. Edward was, we are told, "closer" to their parents, and his death put Skinner "in a position" he had never wished for—one that would "become increasingly troublesome in the years ahead." But we don't learn any more about those difficulties, and Skinner's response to this crucial part of his life remains elusive and troubling.

We do learn a good deal, however, about what Professor Skinner calls his "selfishness" as a college student—his ability to develop a rather large, "self-centered microcosm." He is quite able to give us at substantial length a description of that microcosm, vintage young adulthood. He writes shrewdly and sardonically of the world he created for himself. He wrote poetry, stories, essays, and, even as a youth, reflective autobiography. Not content with an exceptional memory, he has obviously held on to every scrap of paper that contains his words—old diaries, class papers and themes, pieces written as entries in writing competitions, pieces published or meant to be published in various school magazines and other periodicals. He is excellent at evoking the college literary scene, with its mixture of sensitivity, earnestness, snobbery, faddishness, and, alas, keen envy and outright malice. He indicates from his own experience the price paid by those young writers who have not only some talent but also misgivings about it: they can't know what chance of success they have, and, worst of all, they don't know what to do about the warnings against writing as a career which they get from parents or other relatives. Skinner's father wrote him a long, forceful, and affecting letter when the young man announced that he would spend a year writing a novel after graduating from college. The letter was kept, and its reproduction, which takes up three pages, stands as one of this book's most luminous moments—a clear statement of the bourgeois reaction against "art," one that most satirists would find extremely tempting. Parental love, and the sincere worry that a father has for his son's future social and financial situa-



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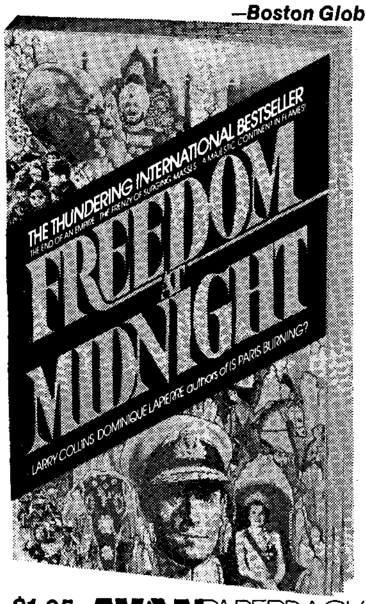
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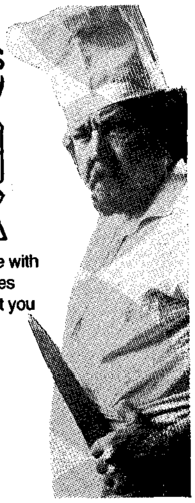

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tion, can be all too easily caricatured or misrepresented.

The book also contains a letter from Robert Frost, who saw substantial promise in Skinner as a storyteller. The letter is dated April 7, 1926, and it was sent from Ann Arbor, Michigan. In it, Frost tells Skinner that he possesses "the touch of art." He goes on to say that as a writer Skinner is "worth twice anyone else I have seen in prose this year." But, in a brief postscript, Frost adds a note of warning: "Belief, belief. You've got to augment my belief in life and people mightily or cross it uglily. I'm awfully sure of this tonight." The great poet had made a positive judgment but had qualified it enough to become a rather accurate prophet with respect to Skinner's lifework. Soon enough, the young man abandoned his short-lived career as a writer. He does so right before the reader's eyes, reënacting in the book his growing disenchantment with his writing and eventually, it seems, with literature as a whole. He presents one specimen of his work after another, and comments testily, acidly, on what he once set down on paper. "This was dredging up the past, not writing anything new, and what was new was sorry stuff," he says about a published poem of his. "The truth was, I had no reason to write anything," he says at another point. Skinner's reservations about writers and their craft are perhaps most strongly set forth in a passage taken from one of his old notebooks. He had headed the passage "Desire to Write," and in it he offered a psychological analysis of sorts—one that he tried to apply to other callings:

> I am convinced that an essentially false desire-to-write is necessary to any author. Whether it be the desire to make money, the desire to be known as a genius, the desire to get one's name in the paper, or some mystical desire to "express oneself," it does not bear analysis without resolving itself into a mean satisfaction of a mean instinct. By "false" and "mean" I do not intend to condemn exactly. I mean simply that the same desires quite as often prod a man into big business or eccentricity or acrobatics or driving automobiles at excessive speeds or marriage. . . .
>
> The facile liar has a great deal in common with the artist who is expert in embroidering detail.

Not long after writing those words, Skinner was on his way to Harvard's graduate school to begin his career in psychology. The book ends at that point; the author is twenty-four and is looking forward to a new and exciting life—one we will no doubt read of someday in another volume.

The bitterness of the young diarist, alas, has not yielded to time. The man who presented an all too unqualified theory about why people want to become writers is not very different from the man who, at the age of seventy-two, offers us these comments:

> I had apparently failed as a writer but was it not possible that literature had failed *me* as a *method*? One might enjoy Proust's reminiscences and share the emotional torment of Dostoevski's characters, but did Proust or Dostoevski really *understand*?

A little farther on, he adds this conclusion: "Literature as an art form was dead; I would turn to science."

So he did, and partly because he has been so successful in his chosen career we must take notice of his earliest memories. We admire his precision, but we have the unfortunate experience (a "disedifying" one, his rather proper maternal grandparents might have said) of being witness to another part of him as well—a part that has always been, one gathers, arrogant and condescending. Each reader will have to decide for himself or herself whether Professor Skinner has added something to what Frost in his postscript called "belief in life." Perhaps in this book he has indeed contributed to that vision "mightily," but he has also at some points managed to "cross it uglily."

—Robert Coles

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Presumed Dead, by Jean Lartéguy, translated from the French by Leonard Mayhew (Little, Brown). A sophisticated, if rather bloated and tortuous, war-adventure story by a well-known French journalist. Much of M. Lartéguy's novel, which deals with the disappearance and presumed death of the son of a famous American actor and a Swiss munitions heiress, is set in Vietnam, where the missing man ventured as a CBS reporter. In common with many of its American counterparts, the book, which was a best-seller in France, has a canny, rather disaffected hero (he is the legal representative of the Swiss consortium that is investigating the circumstances of the man's disappearance and the various claims on his money); lots of country-hopping (his investigation takes him to Gstaad, Paris, London, Saigon, and Phnom Penh, among other places); a great number of juicy, clever women and desiccated, cleverer men; and a tendency to drop a character just when the reader is getting interested in him. It differs from many in this genre, however, in one way: the horrible but obviously accurate picture it gives of the demoralized societies of Indo-China—societies that the author has had a chance to observe fairly closely for many years as a war correspondent. Unfortunately, the impact of his extremely convincing portraits of heroin-addicted soldiers, corrupt village officials, fanatical American advisers, and exhausted patriots is almost entirely erased by the book's shallowness and obvious plot tricks.

A Feast of Snakes, by Harry Crews (Atheneum). Mr. Crews takes us down to the backwoods hamlet of Mystic, Georgia, for the annual nightmare festival that begins with the crowning of the high-school Rattlesnake Queen, continues with a pit-bull championship fight, and ends with a Rattlesnake Roundup. The festival this year is a total nightmare: a black girl with a razor emasculates Sheriff Buddy Matlow, Big Joe Mackey kicks his losing dog to death, and Joe Lon Mackey—aged twenty-two, practically illiterate, miserably married, with two screaming babies, his years of glory as an all-around athlete (including a place in the backfield on the All-America high-school football team) irretrievably behind him—goes out of control with a twelve-gauge shotgun. Mr. Crews is a writer of extraordinary power. Joe Lon is a monster, but we are forced to accept him as human, and even as sympathetic. Mr. Crews' story makes us gag, but he holds us, in awe and admiration, to the sickening end.

GENERAL

The Damnable Question: A Study in Anglo-Irish Relations, by George Dangerfield (Atlantic-Little, Brown). With an eye to today's newspapers, Mr. Dangerfield writes, "The tragedy of the Irish Revolution which the Rising set in motion is that it was not allowed to complete itself. It destroyed the old respectable Irish Parliamentary Party; it set up a republican Dail, usually on the run; it fought the English to a standstill or at least a standoff in the Anglo-Irish war of 1919-1921; it exacted from an English Cabinet and English conferees terms which would have been simply unthinkable in 1916; but it failed to go one step further and refuse these terms as being insufficient. It

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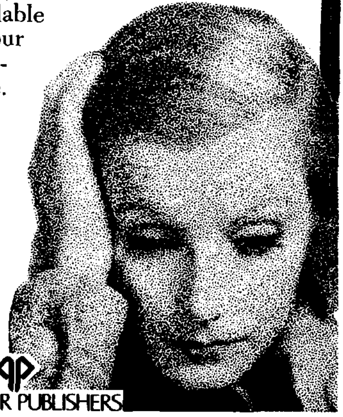

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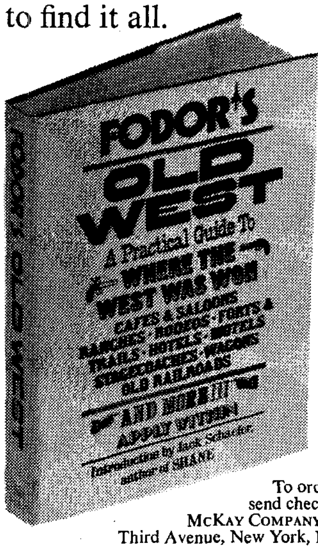
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had, therefore, no chance *under revolutionary conditions* to test the concept of an Irish Republic for a United Ireland. Probably it would have failed here, too: but to fail after an attempt is surely very different than to fail before one." With these words the author outlines the greater part of his book and explains briefly why the story of Ireland's agony continues to this day. Though he identifies the Rising of 1916 as a watershed, and therefore a kind of beginning, the effect of reading his book is to be plunged into an extended, tortuous middle, all struggle and flux, with no simple origin or cause. He calls up the nineteenth-century background of famine and exploitation; the Irish leaders Charles Stewart Parnell and John Redmond; the Liberal politician David Lloyd George, so gifted and so enslaved to power; the Chief Secretary for Ireland, Augustine Birrell, an "anti-Nero" weeping at his window as Dublin burned in the Rising; the Prime Minister, Herbert Henry Asquith, calm as stone, "the last of the Romans," yet also reduced to tears after the Rising; and many others. The authority of Mr. Dangerfield's account has the piquant result of making each person always seem *himself* (there are few women in this drama), even when that person is being weak or deluded or two-faced, and so the struggle appears, as the author puts it, "a profoundly human confrontation."

VOICES OF THE CIVIL WAR, by Richard Wheeler, with a foreword by Bruce Catton (Crowell). Eyewitness accounts of the major campaigns and battles of what remains the bloodiest of our many wars. The witnesses number in the hundreds and include officers and men, war correspondents and foreign observers, President Lincoln and President Davis, and a few luckless civilians caught up in the movement of armies. The Union witnesses somewhat outnumber the Confederates, largely because of the preponderance of Union newspaper reporters in the field. The method is chronological—Fort Sumter to Bull Run to Gettysburg to Appomattox—and Mr. Wheeler confines himself to introductions and short connective explanations. The extracts are generally sharp and immediate. Some are "literary": "The words, gestures, and threats of our officers were thrown away upon men who had lost all presence of mind, and only longed for absence of body." These are usually the work of officers. The best are in the plain style of letters or news reports: "I noticed an artilleryman seated comfortably behind a very large tree, and apparently feeling very secure. A moment later a shell passed through the huge tree and took off the man's head." Another, describing the Union rout at the second Bull Run, in which supplies for the officers' mess were abandoned to the Confederates, is differently vivid: "To see a starving man eating lobster salad and drinking Rhine wine, barefooted and in tatters, was curious." Many contemporary drawings, and twenty-seven essential maps.

TALES FOR MY BROTHERS' KEEPERS, by Thomas Flynn (Norton). Not much is told about the author except that he was young and intoxicated with the spirit of the times in the late sixties, when he was sentenced to six years in prison for illegal possession of drugs. He saw plenty of the brutalities that make penal reform a pressing issue today, and he heard of many of the ironic, horrifying ways in which men can ruin their lives: whimsical robberies, stupid frauds, the whole gamut of folly. Surprisingly, this dense experience has been turned into only a brief book, perhaps because Thomas Flynn's time behind bars was also his time of becoming a writer. Some of his passages are infused with almost religious feeling, and some—more notable still—are raw vignettes that speak painfully for themselves.

NOTE: "A Welfare Mother," Susan Sheehan's account of time spent with Mrs. Carmen Santana, a Puerto Rican woman living here on welfare, has been published by Houghton Mifflin. Most of the material first appeared in *The New Yorker.*

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Boom or bust for dynamite? Hercules plans a new nitroglycerin plant at its Bessemer, Ala., dynamite plant—an obvious vote of confidence for the explosive's future—but Du Pont, meanwhile, continues phasing out production, saying that new and safer water gels make dynamite obsolete.

(Atlas Powder Co., another major explosives manufacturer, is also bullish on dynamite and continues to produce it.)

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